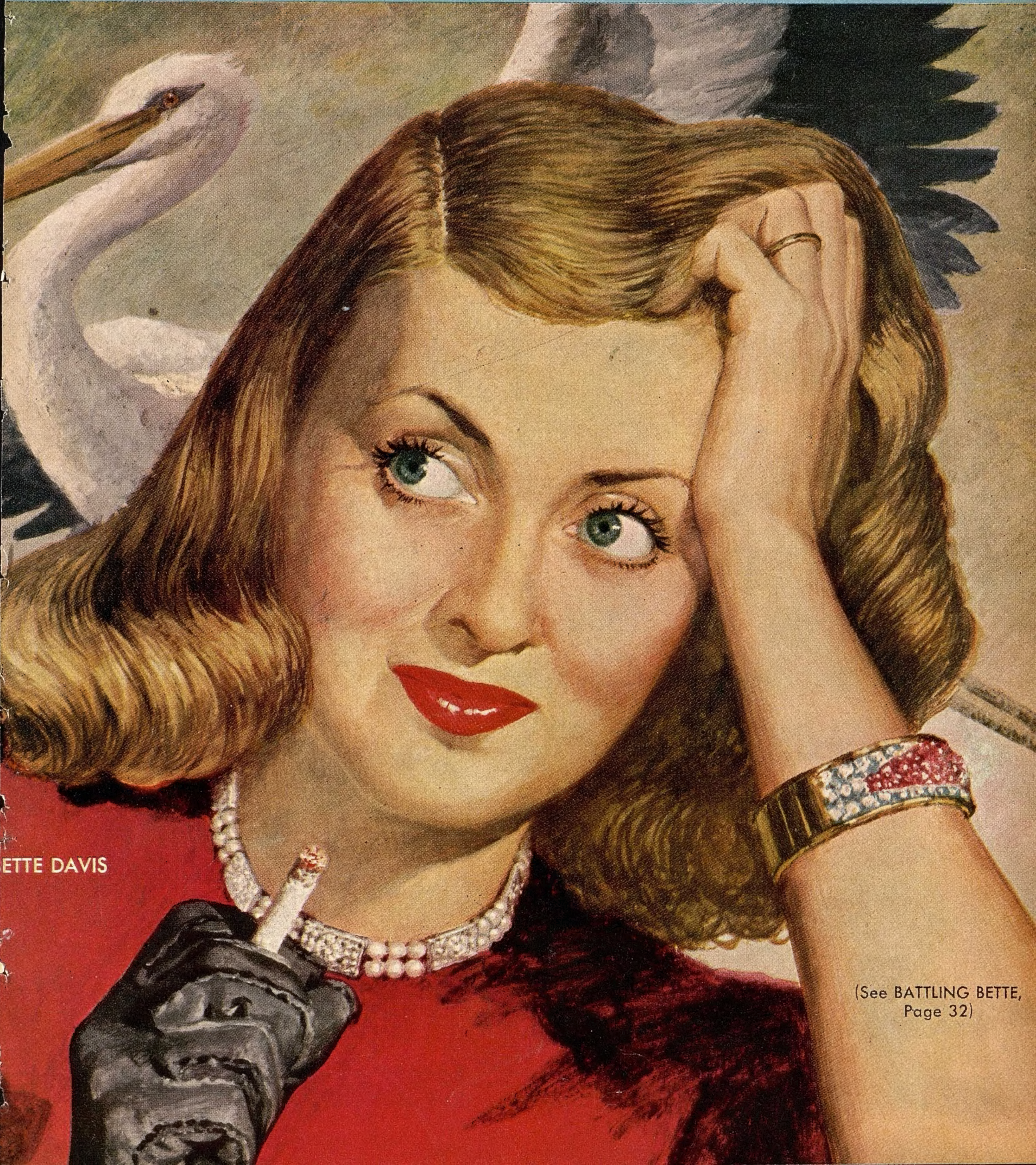
Liberty

- ★ NOW BIGGER
- ★ 16 PAGES OF PHOTOS
- ★ SMASH SERIAL
- ★ WASHINGTON, By BOB ALLEN
- ★ 8 ARTICLES AND 4 STORIES
- ★ BEST-SELLING NOVEL

. 1, 1947 10c



ETTE DAVIS

(See BATTLING BETTE, Page 32)

KINSEY'S FEBRUARY CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1 Victor Herbert born, 1859.
 2 Ground Hog Day. (The shadow knows!)	3 Woodrow Wilson dies, 1924.	4 U. S. forces en Manila, 1945		6 rst R.R. chartered in U. S., 1815.	7 Charles Dickens born, 1812.	 8 Boy Scouts of America chartered, 1910.
 9 Water freezes at 32° F. Be careful!	10 Kinsey is blended with 55 years of "know-how"!	11 Thomas A. Edison born, 1847.		13 First State University (N.C.) opened, 1795.	 14 It's Valentine's Day! Hooray for love!	15 Battleship "Maine" blown up, 1898.
16 Not Valentine's Day. Hooray for love anyway!	 17 War of 1812 ended by Treaty of Ghent, 1815.	18 You learn someth every day!	19	 20 dm. Peary, N. Pole coverer, dies, 1920.	21 That Kinsey Sour at left is delish!	 22 Washington's Birthday ... and that's no lie!
23 U. S. flies first night mail, 1921.	 24 This is a lunar calendar. Who's lunar now?	25 Enrico Caruso born, 1873. Mi-mi-mi!	 26 "Buffalo Bill" Cody born, 1846. Bang!	27 First cigar rolling machine patented, 1833.	28 Poor little Feb. —with only 28 days!	 COMING NEXT MONTH—MARCH

In February's leisure hours, Enjoy delicious Kinsey Sours!

To make short little February long on drinking pleasure, try mixing your Whiskey Sours with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

Juice of ½ lemon . . . ½ teaspoon of powdered sugar . . . 2 oz. of light, rich Kinsey Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glass. Add soda . . . decorate with half-slice of lemon and a cherry.

Whatever your favorite drink, try it with Kinsey one of these wintry February days. We think you'll find Kinsey's full-bodied flavor so unusually good you'll stay with it all year 'round.

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the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

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KINSEY
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J. G. Kinsey

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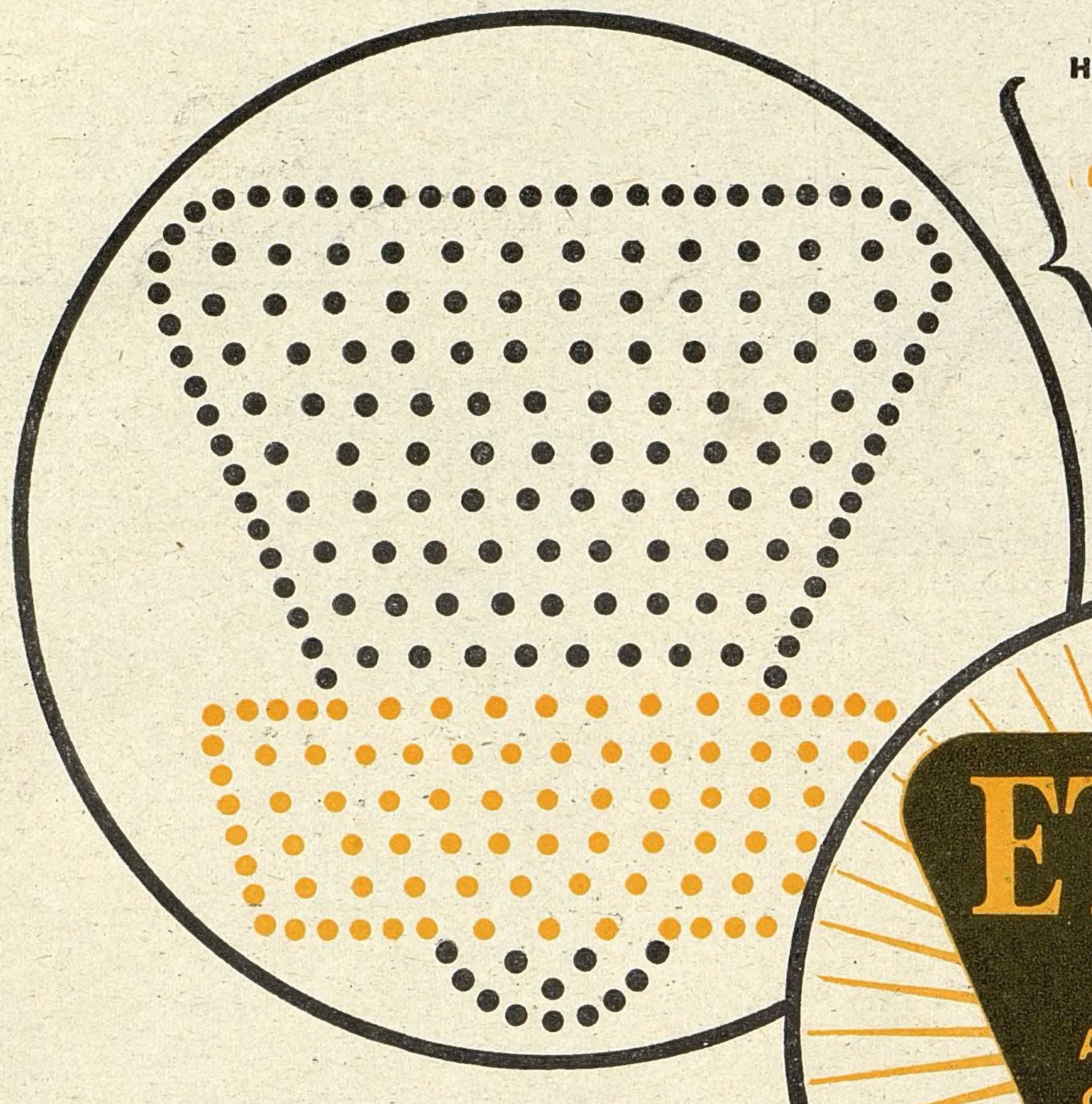
EACH DOT represents an oil refiner displaying this trademark

HOW MANY DO YOU THINK THERE ARE?

a. *seventy-five?*
b. *one hundred fifty-two?*
c. *two hundred forty?*
d. *fourteen thousand?*

See correct answer below.



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Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
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WHAT A DIFFERENCE there is in his appearance now, thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! Try it yourself, and see what a world of difference a few drops a day make. Your hair looks better . . . your scalp feels better. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and is more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Cover: Bette Davis
Painted by Pat Holbrooke

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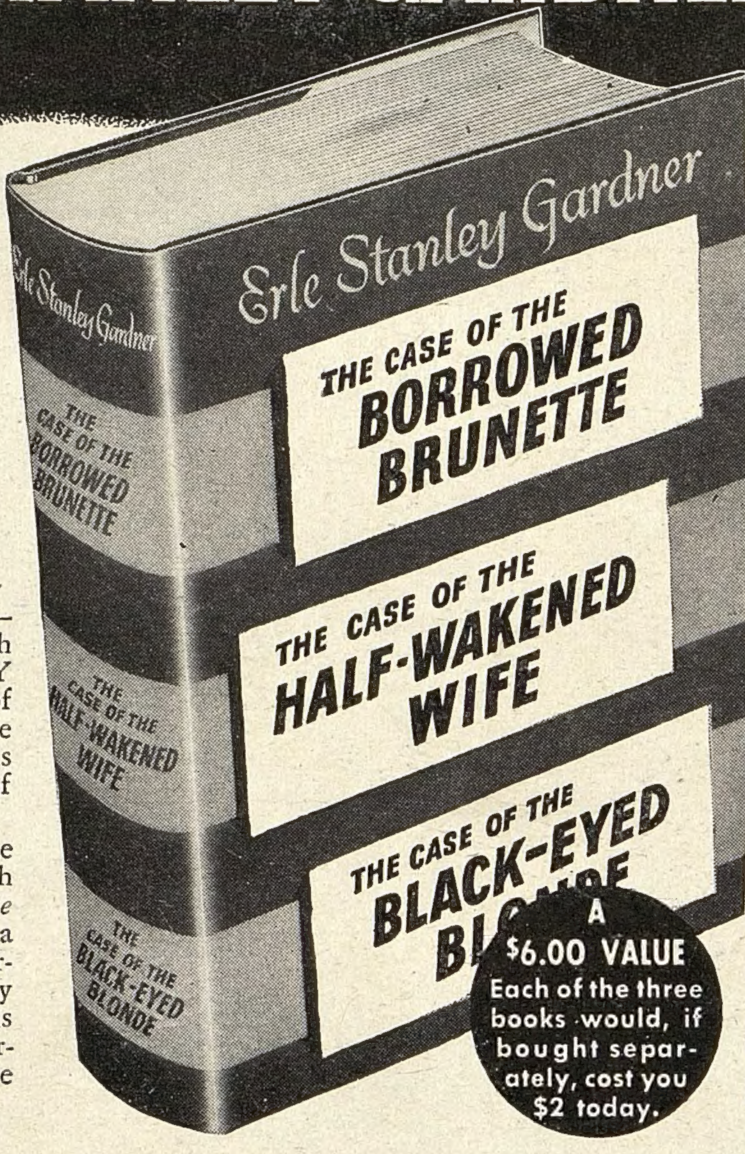
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THE CASE OF THE BORROWED BRUNETTE
THE CASE OF THE HALF-WAKENED WIFE
THE CASE OF THE BLACK-EYED BLONDE
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IT'S the dead of night. You are aboard a yacht. Suddenly . . . A scream! A splash! A shot! Then the cry, "Man Overbo-o-oard!" And you find yourself clutching a beautiful woman who is holding a gun—from which one shot has just been fired!

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THE CASE OF THE BLACK-EYED BLONDE
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Can No. 2 help Mason prove that No. 1 didn't murder No. 3?

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

SHORTCUT TO DEATH

Cleveland, Ohio—In his story, Darkness—Our Worst Killer (December 7), David Brown calls the nation's attention to the tragic drowning of Cleveland's Dr. Philip Leavenworth, who plunged through a poorly lighted and inadequately marked barricade to his death in the Cuyahoga River.

What Mr. Brown has not pointed out is this: Aroused by the combined inadequacy of street lighting and street-end marking, the Cleveland News crusaded for nearly a month and, through an illustrated series called "Shortcuts to Death," succeeded in correcting dangerous conditions at ten other and similarly poorly lit, badly marked street ends in Cleveland.

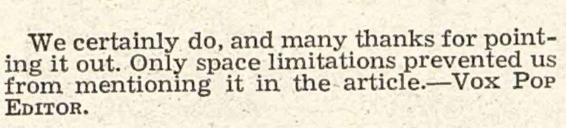
It is a sorry travesty on street maintenance that the death of a young doctor (overworked, nervous, and not driving cautiously, as Mr. Brown's lead paragraph says) is what it takes to awaken a city to its obligations.

Don't you think it would be fair to the 1,250,000 people in Cleveland to point out to the other readers of Liberty that some lasting good came out of this tragic and unfortunate accident?—*Frank H. Otwell, Editor, the Highway Traveler.*

We certainly do, and many thanks for pointing it out. Only space limitations prevented us from mentioning it in the article.—Vox Pop Editor.

GOOFY ILLUSTRATIONS

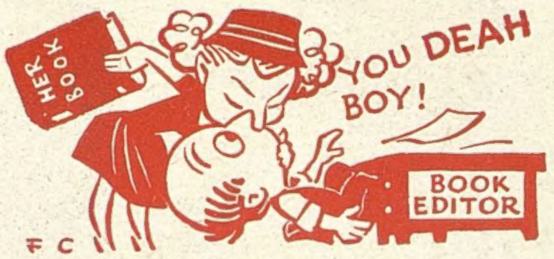
San Francisco, Calif.—I still maintain that you allow goofy illustrations just to collect gripes from your readers. F'rinstance, the picture of the oxen on page 23, December 7, is hard to take. There's a surplus of roast on the rear of the off ox.



And how in the dickens could the team haul a load of anything except rarefied air with a yoke having no bows?—*W. Gordon Bendore.*

EAGER WRITER

Philadelphia, Pa.—I am hoping that my book, Isiah [*sic*] White, Prince of Pioneers, has reached your desk. And—need I add?—I hope that you approve of it, and that it seems to you valuable to have done, and well done as well. I find your Book Review department in Liberty an inspiration to a writer, since you underline the thesis, the technique, and also the social values of the books you read and review. You may understand how much a writer awaits your verdict.—*Eleanor Morton.*



LAST OPPORTUNITY

Chicago, Ill.—Liberty Magazine has received its last opportunity to cash in on the name of Frank Flash Miller.

Remember the name, for some day you will regret passing my material by.—*Frank Flash Miller.*

RUSSIAN CAPITALISM

Chicago, Ill.—It seems to me that the Communists are getting away with murder in this country while many weapons which could confound them lie unused.

In every Communist speech, article, radio program you will find one theme—the menace of Capitalism. They are constantly decrying Capitalistic Imperialism, Capitalistic Encirclement, etc., etc. Take these words out of their vocabularies and you would bring them to a standstill, at least for a time. According to them, the existence of Capitalism within a country is like sin—"a reproach to any people."

Well—and I repeat, WELL! Are not Mr. Stalin, Mr. Molotov, Mr. Gromyko, and those in the Kremlin associated with them in the government of Russia, Capitalists? And not small ones. They are the greatest and the most powerful Capitalists

(*Continued on page 8*)

TO THE READERS OF LIBERTY MAGAZINE

a Special Offer of

HOSPITAL PROTECTION

for You and Your Family

PAYS HOSPITAL, DOCTOR *and* SURGEON BILLS *in case of* SICKNESS *or* ACCIDENT

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

Hospital Room and Board for Sickness or Accident	Per Day Up to	$6.00	Accidental Death	Up to	$2000.00
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Husband, Wife and 1 Child	$2.50	$7.00	$13.50	$27.00

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For Each Additional Child Add 50c per Month

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Dept. L7-2, North American Building, Wilmington, Delaware.

I hereby apply for individual/family Hospitalization Insurance.

I certify that all persons, including myself, whose names appear on this application are in good health, and that there is no existing condition which may require hospitalization, or surgical operation.

I also certify that I/we have no defect or impairment in hearing or vision and are not crippled or deformed.

I further certify that all persons whose names I have written or caused to be written on this application are under 70 years of age (husband or wife), and all dependent minors of my household are under 18 years.

PRINT name of applicant	Date of Birth	Sex	Relationship	Beneficiary
PRINT name of dependent	Date of Birth	Sex	Relationship	Beneficiary
PRINT name of dependent	Date of Birth	Sex	Relationship	Beneficiary
PRINT name of dependent	Date of Birth	Sex	Relationship	Beneficiary
PRINT name of dependent	Date of Birth	Sex	Relationship	Beneficiary

The Person to whom benefits are to be payable in case of death is........ Name .... Relationship

Dated this........day of........19........

Street and Number........City........State........

Signature of Applicant........ BE SURE TO SIGN ON THIS LINE.

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Your Absolute Protection

We hereby guarantee that if the Policy of the North American Mutual Insurance Company is not satisfactory in any manner whatsoever, you may return it within ten days from its date and any premium paid thereon will be immediately refunded. You are the sole judge. You must be completely satisfied.

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For your pleasure and hers
...be sure you've got P.A.*

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

Maybe it's that added look of masculinity, but a woman likes to see a man smoke a pipe. *And*—just as naturally a man likes a pipe packed with Prince Albert.

P.A. means Prince Albert

If you've tried a pipe and your tongue said "No," then try Prince Albert—the rich tobacco that's specially treated to insure against tongue bite...and crimp cut to burn evenly right to the bottom of the bowl. More pipes smoke P. A. than any other tobacco.

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

P. A. is great for "makin's" too!

I NEVER ENJOYED A PIPE SO MUCH UNTIL I TRIED PRINCE ALBERT ...IT'S EASY ON MY TONGUE—A JOY TO SMOKE!

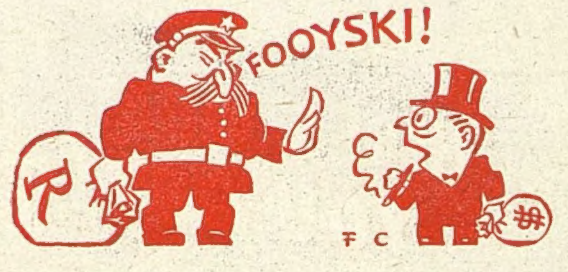
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

(*Continued from page 6*)

of the ages. Compared to them, our puny little Capitalists are not even in the peanut-vending class. Stalin, *et al.* own and operate the entire industrial facilities of Russia, also agriculture, housing, merchandising, transport, communication, press and radio—all economic activity.

Communism has not abolished Capital, Capitalists, and Capitalism. It merely has installed a different managing personnel and set up a different system of control.

Why don't our statesmen and commentators and newsmen stiffen up their spines and point out to the spokesmen of the present Russian government that when they speak of the evils of Capitalism, they are including themselves? If this does not tame them and make them reasonable and co-operative, then some method will have to be found to go to the Russian people and wake them up to the true facts of life in this twentieth century.—*G. E. J.*



LAND OF LIBERTY?

TEMPLE CITY, CALIF.—On page 82 of Liberty for December 14, I notice the statement that "The preservation of freedom is this magazine's purpose."

America is supposed to be "the land of liberty," yet a person must join and pay tribute to a labor union before he can work at his trade. If he insists on working in defiance of a labor union's orders, as happened recently in Los Angeles, his house is bombed.

Trucks, proceeding on perfectly legitimate business, require a police escort to protect them from a labor-union mob, as was the case in Oakland recently.

The coal miners' union says, "We won't mine coal and we won't let any one else mine it." To cease to mine coal is their right; to interfere with anyone else mining it is an imposition on the rights of others. Fifty years ago we needed labor unions desperately. Now the pendulum has swung the other way, and in the near future the aforesaid unions will turn Communistic overnight and headed by some comrade who does not want to "get tough with Russia," will place the American people where they will be taking orders from "Uncle Joe."

Liberty and freedom? Don't spoof an old soldier.—*Herbert R. Smith.*

See The Closed Shop Must Go! by Senator Joseph H. Ball, January 18 Liberty.—VOX POP EDITOR.

COLDS

develop in many ways...

GERMS called the "secondary invaders," are believed to be responsible for much of a cold's misery. These may be transferred to you in tiny droplets of moisture if you get in the way of a cough or a sneeze.

WET FEET or cold feet may lower body resistance, and so make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to invade the throat tissue and produce the miserable complications you know so well.

DRAFTS, fatigue, or sudden changes of temperature may also make it easier for germs to stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissue. Reduction of germs is an important step in warding off a cold.

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Quick!

At this time of year, when wet, cold weather is giving cold germs a helping hand, it's just sound common sense to make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a night and morning habit . . . and to increase the frequency of the gargle when a cold threatens.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders." These are the germs, according to some authorities, that cause much of the misery of a cold.

Guard against Germ Invasion

Used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour "incubation" period when a cold may be developing, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle can often help guard against the mass invasion of germs and nip the trouble in the bud.

Actual tests have shown germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

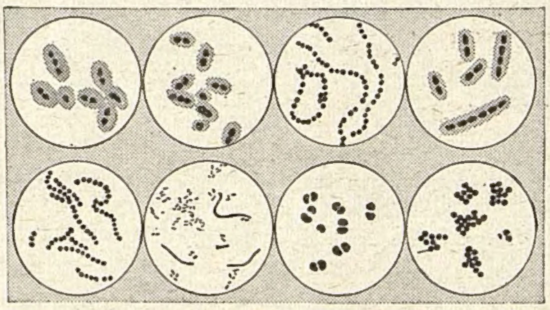
Fewer Colds in Tests

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain Listerine Antiseptic's impressive test record in fighting colds. Tests made over a 12-year period showed this remarkable result:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually had milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

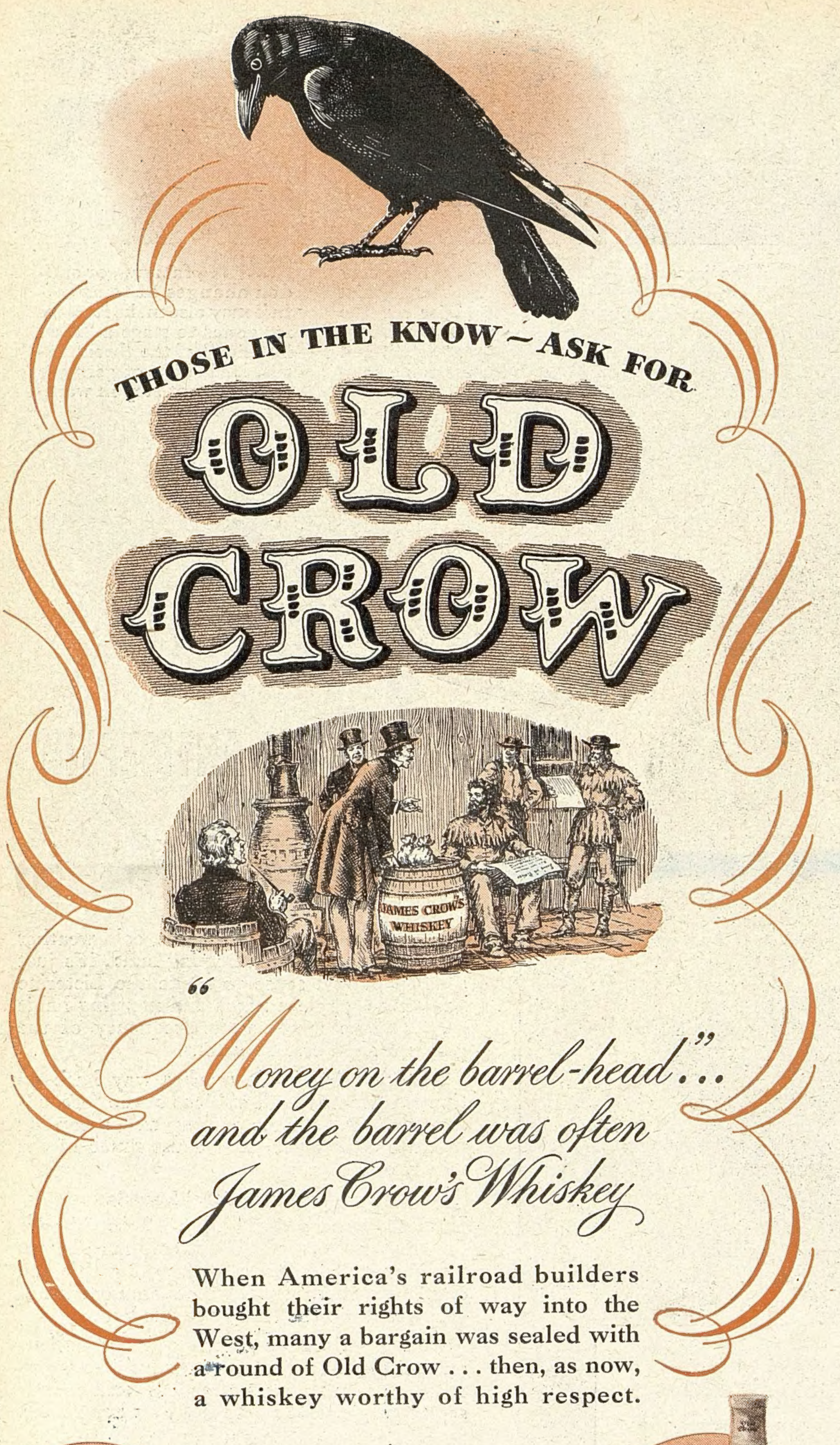
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED GERMS UP TO 96.7% IN TESTS


THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

"Money on the barrel-head"... and the barrel was often James Crow's Whiskey

When America's railroad builders bought their rights of way into the West, many a bargain was sealed with a round of Old Crow . . . then, as now, a whiskey worthy of high respect.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT—BOTTLED·IN·BOND

A Truly Great Name

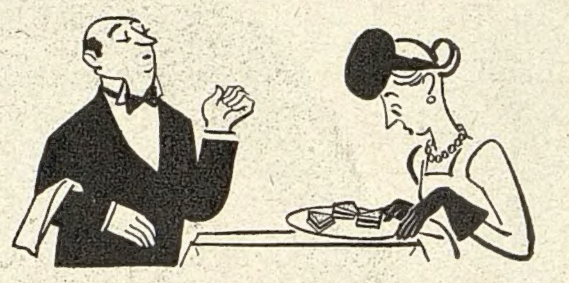
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corp. • New York

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

DINE OUT AND REDUCE: As prices continue zooming skyward, restaurant portions shrink shamelessly, and I am no longer surprised to see a shrimp cocktail composed of a mere brace of the pink crustaceans nestling shyly on a wisp of lettuce, with an apologetic dab of sauce struggling to cover the scanty morsel. At a well-known Washington hotel, a sandwich was set before me which was just three quarters of the normal size. It was cut in three parts, and when I asked the waiter where the missing fourth was, he chuckled merrily and quipped, "Oh, the chef eats that!" The laugh is on the customer these days. The system has one advantage, however—it makes reducing a much simpler business.



GIANT BABIES: I've heard many people exclaim over the build and vitality of the youngsters nowadays. And now along comes Swift & Company with a brand-new line of all-meat products for infants and children. Developed in consultation with leading pediatricians, they were presented to food editors at a luncheon in New York's Waldorf-Astoria, and are soon to be distributed nationally. Mrs. Beth Bailey McLean, director of Swift's Home Economics Division, explained the meats are strained for babies and diced for older infants and juniors. There are six varieties of each type—beef, veal, lamb, pork, heart, and liver. "We have sought to make it easier for busy mothers to provide meat for their babies, and to give them a product which doctors could recommend." Dr. H. E. Robinson, assistant director of Swift's Research Laboratories, stated that babies "require three to four times proportionately more protein, the body-building nutrient, than do adults. Since meat is one of the richest sources of nutritionally complete protein and also is rich in B vitamins and minerals, and is readily digestible, it is an ideal food for infants. Pediatricians say that meat, properly

(Continued on page 12)

To the man who
is about to switch
to electric shaving—

More Remington Shavers have been sold since 1940 than all other makes combined

JOE: How's that new Remington, Harry? I've been thinking of getting an electric shaver.

HARRY: *It's the berries, Joe — I can shave before you've even started!*

JOE: Yeah — but do you really get a good, close shave?

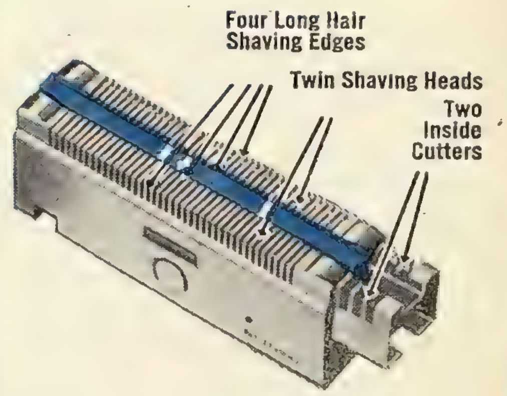
HARRY: *My new Remington Foursome actually gives me a better shave than I ever had before!*

It's man-to-man conversations like this that have made Remington America's No. 1 shaver. The new Remington Foursome is the fastest, smoothest, closest-shaving instrument money can buy, and the men who own them are our best salesmen.

When you're in the market for an electric shaver, compare the Remington shavers with all other makes. Let your own eyes tell you why no other shaver can match Remington for shaving power, shaving speed and shaving comfort.

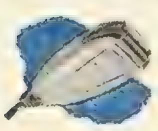
Remember, it was Remington Rand that pioneered the multiple-head shaver and now offers the revolutionary new Blue Streak twin shaving head that handles any type of beard with ease.

The Remington Foursome, featuring this head, sells for $19.50 — but you can get a Remington for as little as $15.75. All Remingtons operate on AC or DC and carry a warranty from Remington Rand, Inc. (shaver headquarters in 88 cities).



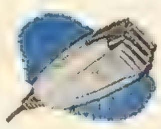
Exclusive with Remington. The Blue Streak twin shaving head, featured on the Remington Foursome, is an exclusive Remington development. It provides four long-hair cutting edges and two effective shaving surfaces. Handles long and short whiskers with equal ease. Trims neatly around sideburns and mustache.

The Remington Dual



Two heads at a moderate price
$15.75

The Remington Threesome



Three heads for additional speed
$17.50

The Remington Foursome

Four shaving surfaces. Features the postwar Blue Streak twin shaving head plus two round heads — **$19.50**

REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS A PRODUCT OF Remington Rand INCORPORATED

I never should have said…
"What kind of Kleenex do you want?"

NOW I've heard everything! jeered the little woman. Maybe you think *all* tissues are Kleenex*, but my *skin* says different! If *you* had a faceful of makeup you'd insist on a *soft* tissue—and you'd *know* there's no other kind of Kleenex!

Clowning again snorted Sue's mother. And with me sneezing cold germs all over. Young man, to hear you talk a body'd think Kleenex was just like *any* tissue. Well, my *nose* knows there's *only one* Kleenex. You'll learn!

It's a greenhorn you are about tissues, sir! smiled our Nora. What other tissues comes poppin' up so handy-like—one at a time? *None but Kleenex!* 'Tis by that Kleenex box you'd be knowin' there's only *one* Kleenex. But whish-h-t! There's still another way . . .

Your eyes tell you! Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Divil a bit! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through—so you're sure Kleenex *must* be *heavenly soft*. And *husky!* Faith, your own eyes tell you there's no tissue just like Kleenex!

Now I know better…
There is only one KLEENEX

KLEENEX TISSUES

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

America's Favorite Tissue

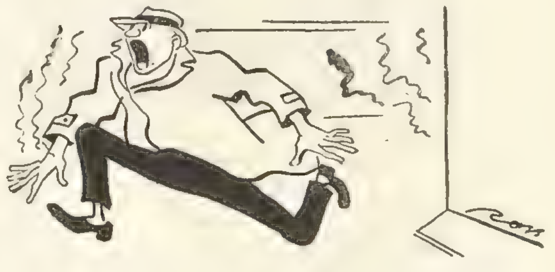
(Continued from page 10)

prepared, may be fed to infants *at any age*. The feeding of meat is merely a further step in the series of changes which have taken place in infant nutrition over the past twenty-five years. From an exclusive milk diet, babies have graduated to a widely varied menu including specially prepared vegetables, fruits and cereals, and now meat products." These prepared foods are a splendid help in bridging the gap between strained foods and table food. They also develop a taste for variety, which is a foundation for good eating habits throughout life. Incidentally, there is no law against convalescents, and people who live alone, taking advantage of these toothsome and nutritious foods.

"YOU'RE TELLING ME!"—A pal departing from Europe via Pan American Airways was presented with the usual packet of luggage tags, paste-on labels, and "Clipper Sun Goggles," both complimentary and adjustable to full, medium, and child size. She brought my appreciative lad a neat collection, including a tag bearing the legend: "NEEDED OVERNIGHT ALOFT OR ASHORE." Said she to me, "The only reason I didn't loop *that* one through my husband's buttonhole was that I didn't have him along!" A connubial sentimentalist.

COME TO MOMMA

Denying it would be absurd—
A woman likes to be preferred
Above all others by her mate.
What's furthermore, I'm here to state
She wants her young to feel the same.
"*Possessive*" is her middle name.



WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE: I was thrilled to hear about an old friend, Nancy Nuyens, who, single-handed, routed a burglar from her West Forty-third Street shoe store. One morning she was working with an electric iron especially designed for stretching shoes. In came a stranger who ordered her to give him all the money she had. As she walked toward the cash register she noticed that his raincoat was small for him and left his wrists bare. Though one hand was in his pocket, making a menacing lump which suggested a gun, she swiftly thrust the hot iron against that one exposed area of white meat, and with a howl of pain he raced into the street without a dime of Nancy's $250 which was in the cash register.

*Let's Be Candid about Katie!!!**

*She ~~did~~ take a job as housemaid in a bachelor Congressman's home! She did fall in love with him! She did risk scandal with that painter! BUT WHAT A GIRL! . . . You'll love her—and the amazing story of her career from cornfield to Capitol!

RKO
PRESENTS

LORETTA YOUNG
JOSEPH COTTEN ★ ETHEL BARRYMORE
in

"The Farmer's Daughter"

with
CHARLES BICKFORD
A DORE SCHARY PRODUCTION

Directed by H. C. POTTER • Written by ALLEN RIVKIN and LAURA KERR

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Chairside Charm

Radio-Phonograph with
Pull-out Automatic
Record Changer

HOWARD RADIO
Noted for tone

Famed for Performance
and Value

HOWARD RADIO COMPANY
CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS

America's Oldest
Radio Manufacturer

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE postwar Liberty—bigger, thicker, and embodying improvements long planned—makes its appearance with this issue. Liberty will appear hereafter every other Friday instead of weekly. Outstanding among the added features is Eyewitness, a picture magazine within a magazine, developed because we, like others, are aware of and welcome the tremendous strides shown in recent years in the taking and printing of pictures. Many stories can be better told in pictures than in text. Ideally, words should be used for stories which go better in words; pictures should be used for stories which can be conveyed better by photography. Hereafter we will be able to make full use of both.

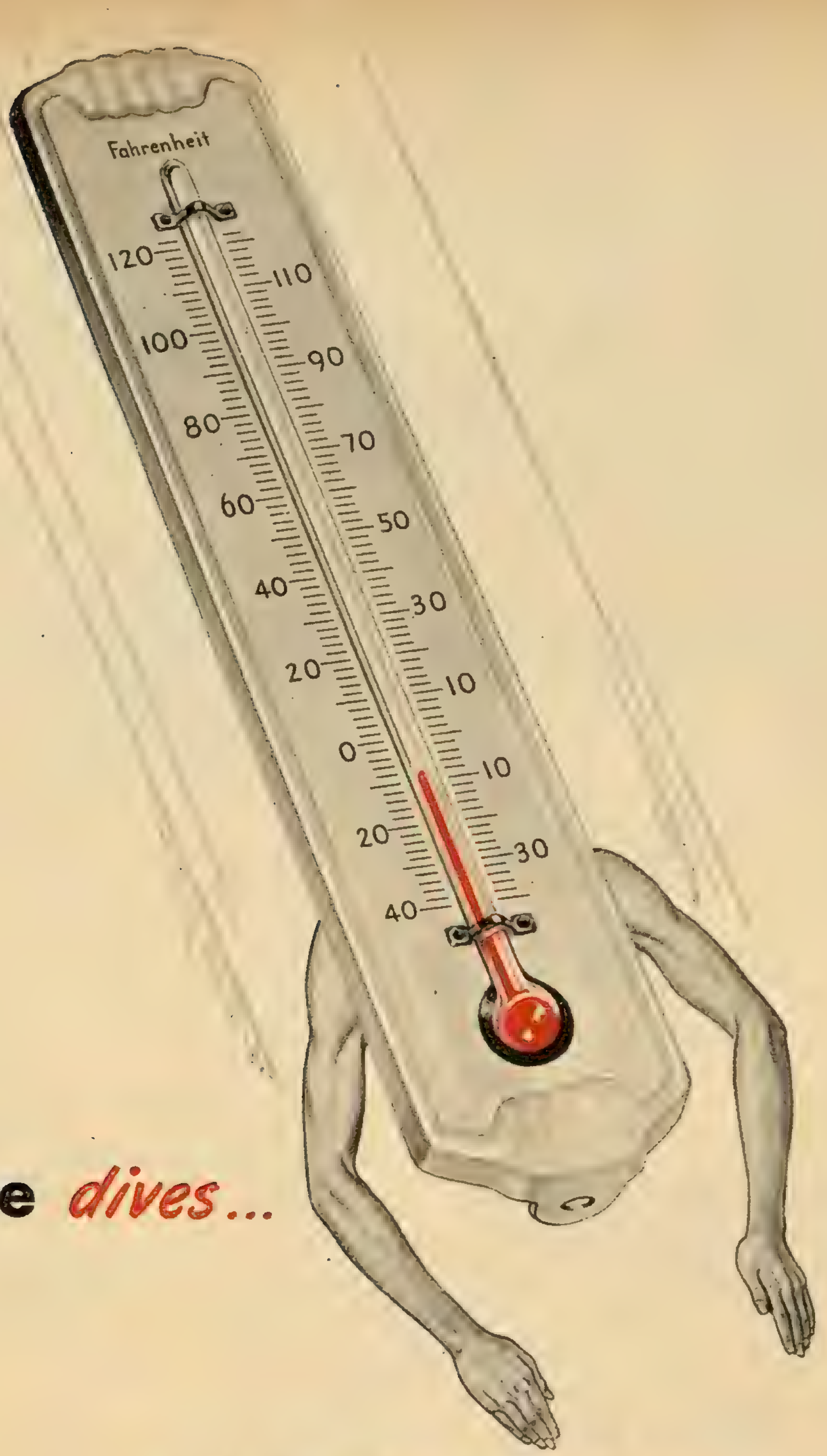
CONTINUED fiction stories return with this issue. Thus we resume where we left off when paper rationing forced us to give up serials, early in the war. We will present a succession of exciting dramatic, adventure, mystery, and romantic stories. The first begins in this issue. It's Paradise with Serpent, by Edward Hope, an old hand at top-drawer serial fiction who has frequently appeared in America's big magazines. Mr. Hope has been at war for the past several years and this is his first story since his discharge from service.

AN IMPORTANT innovation which we predict will be immensely popular is Washington Undercurrent, by Robert S. Allen. This shrewdly gathered and tersely written report on what is being whispered along the Potomac is by a past master of inside dope. Before he went into the army, Bob Allen was half the radio and writing team of Pearson and Allen. With Drew Pearson he co-authored the famous book, Washington Merry-Go-Round. Back from the war and minus his right arm, shot off in Europe, Bob has learned to operate an electric typewriter with his left hand. His super-acute nose for the inside story remains well intact, as evidenced in this and every succeeding issue.

SOME of our features, unsuited to the every-other-week cycle of publishing, will no longer appear. The Thropp Family is gone, to our regret. We had begun to grow quite fond of Ozzie and his pals, but our prediction is the Thropps will never die. They will bob up again, perhaps in the movies or over the radio, or perhaps in another publication. In any case, we are convinced Ozzie and his antics are too appealing to continue long unpublished.

THE WEEKLY aviation column, On the Beam, has been discontinued because we believe the art of flying now has reached maturity. No longer are there new and exciting developments to report day by day or week by week. Air transportation is now a solidly established business. We will continue to cover important new developments in regular articles.

THIS, then, is Liberty as we have long wanted to publish it—the liveliest, most interesting, most up-to-date ten cents' worth of reading matter on the American newsstands.



When the temperature *dives...*

***drive* WITH TEXACO**

FIRE-CHIEF

GASOLINE

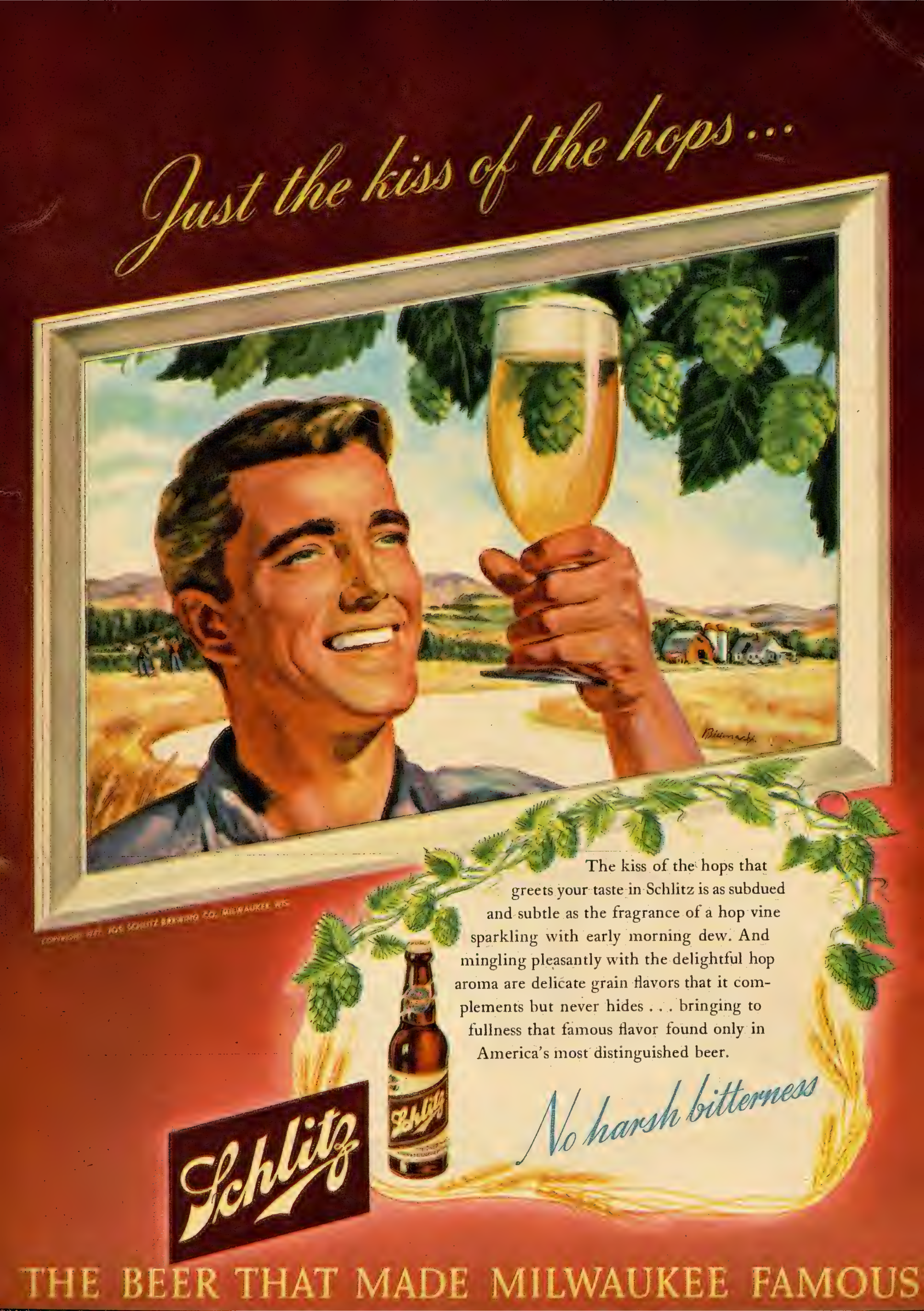
YOU CAN get the jump on winter with alert, fast-starting Texaco Fire-Chief. Because Fire-Chief's superior *Fire-Power* makes possible the quick-starts . . . rapid warm-up . . . smooth, surging power you need for winter driving. Try Fire-Chief today. At Texaco Dealers.

TEXACO
REG.T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre presents the Eddie Bracken show every Sunday night.
Metropolitan Opera broadcasts every Saturday afternoon. See newspapers for time and stations.


Just the kiss of the hops . . .
No harsh bitterness
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

The kiss of the hops that greets your taste in Schlitz is as subdued and subtle as the fragrance of a hop vine sparkling with early morning dew. And mingling pleasantly with the delightful hop aroma are delicate grain flavors that it complements but never hides . . . bringing to fullness that famous flavor found only in America's most distinguished beer.

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WASHINGTON

UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

INSIDERS list General Ike Eisenhower as the number one dark horse for the Presidency in 1948. Potent leaders, both Republican and Democrat, are eying him seriously. The reason is the candidate situation in both parties. The G.O.P. has too many; the Democrats practically none.

Ike himself hasn't said which he is. Born in Democratic Texas and raised in Republican Kansas, an Army man all his adult life, Ike's background is uniquely nonpolitical.

Chief Republican interest in Eisenhower stems from Alf Landon, former Kansas governor and 1936 nominee. Envious Democrats call his tight-knit G.O.P. machine the "Jayhawker Tammany." He will be a potent influence in the Republican convention.

Eisenhower has sought and received political counsel and guidance from Landon ever since his return from the ETO in 1945 with his eye already on the White House. Army intimates say he accepted the Chief of Staff post on Landon's advice. Alf is definitely not enthusiastic about other G.O.P. hopefuls and believes in the showdown the Deweys, Tafts, Brickers, *et al.*, will kill one another off, leaving the way open for dark horse Eisenhower. Landon has not yet declared for Ike, but look for a "favorite son" boom in Kansas in the not too distant future.

On the other hand, Democratic interest in Ike has burgeoned remarkably since November 5. Bigwigs are convinced Truman will not run and could not be re-elected if he did. Eisenhower appeals to them strongly because he is a popular hero, makes a fine appearance, will draw the vets, has a good radio voice and is nonpolitical. Right now Eisenhower is saying nothing, but he is definitely sawing in the Presidential lumberyard. His sawing is purposeful and adroit in the right places and on the right logs. His speaking engagements are carefully selected and timed, his speeches meticulously prepared. He is cutting wood, but he is not cutting off any limbs behind him.

Truman's Landlord ● The manager of the apartment house in which Truman used to live was recently invited to the White House. His former tenant told the manager one term in the White House was enough and that he'd like his old apartment back in January, 1949. The apartment manager promised to take care of the Trumans.

Tax Dodgers ● Every big sporting event is now "covered" by Internal Revenue agents. Their mission: to spot flashers of big money and those who collect it. Big spenders whose income-tax affairs are not in order are likely to hear from Uncle Sam soon.

Military Diplomats ● Secretary of State Byrnes is displeased over "sword-rattling" pronouncements by Army and Navy brass.

But while Byrnes has been tangling with the Army and Navy over free-talking officers, certain members of the Senate are quietly preparing to tangle with Byrnes over the large number of military officers in the State Department. In addition to the half dozen generals and admirals serving as ambassadors and special envoys, more than a score of other high-ranking officers are on State's roll.

On a door not far from Byrnes' office there is a sign in large letters: *"Major General John H. Hilldring, Assistant Secretary of State"*—something new in a Department which is supposed to be a civilian, not a military, branch of the government.

New Farmer Boss ● Insiders in the American Farm Bureau Federation, most powerful farm outfit in the country, are quietly giving out the word that their veteran president Ed O'Neal is serving his last term. He will be replaced with a younger, Republican, successor, now that the Republicans control Congress and are marching toward the White House.

Insiders say the choice for a new president lies between two potent state leaders: Earl Smith, head of the powerful Illinois Farm Bureau Federation, and Allan Kline, president of the equally strong Iowa Farm Bureau Federation. Both are Republicans and (*Continued on page 19*)

When you buy—compare ...the *pen* and the *price!*

Yes, look at all the popular brands at your favorite pen counter. Then, see and *write with* the Venus *President*—that gives you *every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much.*

14 Karat gold point, *extra* large for strength, *Iridium* tipped for smoother writing, longer wear. Smart colors. *Yours for years* of writing satisfaction at a down-to-earth price...only $3.50. Backed by the *Venus Guarantee.*

$3.50

Matching pen and pencil set...$5.00

VENUS

AMERICAN PENCIL COMPANY

Makers of famous Venus Pencils

LIFE TESTED* *for Reception Perfection!*

Sentinel
55 60 70 80 90 110 130 150 170
MADE IN U.S.A.

Every Sentinel radio—table model or console, portable or radio-phonograph—is Life Tested *before* being assembled into the finished product. There is constant testing and re-testing—proving and improving—to assure the Reception-Perfection—the *Studio Tone in Your Home*—for which Sentinels have become so widely celebrated! Unequalled in tonal clarity and quality, Sentinels are likewise stand-outs in styling—with models for every room in every home, for every purse and purpose. Modern or classical, in subdued or gaily colored plastics, in richly grained woods—there is a Sentinel to match the mood of your decorative scheme . . . to delight your eye, to compliment your ear—and to flatter your sense of value!

SENTINEL RADIO CORPORATION
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

*Life Testing of every part *in advance* ascertains that every Sentinel radio set will prove superior to any stress or strain, any wear or tear to which they will ever be subjected short of absolute abuse. This testing and re-testing is applied, not alone to the complete radio but to all electrical and mechanical parts, to cabinets as well—even to tuning knobs!

for Studio Tone in Your Home!

Sentinel *Radio*

(*Continued from page 17*)

dominant figures in the A.F.B.F. The dope is Kline has the edge.

Around the Circuit ● Despite the anti-Communist resolution unanimously adopted at the C.I.O. convention, certain militant left-wingers, key men in the national C.I.O. headquarters, still are on the payroll and still as powerful as ever. . . . What doctors think of the brass-bound Regular Army Medical Corps: Of 350 young doctors now in uniform who were polled on accepting a permanent commission, only one expressed willingness to do so. . . . G.O.P. Presidential candidate Harold Stassen is quietly organizing state campaign units centering around one-time Willkie leaders. . . . With the Republicans back in the saddle, Mrs. Dolly Gann is bustling back into the Washington social whirl in a big way. Sister of the late Vice-President Charles Curtis, Mrs. Gann was a front-page figure during the Hoover regime. After the New Deal took over, she vanished from the limelight. . . . Navy Secretary James Forrestal has secret political ambitions. He has his eye on the 1948 Democratic Presidential nomination, but would settle for a Senate seat. . . . Senator Edwin C. Johnson, Colorado, ranking Democratic member of the Military Affairs Committee, has told the War Department he will fight any legislation retiring high-ranking Regular Army officers in their temporary grades. Says Johnson, "That kind of Treasury raiding must stop." . . . Veteran and civilian amputees have a real promise for improved artificial limbs. The Committee on Artificial Limbs, set up in 1945 under Dr. Paul Klopsteg of Northwestern University, and financed by the War Department and the Veterans Administration, has made very important strides, and experimental models, incorporating new devices, are undergoing rigorous field tests.

Out on a Limb ● **Real-estate prices will tumble sharply in the second half of the year. . . . Agricultural prices are due for a drastic contraction. . . . The federal budget will be pruned. The actual economies will tally around $3,000,000,000. . . . There will be a cut in personal income taxes, but nowhere near the 20 per cent promised. Ten per cent will be closer. . . . The Army and Navy will be merged. The final measure won't be all the Army wants, but it will be a good start toward placing the armed forces of the country under a single, centralized control, particularly as regards procurement. . . . Congress will not extend the draft act. . . . Congress also will not enact a universal training program. The War Department's puny compromise proposal will be ditched and the National Guard and Reserve will be further implemented as a substitute. . . . All war controls will not be repealed. Some will be abolished, but the bulk will be retained until 1948. . . . Our guess is the U. S. Supreme Court will uphold the $3,500,000 contempt judgment against the United Mine Workers and John L. Lewis by a 5 to 4 vote.**

Sentimental Journey ● Despite his carefully nurtured "tough guy" reputation, miner boss John L. Lewis has his mellow moments. They are not many. But when he does get sentimental, he does it up brown. During a trip through Colorado, Lewis was told a family he used to know 25 years ago was now living in a small town more than 70 miles away, over none-too-good roads. This family had befriended Lewis when he was a young miner. They had operated a small restaurant in Lucas, Iowa, and on a number of occasions had fed Lewis when he was broke. John L. immediately canceled all his plans and drove the better part of a night to arrive just before breakfast. He spent an hour with his old friends, and then went on his way again.

TED TURNED THE TABLES ON TROUBLE, WHEN...
BOY, WE'RE IN LUCK! IT'S A FLYING DUTCHMAN... AND RIGHT ON THE NOSE
ARMY RESCUE CRAFT IS DROPPED TO WRECKED FLIERS IN ROUGH ALASKAN WATERS
IT SAYS ON THE CHART: "PROCEED DUE EAST TO SHIP'S POINT AND AWAIT PATROL BOAT"
THIS SKYBORNE LIFEBOAT IS FULLY EQUIPPED, EVEN TO BLOOD PLASMA
SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE. THAT FLAG'S UPSIDE DOWN
HERE COMES A GIRL ON THE RUN
SIGNS OF DISTRESS GREET TED AND JOE AT SHIP'S POINT...
IT'S TWO HUNDRED MILES TO THE NEAREST DOCTOR
THAT'S A BAD LEG. GET THE SULFA OUT OF THE BOAT, JOE
...WHERE BETTY LUNT IS ALONE WITH HER STRICKEN FATHER, A FAMOUS GEOLOGIST
NEXT MORNING
WHILE HE'S SLEEPING, I'M GOING TO CLEAN UP
I'LL GET YOU DAD'S RAZOR AND SOME HOT WATER
HER DAD IMPROVED, BETTY HINTS A SHAVE MIGHT HELP TED
THIS IS LUXURY! SLICKEST, EASIEST SHAVE I EVER HAD
NO WONDER, TED. THAT'S A THIN GILLETTE BLADE
A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE ALWAYS MAKES A MAN LOOK HIS BEST
YOUR DAD WILL HAVE GOOD CARE NOW, BETTY. I'M GLAD BOTH OF YOU ARE COMING WITH US
YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL
MY, HE'S HANDSOME!
FAST FRIENDS NOW, TED AND BETTY THINK OF HAPPY TIMES AHEAD AS RESCUE CRAFT NEARS
MAKE NO MISTAKE, MEN, THE THIN GILLETTE IS THE SHARPEST AND EASIEST-SHAVING, LOW-PRICE BLADE YOU EVER USED. IT'S PRECISION MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY AND PROTECT YOUR FACE FROM THE IRRITATION AND DISCOMFORT OF ORDINARY MISFIT BLADES THAT SCRAPE AND PULL. ALSO IT SAVES YOU MONEY. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTE BLADES
Gillette BLADES 4 for 10¢

"We're on a real rush job"

THOSE who are waiting for new telephone service can be assured that we are doing our best to get it to them.

We're adding telephones at the rate of 300,000 a month. That's good. But the job isn't done until we've furnished service to every one who wants it and there isn't a single person on the waiting list.

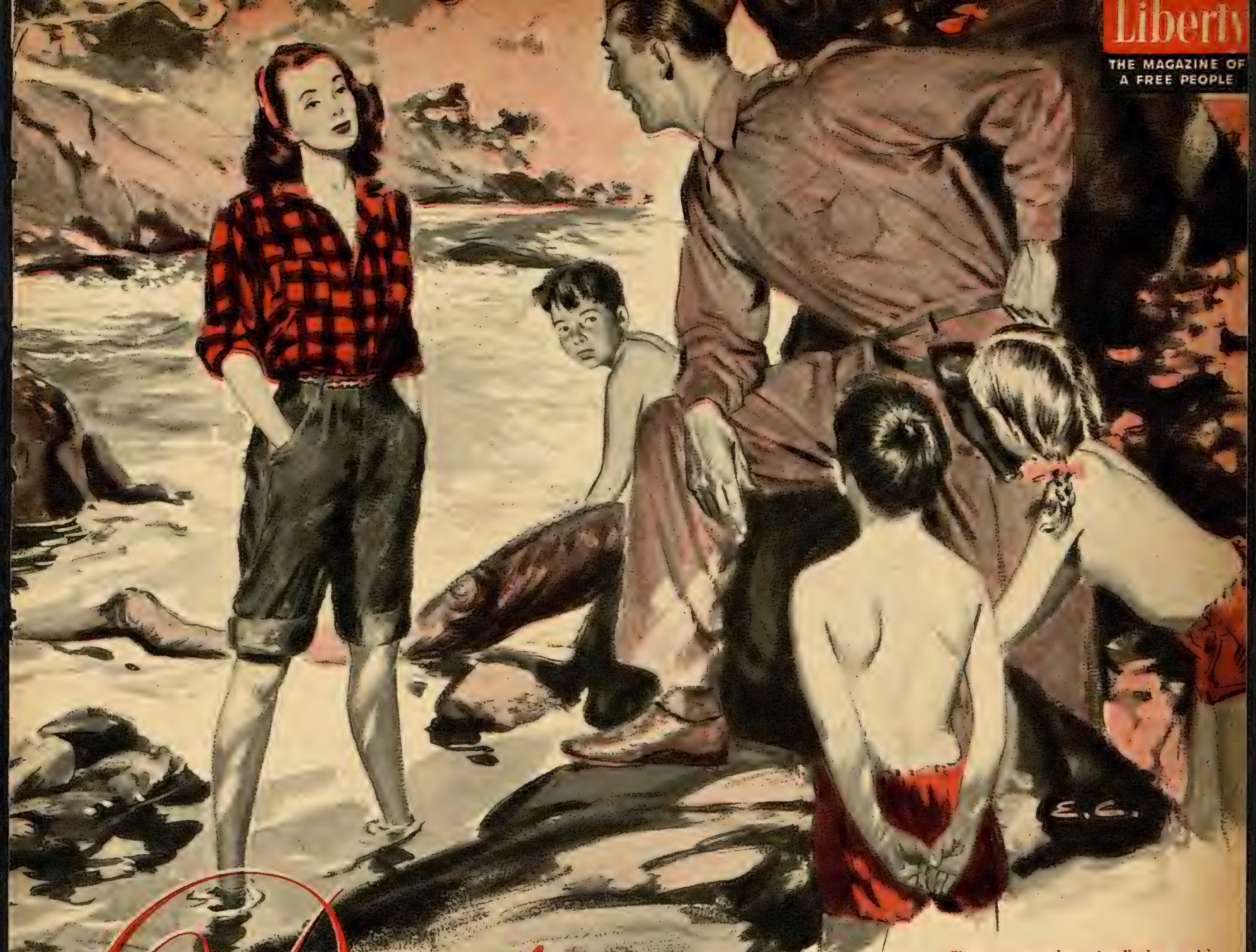
Getting materials and switchboards and erecting new buildings are our toughest jobs.

It takes more than money and know-how. It takes determination. You have to make up your mind you're going to do it and then get it done somehow. We're doing it that way.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE



"I'm extremely nice." he said. "I grow on people. Not much at first but you get used to me."

Paradise with Serpent

BY EDWARD HOPE

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

A captivating new serial of woman trouble on a tiny Pacific isle—the trouble begins when the C. O. finds himself owning one non-returnable beautiful native girl

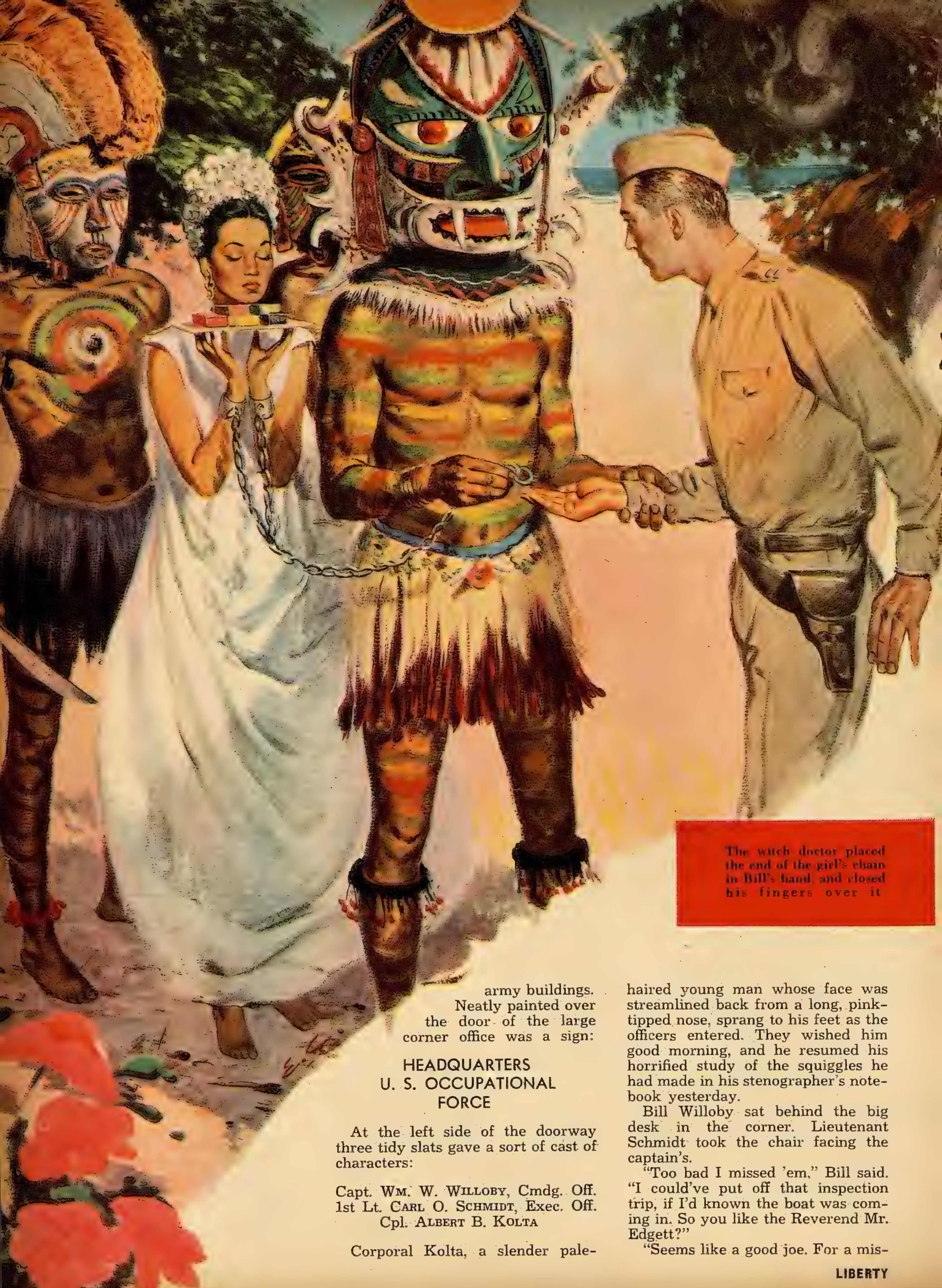
READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

IN EIGHT PARTS—PART ONE

MIDI (or Little Piccadilly) Island is shown on the largest-scale maps, where it is represented by the smallest possible dot. What place so tiny a scrap of land held in Japanese plans; and why, once retaken by the Americans, it was important enough to be occupied—these are matters of high strategy, not to be fathomed by the ordinary citizen. This is the highly informal story of William Watkins Willoby of West Bay, Long Island, and what happened to him when he was undisputed ruler of a South Sea island.

We can skip the first few weeks the U. S. Occupation Force spent on the island. They were weeks given over to surveys and planning and manual labor.

Bill Willoby named it Camp Pentagon, to remind everybody that the War Department still brooded over the scheme of things and had terrifyingly complete data on every officer and enlisted man. The camp consisted mainly of tents in straight rows (enough to accommodate ten officers and two hundred eighty-six enlisted men) and three standard



The witch doctor placed the end of the girl's chain in Bill's hand, and closed his fingers over it

army buildings.

Neatly painted over the door of the large corner office was a sign:

HEADQUARTERS
U. S. OCCUPATIONAL
FORCE

At the left side of the doorway three tidy slats gave a sort of cast of characters:

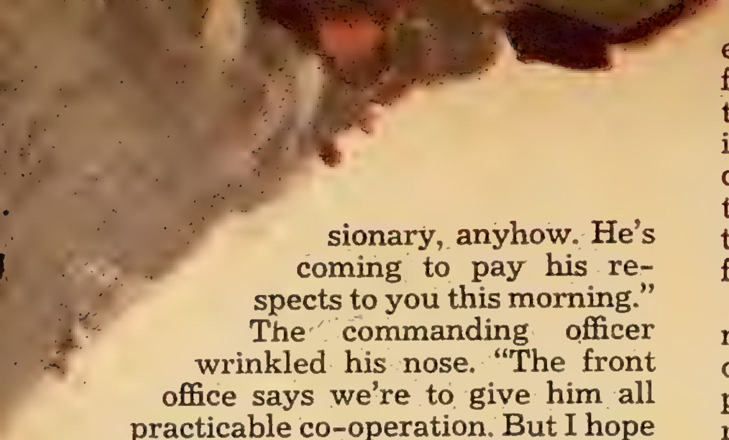
Capt. Wm. W. Willoby, Cmdg. Off.
1st Lt. Carl O. Schmidt, Exec. Off.
Cpl. Albert B. Kolta

Corporal Kolta, a slender pale-haired young man whose face was streamlined back from a long, pink-tipped nose, sprang to his feet as the officers entered. They wished him good morning, and he resumed his horrified study of the squiggles he had made in his stenographer's notebook yesterday.

Bill Willoby sat behind the big desk in the corner. Lieutenant Schmidt took the chair facing the captain's.

"Too bad I missed 'em," Bill said. "I could've put off that inspection trip, if I'd known the boat was coming in. So you like the Reverend Mr. Edgett?"

"Seems like a good joe. For a mis-



sionary, anyhow. He's coming to pay his respects to you this morning."

The commanding officer wrinkled his nose. "The front office says we're to give him all practicable co-operation. But I hope he doesn't make a habit of dropping in. We've got a chaplain. The missionary ought to confine his attentions to the heathen."

"Bet you like him, too," Lieutenant Schmidt said.

"It's conceivable. That letter said 'and family.' What does 'and family' consist of?"

"Mrs. Edgett. She's a lot younger—early thirties, I'd guess. Three kids: two boys and a girl. *And* Mrs. Edgett's sister."

"Oh? What about Mrs. Edgett's sister, Schmitty? This is the first I've heard of her."

SCHMIDT'S normally pink round face became a shade pinker. He said, "Oh, nothing. I mean, no nonsense. But—well, she's a sight for sore eyes."

"Hmmm. What's the name of this lovely creature?"

"Diana Forrester. She's got brown hair and brown eyes," Lieutenant Schmidt said, "and a little nose that— Well, you'll see for yourself."

"Sounds to me as if we'd have to hang an Off Limits sign around her neck. Is she Mrs. or Miss?"

"Miss," Lieutenant Schmidt said, and blinked the picture of the girl out of his eyes. "They had a lot of stuff with 'em," he said. "I had it trucked for 'em. And I let 'em have a staff car and a driver."

"Where do the Edgetts live?"

"Edgett's house is just beyond the stone bridge in the V where the two little rivers come together."

"How's the house?"

"Solid. The rev says he built it himself, with a few natives helping."

"Much damaged?"

"No. Some broken windows, and the Japs had gone through everything and scattered papers around."

Lieutenant Schmidt took a thick bundle of documents from his lap.

"I've been trying to sweat out this Allied Military Government business," he said, "and it beats me to a pulp. It just doesn't make sense for a little island like this. Can't we send it back and tell 'em it won't work?"

Bill Willoby leaned forward to squash out his cigarette. "Send it back?" he said. "My dear sir, you don't seem to realize what it means to me. As military governor, I represent the British Commonwealth, China, the Soviet Union, and forty-some other United Nations. I also represent the State Department."

"Wait till you see what you're expected to do."

"I've glanced through it. We're to establish the Four Freedoms, hold a free election along democratic lines, try war criminals and collaborationists, submit an analysis of local industrial activities, report on the relations between capital and labor, trace the evolution of government for the past—"

"Look," Lieutenant Schmidt moaned. "Rail and motor transport, other than military. Exports and imports. Census: analysis by race, sex, religion, age group, occupation—"

"The census'll be easy enough," Bill said. "Just count noses—or count bosoms and divide by two."

"Illiteracy!" the lieutenant yelped. "Illiteracy, if greater than one half of one per cent. Far as I know, this screwball interpreter of the king's is the only one in the place who can read and write."

"Take it easy, Schmitty. This is no way to start a hot day." Willoby brought out a hand-written note. "Here's what Colonel Power says. Listen. 'Dear Willoby: All this stuff came in from Washington, addressed to Allied Military Governor, Midi Island. Since nobody thought to appoint an AMG, you seem to be it ex officio. Looks like enough work to keep you out of mischief. G. H. P.' And get the P.S., which is the meat of the thing: 'P.S. Don't let it throw you.' Now there's some sound advice from the personnel officer of South Pacific Island Command."

"All very well for him to laugh it off," Lieutenant Schmidt snorted, "but we've got to comply with anything that makes sense. For instance, establish clinics and provide free medical care as needed."

"We'll have to get our medics some of those boogie-man masks and teach 'em witch dances. . . . Look, Schmitty, all you've got to do is write 'None' about ten thousand times. Detail six men to do it, if you like. They'll be glad to get in out of the sun."

THE executive officer snapped the rubber band around the Military Government dossier and tossed it over on to his own desk. Muttering, he found a slip of paper.

"What's that?" Bill asked mildly.

"Fraternization. What are we going to do about it?"

"The rule's clear enough: Fraternization between U. S. Army personnel and local inhabitants is not permitted. Period."

"Uh-huh." Lieutenant Schmidt referred to his notes. "We've been here seven weeks and we've got thirty-eight prisoners. Two for a fist fight, one for untidy tent, one for dirty rifle, thirty-four for fraternization. To date, nineteen others have served penalties for fraternization and been released. It's the girls," Schmidt concluded bitterly. "They don't even put up a fight. And they're much too cute."

"I know. They're like the ones you used to read about. Hardly darker than we are from the sun. And they wash. Of course, they've got sort of flat Chinesey faces."

"I saw one down by the dock yesterday. She was really a dish."

"Those eyes of yours are giving you hell, aren't they, Schmitty?"

The lieutenant blushed. "You needn't think it's only the men," he said. "The officers have got sense enough not to get caught, but—"

"Is this a confession, Lieutenant Schmidt?"

"Conf—"

"Never mind. Tell you what. Pass the word to the patrols not to go looking for violators. To pick up only the ones they can't miss. Meanwhile I'll write a letter. . . . Kolta!"

The corporal jumped. "Sir?"

"Do you think you can take a letter and get it typed in proper form for SPIC?"

"Oh, yes, sir," Kolta said, with a confidence unwarranted to date.

LIEUTENANT SCHMIDT retired to his own chair.

Bill Willoby said, "All right, Kolta. Address it to Commanding General South Pacific Island Command, but make the envelope to Colonel Power. He'll send it wherever it ought to go. . . . O.K. Subject: Fraternization. To: Commanding General, SPIC—"

"Write it out, sir?"

"You bet. Write out everything. It may have to go to Washington. That's why it's got to be correct. And neat. O.K. To CG, SPIC. Leave about eight lines under that, in case Colonel Power wants to send it through somebody. Paragraph one."

"Just a minute, sir."

"What are you doing? Blank lines?"

"Making a note, sir. . . . O.K., sir."

"Paragraph one. Reference is made to S.O. 47, Headquarters SPIC—"

"Write it out, sir?"

"Write everything out. Copy off the file numbers, dashes, and periods and diagonals and all. Also the date. So paragraph one will say 'Reference is made to S.O. 47, Headquarters SPIC, file numbers, date, paragraph 4 c.' Copy that paragraph and indent it."

"What it, sir?"

"In-dent it. Leave an extra margin at the left. Here: I'll mark what you're to copy in red pencil. How much commercial high school did you say you'd had?"

"A year and a half, sir."

"You could sue the Board of Education. . . . O.K. You copy all this: 'Under provisions of so-and-so and so-and-so, fraternization between military personnel and the native population,' and so on. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Now, paragraph two. . . . Before the present war comma this island was a British mandate comma—"

" 'This island,' " Corporal Kolta repeated intensely between gritted teeth, " 'was a British' what, sir?"

"I'll take it slower," Bill said. " 'This island was a British—mandate comma—where a British—government agent—and a representative

(*Continued on page 82*)

Mr. Private Enterprise

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ONE day in December, 1945, a twenty-six-year-old ex-G.I., addressing a group of America's leading industrialists, gave them a verbal spanking that resounded in headlines throughout the country. The spanker was author Marion Hargrove, his smarting audience a collection of the National Association of Manufacturers' biggest bigwigs, gathered in annual convention at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York.

In a speech titled See Here, Private Enterprise, Hargrove let them have it:

"N.A.M. to the average thinking person, I would say, means something stubborn and reactionary and obstructionist. . . . N.A.M. has such a bad name . . . that even when it's right about something, it can't draw public support to it. . . . In an agreement in which the National Association of Manufacturers finds itself on the right side, the opposition uses facts and logic, even if it's specious logic, and your N.A.M. spokesman gets up and thumps the tub about Bolshevism and the American Way and the evil forces that are out to ruin the country. . . ."

Hargrove undoubtedly spoke the mind of many U. S. citizens. But how solidly were his accusations based on fact? Just what is the N.A.M.? Who's behind it? What are its aims and how does it operate?

The National Association of Manufacturers is an organization of industrial corporations seeking to protect and further the interests of American industry and American free private enterprise. Founded fifty-one years ago by some 300 companies, it held its first meeting in Cincinnati, receiving the baptismal blessings of William McKinley, then Governor of Ohio.

Today N.A.M. boasts nearly 16,000 member corporations and is perhaps the nation's most powerful force for business progress along traditional economic lines. Its roster bristles with such corporate titles as General Motors, Standard Oil, Du Pont. Behind it are most of industry's top tycoons—Firestone, Pew, Du Pont, and hundreds more.

Yet the Association is not exclusively the creature of big business. Over two thirds of its members employ less than 500 workers, and these smaller outfits are proportionately represented in its governing body, a 143-man board of directors. Also represented is the National Industrial Council, an affiliated organization of 330 state or single-industry trade associations of around 50,000 companies.

Throughout its half-century life span N.A.M. points to many outstanding accomplishments. It set up the country's first foreign-trade bureau, later turning over its files to the new U. S. Commerce Department, whose creation it had fostered. It plumped for the Panama Canal, the pure food and drug laws, the Parcel Post and Federal Reserve systems. It backed workmen's compensation before the unions did, helped advance vocational education, and co-sponsored the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Industrial Conference Board, and the National Safety Council.

Weisenburger chats with active N.A.M. member, ex-Senator Arthur Walsh.

LEADERSHIP

Even today its activities include many forward-looking projects little known outside its own membership—programs for the promotion of industrial health, civic co-operation, worker welfare and the like. Many of its efforts are devoted, too, to the assistance of members in the increasingly technical aspects of business administration.

For more than a decade, however, N.A.M. has been known to the public chiefly for its widespread propaganda activities. This is because, since the advent of the New Deal, private industry has been under almost continuous political attack. N.A.M., as industry's champion, has fought back not only in self-interest, but in the firm belief that the welfare of industry and the country are inseparable.

For the past dozen years it has slugged it out with radicals, liberals, and left-wingers in and out of government. Through it all it has been sparked by a fat, bald, and jolly ex-druggist whose name is as little known to the man in the street as those of some of N.A.M.'s members are familiar.

Walter Bertheau Weisenburger is N.A.M.'s chief executive officer. His job is to carry out policies determined by the board of directors. Non-salaried member-officers selected by the board include twenty-six assorted vice-presidents currently headed up by board chairman Robert R. Wason, executive committee chairman Ira Mosher, and president Earl Bunting. In addition, there are seventeen standing committees and advisory groups, totaling over 2,500 members. These develop the Association's policies on such specialized problems as international economic relations or the disposal of government-owned plants and materials.

But for all the big names, it's Weisenburger who, behind the scenes, keeps the outfit moving. N.A.M.'s business-men officers aren't figureheads, but neither are they, as a rule, full-time job holders. Moreover, their term in office is usually limited

By Henry D. Steinmetz

The truth about the National Association of Manufacturers and the seldom-seen, seldom-heard man behind the scenes who keeps its wheels turning

to a year. Over the long run, therefore, Walter Weisenburger holds N.A.M. on course.

To take industry's cause to the people and to Congress, Weisenburger has built and runs with high efficiency a research and publicity organization at least on a par with those of the more powerful labor organizations. Perhaps his main accomplishment, however, and one for which N.A.M. seldom receives credit, has been industry's extensive self-education and self-reform in recent years. In 1942 the National Association of Publicity Directors, in presenting Weisenburger with its fifth annual award, cited his success "in promoting a better understanding of industry by the public and a keener appreciation by industry of its public responsibilities."

Born fifty-eight years ago near Hannibal, Missouri, Weisenburger took his first bow as a publicity man while still in high school. Managing the school ball team, on which Donald Nelson played first base, he also reported its doings for the local paper. His colorful accounts earned him pocket money and, after graduation, landed him a cub reporter's job.

For the next twelve years he batted from one Midwest paper to another. Married at twenty-three, he worked for a spell in his father-in-law's Hannibal drugstore, which until recently he still managed by remote control. But rolling pills couldn't compete with the lure of rolling presses. He returned to the Hannibal Journal and worked up to editor, only to see the sheet fold in the World War I paper shortage. He became publicity director of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, rising to the presidency in 1928.

By 1934 his Chamber music had so impressed Missouri politicos that they wanted to run him for the governorship or Congress. But a St. Louis business man, Robert L. Lund, then board chairman of N.A.M., had a better proposition. N.A.M., hit by the depression, was in bad shape. Could Weisenburger step in and straighten things out for, say, $50,000 a year to start? He could and did.

PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

Showman Walter B. Weisenburger has swelled N.A.M.'s membership by 13,500.

At first it was tough going. The Association's membership was down to 2,000, a mere fraction of its total during the '20s. Annual income was a piddling $300,000.

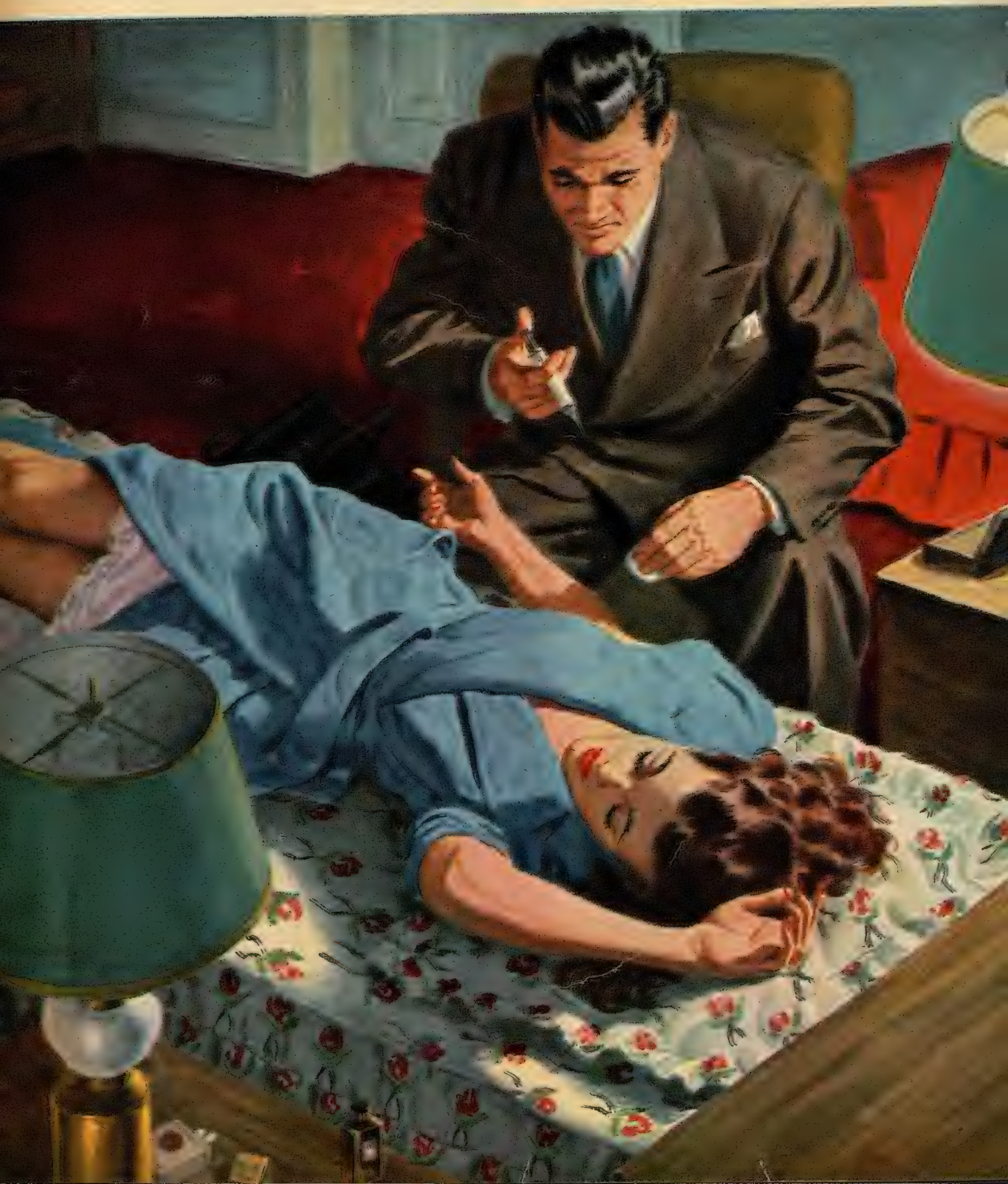
Weisenburger promptly transferred all meetings from cobwebby offices to the Waldorf, and induced business big shots to participate personally in the organization. Interest began to pick up among New Deal-demoralized tycoons, and by 1938 membership had quadrupled. Weisenburger moved the Association's headquarters to broadloomed offices in swank Rockefeller Center.

Since then N.A.M.'s paid staff, now 440 strong, has spilled over to fill five floors, plus space in three additional buildings and branch offices in Washington and eleven other cities. Membership has doubled again. Dues averaging $145 per corporate member, determined in each case by capital resources, bring in $2,300,000 annually. This excludes voluntary contributions for propaganda and publicity, totaling $1,600,000 in 1945. These funds, showered down by nonmember as well as member corporations, are raised through N.A.M.'s National Industrial Information Committee. The 1946 subscription goal was $3,000,000.

From the beginning Weisenburger hammered away at one theme: improved public relations spring from improved performance. If N.A.M. members wanted him to sing the

(*Continued on page 98*)

Cause for Suspicion



Dr. Standish's curiosity once more makes trouble for him—and a murderer

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

THE first night that Dr. Standish went to Arlene Walton's apartment, he went not as the medical examiner but as Paul Standish, M.D. At that, it was a near thing. Any great delay in finding her and he might well have been called in his official capacity. But as it was, the switchboard operator at the Belmont Arms, a youth by the name of Klein, remembered that Dr. Standish lived close by.

Klein's phoned diagnosis had saved a lot of time:

"It looks like she took an overdose of sleeping tablets," he said. "Can you come right away, doc?"

The Belmont Arms was only a block and a half away, and Standish made the foyer in three minutes. Klein was holding the elevator.

"She's still alive," he said. He said other things on the way to the third floor and down the hall to the room at the end. But Paul Standish wasn't listening, nor was he more than vaguely aware of the two men beside the studio couch.

All he saw was the woman, a small figure in a blue house coat, her chestnut hair spread across the pillow. Noting her color and the bottle of pills on the end table, he examined her eyes, checked her pulse, and prepared his hypodermic.

He called over his shoulder to order an ambulance, and heard someone talking on the telephone; then he was injecting a massive dose of amphetamine sulfate intravenously.

"Will she live, doctor?"

Paul Standish stepped away from the couch. There was a film of moisture on his lean, well-boned face, for the night was warm and the room was heavy with a gardenia-like scent.

"Yes," he said. "She'll live."

The man let his breath out in a whistling sound and sank into a chair. Standish saw that he was a short, stocky fellow of perhaps twenty-eight, with curly reddish hair and a solid rocky jaw.

"Who found her?" Standish glanced at the second man, who stood two or three inches taller than the doctor's own six feet and looked immaculate in his dinner jacket.

"I guess I got here about five minutes after they did."

"We found her," the stocky man said. "Billy and me." He indicated young Klein.

His name, he said, was Harry Gibney. He was a friend of Arlene Walton and lived on the top floor, and he had knocked at her door around eight thirty. When he got no answer, he had gone upstairs. At ten forty he had telephoned her, and then asked Billy Klein if he knew where she was.

"Billy said she had come up at seven," Gibney said, "and he hadn't seen her go out. Yet she didn't answer her phone. I got scared."

"So did I." Klein was standing in the doorway. "Mr. Gibney said I should get a key and see if anything was wrong. I met him outside, and we came in and found her like that."

Paul Standish had been moving about the room as the others talked, and now he examined the half-filled bottle of tablets, noting the date the prescription had been filled.

"She didn't leave any note?"

Gibney glanced at Billy Klein. He shook his head. "No," he said. "I didn't see any."

Standish brought his gaze back to the tall man. He asked if he hadn't seen the other somewhere and the man smiled.

"Probably," he said. "I'm Victor Keenan. I have the orchestra at Castle Inn. . . . I phoned Arlene at ten thirty," he said, when Standish nodded. "She told me she'd be in tonight, and the boy here"—he indicated young Klein—"said he didn't know why she didn't answer. So I had one of my men take over the band and came right out. They were calling you when I came in and saw her."

Standish moved to the woman, finding her pulse improved. He asked, "What was her trouble?"

THE silence that followed was abrupt, and he sensed an odd tension in the room where none had been before. He turned, his glance taking in Keenan and Gibney.

The two men were staring at each other, their animosity unmistakable. Gibney was leaning forward in his chair, his rocky jaw set, his mouth tight, his eyes hard with hatred. Keenan's manner seemed more defiant than aggressive.

"We used to go together," he said, turning finally to Standish. "I—I broke it off last week. I got engaged to someone else. I didn't think she would—"

He did not finish, because Gibney cut in on him, speaking through his teeth. What he said was not distinct but its cadence was profane and he might have said more if steps in the hall had not announced an interne and ambulance attendants.

Standish told the interne that he would be along presently. Victor Keenan said if there was nothing he could do he would get back to his band, and went away with Billy Klein. Harry Gibney lingered in the doorway, his brown eyes anxious.

"You're sure she'll be all right, doctor? . . . When can I see her?"

"Tomorrow afternoon should be all right," Standish said, and waited until the other started down the hall before stepping back into the room for a final look around. He saw now that the furnishings were colorful but cheap, like the building itself. He went to the couch, examined the floor around it and behind it. When he was sure there was no suicide note he went out.

IN the main foyer a man was leaning over the switchboard talking to Billy Klein, a short, round-bodied man in a black homburg. The doctor recognized the florid, heavy face, though the name escaped him until young Klein spoke.

"Mr. Cormack was just asking about Miss Walton. . . . This is Dr. Standish," he said.

"Oh, yes," Cormack said. He shook his head and looked grieved. "From what the boy tells me, I guess it's lucky you got here when you did, doctor. I've been worried about Arlene," he said and shook his head again, "but I never dreamed she'd try suicide."

Standish placed Cormack now as a politician of sorts who had worked his way from ward heeler to building commissioner and was exploring greener fields. He replied perfunctorily to Cormack's questions, wondering casually why the man should be calling at this hour, but otherwise uninterested. And since there was nothing unusual in the incident, he thought nothing more about Edward Cormack—until later.

ARLENE WALTON was sitting up in bed when Paul Standish stopped at the hospital the following afternoon, and she had company.

"You can't talk like that to me," Arlene was saying with some asperity. "I've told you before how it was, and that's the way it's got to be."

All he saw was the woman. He called over his shoulder to order an ambulance; then he was injecting a massive dose of amphetamine sulfate.

The object of the lecture was Harry Gibney. When he glanced round and saw Standish, the tightness was still in his face, and so was the flush in his cheeks. He accepted Standish's apology with ill-concealed truculence.

"It's O.K., doc," he said flatly. "I was just leaving. . . . So long," he said to the girl, "but don't get the idea I've finished."

Arlene Walton stared at the door long after it had closed, and Standish, seeing how upset she was, examined her chart.

"You had a close one," he said. "It was a silly thing to do. Been having trouble with the boy friend?"

"I've always had trouble with Harry. But not the kind you mean. What happened wasn't on his account. And anyway," she added, "it was kind of an accident."

Standish smiled crookedly, his eyes wise. "You had a headache and took a couple of pills and later you woke up and forgot you took them and swallowed two more." He shook his head. "The trouble with that story is that the prescription was filled three days ago and half the bottle was gone."

She lowered her glance, color showing in her face. She was quite tiny, lying there in bed, not more than five feet one, but with a certain voluptuousness for all of that. About twenty-six, Standish thought, though she looked older, with good features and a face that was pretty in spite of the tiredness around the hazel eyes and the slackness of skin beneath the chin. When he found her watching him, he said:

"What do you do—for a living?"

"I'm a manicurist."

"And before that?"

She moved her shoulders. "Oh—this and that." She hesitated, continued softly, "I guess I should be grateful to you."

"To Gibney and Billy Klein for finding you when they did."

SHE thought it over, and Standish, sensing that she did not want to talk, stood up. "When can I go home?" she asked.

"In twenty-four hours," he said, "if you're good."

She smiled at this, and it was, apparently, a good omen, for when he stopped in, the following afternoon, she was packing her things.

"I'll drive you home," he said.

She talked easily in the car, telling him how she had left home at sixteen because of her ambition to go on the stage. "I wound up clerking in a five-and-dime," she said, "and after that there were other jobs in other stores. I checked hats in night clubs and sold cigarettes." She laughed shortly. "That was as close as I ever got to the theater."

She was still talking when Standish stopped his car in front of the Belmont Arms, and what he did then surprised him almost as much as it did the girl. He suddenly heard himself asking her to dinner.

Arlene Walton eyed him curiously. Then she smiled. "All right," she said. "I'd like that."

Standish had to stop at his office, but it was a mistake to have asked his guest up. For the office was presided over by Mary Hayward, young, blonde and, as his combination nurse, secretary and girl Friday, jealous of the doctor's time—and quite possibly of his affections. Mary's green eyes struck sparks when she saw Arlene. Presently he was driving through the outskirts of the city with Arlene.

Arlene expressed a preference for the Castle Inn. Once they were seated, Standish remembered Victor Keenan and knew why. Victor had a ten-piece band and it was pretty good. Victor looked good too, with his blond hair and dinner jacket and professionally winning smile. So did the slim young brunette who sang with him.

COMFITTED LOVER

By Berton Braley

I love my Love because, in truth,
She's wieldy, gainly, kempt and couth;
Her garb is heveled and well kept,
Her mind is sipid, ane, and ept.

She is adaisical and pert,
Smart, genuous, gay, lively, ert.
And she's—I don't mind telling you—
Pecunious and digent, too.

In brief, she's just the lady for
This corrigible bachelor.

"Is that the girl?" Standish asked?

"That's her," said Arlene. "Helen Shirley. She's got money," she added.

The name was familiar to Standish. While not exactly first family, John Shirley had made considerable money in the construction business.

"I was good enough for him when he had nothing but a saxophone," Arlene said, "but now it's different." Then the story came out.

Victor Keenan had come to town three years ago with an orchestra and had stayed on to work with one of the local radio stations. Until recently he had taken odd jobs and got along as best he could. But during the summer he had organized a band, made some good arrangements and the beginning of a reputation. This was his last week at the Castle Inn. He had a few radio dates left to fill, and after that he was taking the band on the road—with Helen Shirley as vocalist.

As Arlene's moodiness increased Standish offered certain platitudes by way of consolation. He said Keenan hardly seemed worth suicide. He said it was tough to take right now, but she'd get over it and probably find someone else a lot better, and anyway it worked both ways: you loved someone and it didn't do any good, and all the time some other guy you didn't want loved you.

"I guess you're right," she said finally. "I was in love with Vic, and Harry Gibney can't see anyone but me. He's a good enough guy, but he's just not for me. Only he can't see it. He says if he can't have me, nobody can."

SHE opened her handbag and the smell of gardenias was strong now, reminding Standish of her apartment.

"What does he do?"

"He's from somewhere out West. He runs a bowling alley with another fellow. It's just down the street from the beauty parlor where I work."

Standish said, "Maybe you ought to go away. You can get a job anywhere these days."

Arlene nodded and now the slackness was strong in her face. "Maybe I ought to," she said. "Maybe that's an idea. And I could get the money. I had an offer the other day."

She paused, then continued, her voice thick with drink: "There's a man here in town—you'd know the name if I told you—who'd pay me to leave. He and I used to—well, we had an arrangement. He was separated from his wife then, but now they're back together again and he wants to be county judge and he's scared I'll talk. I never asked him for a dime after we split up and he came to see me the other day and—" She hesitated again. "Why not?" she said.

"Why not," agreed Standish, "if that's what he wants?"

"Also," said Arlene, "there's another citizen who might pay. If you went to prison for assaulting some girl out in Toledo and got paroled and then violated that parole, if the police could pick you up for that and you knew someone could turn you in, wouldn't you pay?"

Standish felt strangely shocked at what she was saying.

"That sounds like blackmail," he said.

Her eyes opened wide and there was innocence in them. "I thought blackmail was when you kept collecting over and over for something."

"There's more than one kind."

"But I wouldn't ask for much," she said. "And if I left town, why then what harm could it do?"

Standish said he guessed she should think it over before she did anything, and suddenly he'd had enough and wanted to get home.

But he was unable to dismiss the girl from his mind. In the morning, as his mind went back, he was

(*Continued on page 77*)

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

General George H. Brett is the Pentagon's diplomat who wants Perón on our military team before Argentina gets chummy with Russia. Perón thinks Brett a fine example of Nordic manhood.

ACME NEWS PHOTO

Spruille Braden, 240-pound Assistant Secretary of State, opposes Argentina's present government because he believes Perón is an unscrupulous and dangerous international opportunist.

The Chips Are Down... in the gigantic poker game between Perón, Braden, the U.S. Military, and Russia, and the showdown is expected soon

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

By Stacy V. Jones

IF recent Washington passers-by have thought they detected agitated bulges rippling the walls of the State Department's ancient building, they were probably right. For behind those walls is raging the battle to oust Spruille Braden, the 240-pound Assistant Secretary of State, and replace him with someone who will accept Juan Domingo Perón, Argentina's dictator.

The main assault on Braden is from the Army's Pentagon Building, with some support from the Navy Building. The inside story is that the military want Perón admitted to the American family circle. The Army would not be averse to carrying out Braden bodily as it did Sewell Avery from the Montgomery Ward offices.

When Braden was Ambassador to Argentina, he opposed Perón in Perón's own country. When he returned to Washington, he threw the book at Perón—the Blue Book of last spring, issued just before the Argentine elections. Now that Perón has been legally chosen President of Argentina, Braden has been waiting with no great patience for him to clean his house of Nazis. Until Perón does, he'll get into our parlor only over Braden's dead body.

The job of determining foreign policy rests with the Secretary of State, under the President, and not with the Army. Secretary Byrnes reiterated a few weeks ago that Braden was carrying out his and President Truman's policy in Argentina, and, so far as he was concerned, Braden was staying right in his chair. The lines of battle were thereby clearly drawn.

Lately the military have been taking an increasing part in our foreign relations, especially in Latin America, and State toes have been stepped on. The most active Pentagon diplomat was probably Lieutenant General George H. Brett, who commanded the Panama and Caribbean areas during the war and had charge of military missions to Latin America. In State's opinion, General Brett's missions were not calculated to advance the cause of democracy.

Braden postponed the Rio conference, which had been planned to arrange a mutual defense pact, waiting for Perón to carry out his pledges to de-Nazify. Instead of doing so, Perón sent up non-diplomatic emissaries in an effort to go over Bra-

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

It's up to the Secretary of State to determine our attitude toward Perón. So far Mr. Byrnes has backed Braden's policy.

den's head and get the guns and munitions he wanted without any embarrassing reference to pledges. One such emissary was Andrew J. Higgins, the New Orleans industrialist, who delivered a letter from Perón to President Truman, and who later sent members of Congress copies of a personal note written him by Perón, wherein Perón remarked that it would be well if Braden "should disappear from the scene."

The last of these emissaries was General Carlos von der Becke, Perón's former chief of staff, who called on General Eisenhower and Acting Secretary of State Dean Acheson. He blandly proposed that we send the military equipment along without further delay, and issue a statement that "there are no pending matters between both governments." He also remarked that no steps had been taken by Argentina to obtain arms from Russia. The remark was pointed, for it is known that Russia is willing to make such a deal.

OUR brass hats have their reasons in pressing for a defense treaty without further delay, and for a chance to supply uniform equipment to Argentina as well as to the other republics. Our professional soldiers and sailors are practical men. They have won World War II, and their job now is to build defenses against our next potential enemy. What is the only country that could wage war against us. As any quiz contestant knows, it's Russia.

Very well. If war comes from Russia, it may come down from the northwest or the northeast or both, across the shoulders of the continent. Against the planes and guided missiles of such an enemy we can set up defenses. But it would be very embarrassing indeed if an invader came up at the same time through South America.

If you look at a relief map of South America, you will see that Argentina might be the North Africa of World War III. It is the only place where an enemy could land and deploy a large army, move it freely inland over hard roads, and feed it off the rich countryside. And an invading army, once established, could move northward through the central plains of South America, establishing airfields from which it could bomb the Panama Canal and eventually the United States. With the Canal blocked, our fleets would have to go a very long way around from ocean to ocean.

Nineteen American republics are already calibrating their guns with ours, and surplus arms have been shipped southward under the War Powers Act. Argentina wants to calibrate with us too, and the Pentagon wants American guns to line the coasts of South America, especially Argentina's.

At this writing it looks as if a Pentagon-Braden showdown would come early in the present Congress session, when the military again press the bill for uniform armament of the Americas. Braden's position is flatly that we won't send planes and tanks to Argentina until that country keeps its promises; he has let it be known that if the policy is reversed he will resign forthwith.

The Inter-American Military Co-operation Act, to give the bill its title, is virtually assured of passage. It will permit training of Latin America's officers here, the rehabilitation of army and navy equipment, and, most important, the transfer of U. S. equipment across the Rio Grande. The idea is to have not only the same caliber guns, but the same tables of organization. Thus, unified military operations will be easy; and each country will get—in the words of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz—a small balanced navy sufficient to protect its own coastal waters.

The diplomatic snarl over Perón hasn't kept him from joining in the military planning. Argentina has an equal voice in Washington with the other twenty countries represented on the Inter-American Defense Board, which was formed after the 1942 Rio conference. Her delegation now is headed by the selfsame General von der Becke who came as Perón's unsuccessful emissary.

The Board has recommended standardization of organization, training, and military equipment, so that all twenty-one partners can face a common enemy. Although it works in secret, it is known to have recommended the exchange of military aviation information, freer passage of aircraft from one country to another, exchange visits by units of the various air forces, the organization of "irregular forces" (national guards), a system of integrated bases, co-ordinated telecommunications, a joint census, and plans for the best utilization of manpower. One pressing need is for a system of military airfields.

BRADEN'S objection to Perón as a full partner rests on his failure to "eradicate the remaining centers of Axis influence in the hemisphere" in accordance with his promise after the Chapultepec Conference. Under this pledge, ratified by his legislature in August, Perón should have liquidated: (1) German schools, propaganda centers, and organizations; (2) German agents (by repatriation or imprisonment); and (3) the German grip on Argentine industry and commerce.

In the first category Perón's compliance has perhaps been best. Of an original list of nearly 200 German or German-influenced schools, he has closed the twenty-five largest; but there has been evasion made possible by bribery and personal influence. Captured Berlin records showed about 1,000 German clubs and other organizations in Argentina, many of which are still operating openly or in disguise.

Only about thirty of 100 known dangerous Nazi agents had been deported up to November, 1946. Two ships called for them. The first ship sailed empty-handed; at the last moment they were saved by Argentine arrests on petty charges, habeas corpus proceedings, or "illnesses." The second ship took away the thirty. In December there came reports that Perón was rounding up minor Nazis, but this gesture did not impress the State Department.

Three notorious Nazis remain: Johannes Siegfried Becker, who was head of German secret intelligence; Ludwig Freude, head of the German community in the country, and Heinrich Doerge, an economist. Freude, who has obtained Argentine citizenship, was recently acquitted in the Argentine courts of charges of subversive activities. Doerge has

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Not Berlin, but Buenos Aires. These Argentine troops don't march goose step, but in almost every other way resemble the Wehrmacht.

ACME NEWS PHOTO

Juan Domingo Perón, Argentine strong man, who would like to elevate his country to the rank of a first-rate power.

emerged as Perón's economic adviser and author of the far-reaching five-year plan which Perón announced in October.

Certain German assets, such as the two German banks, are being absorbed by the Argentine government, which is also taking control of armaments and other important industries. But the management remains in the hands of Germans, mostly Nazis close to Perón. Large government orders are still being given the German heavy metal, electronic, and chemical companies. Perón has also encouraged Alejandro von der Becke, brother of the general, to form a chemical consortium of the Merck, Bayer, Schering, and I. G. Farben subsidiaries.

DURING the war the Argentine-Nazi firms formed a trust to ship surplus German arms through the blockade to Argentina; and captured German documents show that Argentina planned to calibrate her guns with Germany's. The biggest Argentine powder works was set up by Koeln-Rottweil, a German concern, which got the equipment across the Atlantic through the blockade.

Word reaching the State Department is that the closing out of the German firms is only a paper operation, and sometimes not even that.

The Pentagon is not ignorant of all this; it is just indifferent. Our Army feels that World War II is won and over, so what do a few Nazis in Argentina matter? It's true, the soldiers admit, that Argentina is authoritarian, but so are some other Latin-American states.

There are only two teams Perón can play on—ours and Stalin's. He's indicated that he'd rather be on our squad, and the military feels he'll stay there if his equipment comes through our hands.

Braden is battling not only the Army but part of our Foreign Service. George S. Messersmith, Ambassador to Argentina, and William D. Pawley, Ambassador to Brazil, have been almost open in their opposition to Braden, their nominal chief, and their espousal of a compromise with Perón.

But all by himself, Braden is no mean antagonist. He is as determined, unorthodox, and outspoken as anybody in striped pants. Born fifty-two years ago in Montana, he has a mining degree from Yale's Sheffield Scientific School and has spent half his life in South America. There he was mining engineer and adviser to South American governments on their foreign loans, and he married a Chilean girl.

Braden's distrust of Perón derives from his long and bitter experience as a Foreign Service officer in Latin America. He has spent most of thirteen years studying, and attempting to thwart, the political and commercial penetration of Nazi and Fascist agents. In 1935, when Roosevelt sent him to help arrange a peace between Paraguay and Bolivia, he found German and Italian diplomats not only working behind the scenes against the Chaco peace, but trying to embroil Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. He succeeded despite them.

As Ambassador to Colombia, Braden found Hitler's agents in Scadta Airlines threatening the security of the Panama Canal, and managed to oust them. In his next post, at Havana, he helped unmask Axis spies who were betraying American shipping to German submarines. Early in 1945, therefore, when he was sent to Buenos Aires as Ambassador, he was thoroughly acquainted with the brand of dictatorship which Latin America had been importing from Europe, and would have no truck with it.

A mistaken appeasement policy admitted Argentina to the United Nations on promises without performance; and when Braden presented his credentials he found not only no compliance but no civil liberties. At his instance Perón freed political prisoners—temporarily at least—and stopped censoring American correspondents' dispatches. After some stormy months in Buenos Aires, Braden was recalled to direct his hard policy against Argentina from Washington. He succeeded Assistant Secretary Nelson Rockefeller.

THERE is enough in the record to confirm Braden's suspicion of Perón as an unscrupulous opportunist who will play us off against the Russians for his own purposes if he can. Back of Perón is the traditional ambition of Argentina to form a bloc opposed to the United States and, eventually, to dominate South America. No doubt if we abandon the demands we have made for Axis dislodgement we shall risk the revival of Pan-Germanism in Argentina.

Time presses for a decision. Our present mutual assistance agreement with the other Americas rests on the War Powers Act, which is about to expire. We have several choices. One is to hold off the Rio conference and the military treaty until Perón complies in token at least. This is Braden's plan. Another would be to find a compromise by which we could admit Argentina and still save the State Department's face. This has influential supporters in our traditionally compromising Foreign Service. A third would be to go ahead with the treaty and the one-big-army plan without Argentina. But that doesn't make sense to anybody.

As things stand, there's an even chance that Perón may get the last laugh and the guns he wants.

THE END

Bette can take advice from a producer like Henry Blanke—till she disagrees with him.

By Elizabeth Wilson

Most actresses would be content as a top star and two-time Academy Award winner, but not Miss Davis

BATTLING BETTE

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

"AND now," said Bob Hope, acting as master of ceremonies at the Academy Award clambake in Hollywood last spring, "Miss Bette Davis will present the writer awards. Here she is, folks, the fourth Warner Brother!"

Bette Davis can play along with a gag. Or was it a gag? Many a true word is spoken in jest, especially by Mr. Hope.

Anyway, at the annual Warner Brothers' Employees Party, Bette Davis played herself in a sketch called The Strange Career of Bette Davis. It started with the day in 1932 when Bette first came to the Burbank studio, and Jack Warner (played by actor Robert Alda, complete with cigar) informed her, "I can't hire you, my girl. You can't even spell Betty correctly. I'm sure you aren't very bright." And ended with Bette sitting in Jack Warner's chair, with her feet on Jack Warner's desk, and smoking Jack Warner's cigar.

How did Jack take it? With hundreds of employees watching, he took it with a laugh. But if their top box-office star turned out to be an important executive in their company, it certainly would not surprise Jack or Harry or Albert Warner. (Sam Warner died in 1927.) After fourteen years of battling with Miss Davis, they have learned to respect her intelligence, her ability, and her far-sighted judgments. And, peculiarly enough, her friends suspect that it wouldn't surprise Bette. Although she once spent $50,000, her last cent, in a violent effort to break her contract with them, Bette has confessed, "I know it will come to it that I will be given a dinner as the Grand Old Lady of Warner Brothers. Damned terrifying, isn't it!" Davis and Warner Brothers are bound together inexorably by the rages, and profits, they have shared.

When her present Warner Brothers contract expires in two years, Bette will be courted regally by the movie moguls. Since 1938, by virtue of her talent and achievement, she has occupied an eminence unique in her profession. She is undeniably the First Lady of Hollywood. Two-time Academy Award winner, and seven times nominated, the Davis name means money in the bank. But it's a safe bet that Bette will re-sign with Warner Brothers. Not as the $7,000-a-week star she is today, however, but as a star-producer-executive of the company.

As a sort of rehearsal of things to come, Jack Warner, after months of needling by Miss Davis, allowed her last year to produce one of her pictures, the recently released A Stolen Life, under her own incorporated producing company, B. D., Inc.

Whether he knew it or not, Jack Warner did a pretty smart thing. Bette, for the first time, realized what a producer is up against. For years she has stormed about the stupidities of producers, their waste of time, money, and talent! It should never take more than eight weeks to make a picture! No film should cost more than $900,000, even a super-colossal. Bette worked her soapbox overtime. Today she's sadder but wiser. A Stolen Life took eight months instead of eight weeks. And it cost $1,700,000 to make.

In the fall of 1932, when Bette first signed a contract with Warner Brothers, her chances of becoming a fourth Warner Brother, *or* a Grand Old Lady, were small. She had already been in Hollywood for two years and had acquired more insults than any six actresses north of the Pomona smudge pots. The great Sam Goldwyn had viewed a screen test of her and reportedly groaned, "Whom did this to me?" (She got even with Goldwyn some years later by charging him a fortune to star in The Little Foxes.)

The day that she appeared on the Universal lot, Junior Laemmle took one look at her, closed the door of his office, and told his yesmen, "I can't imagine any guy giving her a tumble." A producer on the lot reported to Senior Laemmle, who was eager to salvage something out of his unfortunate investment, "Davis may be all right in some kind of roles, but what audience could ever imagine the hero going through hell and high water just to kiss her at the fade-out?"

"When I arrived in Hollywood," Bette has said, "I regarded myself as normally attractive. After that year at Universal, I found that I was apologizing to myself for living."

Warner Brothers didn't want Bette Davis under contract when Universal dropped her. But George Arliss, who represented Culture in Hollywood in those days, requested her for the part opposite him in The Man Who Played God, and there wasn't much Warners could do about it. Bette had been a "promising young star" on the New York stage before she came to Hollywood, and she had very definite ideas about acting. She wasn't a bit shy about expressing an opinion. And Warner Brothers wasn't a bit shy about telling her to shut up. "Everything I did in those days," recalls Bette, "seemed to result in a battle of some sort." When RKO asked to borrow her for the part of the tart Mildred in Of Human Bondage, Warner Brothers fairly threw her over the gate to them.

As every movie-wise person knows, Of Human Bondage made cinema history.

Naturally Bette expected that Warner Brothers would be as pleased as Punch and immediately give her some big juicy acting parts. But Warners is essentially a male studio. Women stars there are not given the red-carpet treatment they get at Metro. Warners merely shoved her into a series of unbelievably bad films.

FINALLY, she walked out on her contract and went to England, where she opened negotiations with Toeplitz Film Company. The studio brought suit. "Warner Brothers gave me a severe spanking in the English courts," Bette says of this grueling period of her life. "I was beaten, and I accepted it as final."

The press acclaimed Bette a good sport when she returned to Warner Brothers and took up her contract where she left off. To her surprise Warners welcomed her with open arms, even paid part of her court expenses.

And then the studio gave her four good pictures, the fourth of them Jezebel, which won her her second Academy Award. But following Jezebel, the Warners and Bette disagreed over scripts again, and Bette was put on suspension.

In the next few years the pictures became better, the suspensions shorter, and the battles less violent. But between Mr. Skeffington and The Corn Is Green, Bette, furious with Warners because they had taken her off salary before she had even done publicity pictures, took a five-month holiday. She hid out in Georgia.

When she returned she expected the studio to give her hell. Again the unexpected happened.

The day of her return she was invited to a luncheon in the executive bungalow, and Jack Warner made a tender speech in which he said he was glad to have her back, and concluded with, "The best break Warners ever got was when Bette Davis lost her case." Since then there have been flare-ups, but they're always made up.

Bette is now living in a rented house in the San Fernando Valley. She also has a beach house in Laguna. Following her marriage to William Grant Sherry in November (an artist who paints in water colors and oils), Bette sold her home in Glendale. She still owns Butternut Farm in New England. She wants the baby, which they expect this spring, to be born there. New England-born herself—on April 5, 1908, in Lowell, Massachusetts—Bette has long cherished the idea of making Edith Wharton's Ethan Frome as a sort of "New England memorial." Ethan Frome has been scheduled as her next picture, following her current Deception, just released.

Bette admits that the role of Christine in Deception was deeply satisfying.

But it's a cinch that Miss Davis has not junked "B. D., Inc." Her great enthusiasm today is for independent production. "Actors' independent pictures so far," she says, "have not been particularly outstanding. I don't think mine will be. But they'll get better. Mine will get better. The ideal set-up is a writer, producer, star, and director working together as a team."

The irony of it all, of course, is that Bette, with all her pet theories and fine talk, made, in A Stolen Life, a highly commercial picture. Just like the Warner Brothers.

THE END

Filmland's versatile First Lady knits and eats under the drier. As president of the Hollywood Canteen she shows up with a G.I. disguised as Groucho Marx.

Weary bodies relax completely in the *tepidarium*, or hot room, where dry heat is maintained at a temperature of 165 degrees.

By Iles Brody

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

If you live and work in town all year round and bemoan the fact that you have only a two-week vacation, your problem is quite easy to solve: Go to a Turkish bath, young man. It offers a short but most refreshing holiday in the space of just two or three hours: a respite from care, climate—and women.

In summer a Turkish bath gives you solace from the heat—a few hours in the hot rooms enable you to bear without murmur the torrid weather outside. In winter it braces you against the cold; the vapor room helps your nasal passages and throat, and wafts away germs. The massage improves your circulation, and gives you sufficient physical exercise to keep your muscles taut. In other words, the Turkish bath caters to men who are not earning their bread by the sweat of their brow.

Most major cities in the United States can boast of several Turkish bath establishments. New York has over a dozen open to the public. They may be called Turkish or Finnish or Swedish or Russian—basically they are the same, but "Turkish" indicates the more luxurious type. The price range is rather wide. It runs from $1.50 to around $10. And after emerging from the heavenly hell feeling like a new-born baby even if you're an octogenarian, you will say that it was worth every cent that it cost.

The first Turkish bath in New York was established in 1865, by Drs. Miller and Wood. It was an instantaneous success. Bayard Taylor wrote of it: "Mind and body are drowned in delicious rest and we no longer remember what we are. Gently sleep lies upon our senses . . . as gently the clouds dissipate and we are born again into the world; we wake conscious of a new and more perfect life. . . ."

Today the Biltmore Hotel boasts the most expensive Turkish bath in New York. The greatest luminaries in the city, statesmen, Supreme Court justices, famous actors, sportsmen, brokers, drunks, rich men who have nothing else to do, business men tense with worries, fat men, thin men, all congregate here.

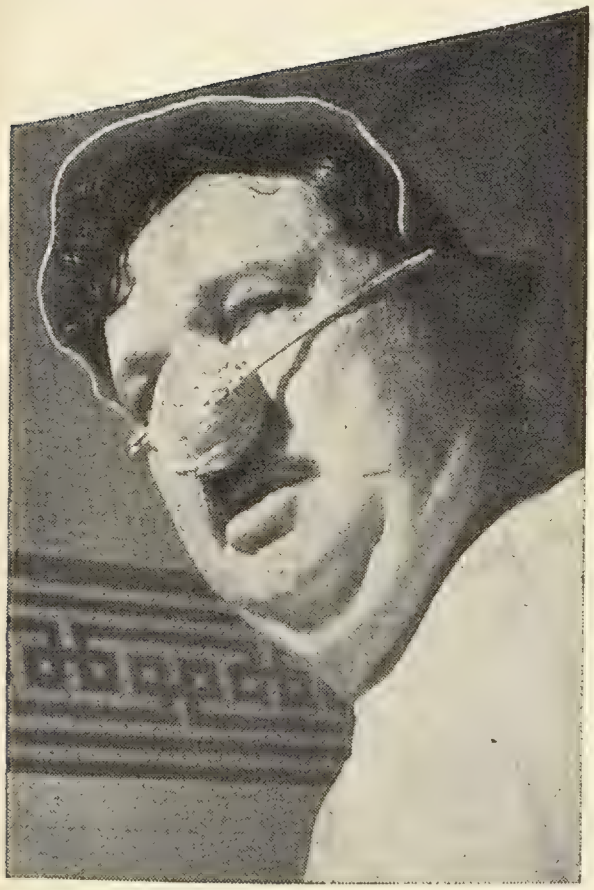
First you undress—obviously—in a small, individual room, a "cabin." You are given a loincloth, which you don't bother to put on, and you step into the principal hot room, where the dry heat is maintained at a temperature of 165 degrees. You recline on a sheet-bedecked wicker chair and you begin to realize that you are more completely relaxed than ever before in your life. In this room (the Romans called it the *tepidarium*) you sit for fifteen to twenty minutes, reading a newspaper and drinking a glass or two of cold water the attendant hands you. You perspire freely and an indescribably pleasant, peaceful feeling takes hold of you.

For a couple of minutes you visit a smaller and very hot room (*laconicum*) where the temperature is 180 degrees. Your muscles are then ready for massage (in the *lavatorium*). The father of modern scientific massage, Per Henrik Ling, was a frail, sickly man. In order to carry on his work as a missionary in the Far East, he decided to build himself up. In the Orient he observed the age-old primitive massage: lithe teen-age girls walking back and forth on the person's back. Ling took note of the beneficial effects but changed the method. He taught an attendant how to massage him by hand, after a dry heat bath, with motions directed toward the heart and not away from it. In a few months Ling became healthy, and upon returning to his native Sweden, started schools of massage. His methods are still in use and are still sanctioned by the medical profession.

After the massage you sit for a few minutes in the 120-degree vapor room (*calidarium*), then you take a lukewarm shower, and a plunge in the 62-degree pool (the *frigidarium*). Your masseur then plays the powerful streams of two hoses on you, one hot, the other ice cold; this is called a Scotch shower. Finally you stand under an ice-cold shower, and then you are dried thoroughly by an attendant, who wraps you in a sheet. You lie down on a couch in the rest room. A half hour's complete relaxation follows, and then your masseur gives you an alcohol rub to further ensure the closing of your pores. You may then dress, or, if there is need for a barber or chiropodist, go to see

Holiday Without Women

The perfect body-building vacation is no farther than your nearest Turkish bath



PIX PHOTOS

It's not pretty, but a rubber cushion helps bath attendants to breathe.

them in their enclosures, usually next to the rest room.

Turkish baths exist all over the world. To form an idea of the Romans' love of the bath, just consider that Michelangelo in the sixteenth century converted the hall—merely the hall, mind you—of one of the lesser public baths of ancient Rome into the great church, Santa Maria degli Angeli. These public baths were superbly appointed institutions and the use of them cost only about one quarter of a cent in present-day money.

The most luxurious baths in history, however, were those in Budapest. The most spectacular was called "Rudas," and many a bath I have had in the beautiful vaulted and domed building built over a natural hot spring—the Nazis bombed it to bits during the recent siege.

Before the first World War a memorable incident occurred in the Rudas. It is said that the Turkish bath is the world's most democratic institution, where the truth of the old adage that clothes make the man is seen only too plainly. Well, in the Rudas a Count Esterházy was lounging in the hot room and, because he did not move his feet quickly enough, tripped a fellow bather. The incident developed into a quarrel and Count Esterházy was thoroughly thrashed. The count was a cavalry officer (when he wore his clothes), and according to Austro-Hungarian army regulations, if a civilian so much as touched an officer, the latter had to use his sword as a symbol that only blood could obliterate the insult. So in the case of Count Esterházy a general court-martial was held. And despite the count's defense, that no one could possibly wear a sword in a Turkish bath, he was dishonorably discharged!

It was at the express wish of Edward VII that London's luxurious "Hammam" was built on Jermyn Street. The corpulent *bon vivant* monarch often sweated out his beefsteaks and claret in its hot rooms. So did his grandson, the Duke of Windsor, after a too strenuous round of night clubs when he was Prince of Wales, or in order to lose weight before taking part in a steeplechase.

If you feel that the portals of these world-luxury spots will never swing open for you, do not despair. You can build your own blue heaven with little knowledge of carpentry and at small cost.

The thing is very simple. Partition off a corner of your basement. At one end of the small room thus created, build three wooden steps, wide enough to sit on. Then get hold of a couple of dozen large stones or bricks and heat them red hot in a bonfire in your back yard. With the aid of tongs and a metal wheelbarrow, carry them into your basement room and place them opposite the wooden steps.

In a few minutes you'll have your own dry heat, and when you are ready for the steam, simply pour water over the red-hot stones and you'll have a vapor thicker than a London fog. Since heat rises, the farther up you move on the steps the higher the temperature will be.

It is even simpler, but perhaps a bit more expensive, to build a Turkish bath, as Gilbert Miller, the theatrical producer, did in the basement of his Connecticut house. He had a gas burner installed below strong iron bars on which stones are placed. Two hours before he intends to take his steam bath, he lights the gas and thoroughly heats the stones. He and his guests then sit on the wooden steps, in the raw, of course, while a radio plays. Miller partitioned two rooms in his basement: the actual hot room with wooden steps, wicker chairs, thermometer, clock, and an adjoining shower; and a rest room with sofas, and a rack with towels. He has taken Turkish baths for the past forty-six years, and has gotten a great deal of vigor and pleasure out of this simple device.

If you have no basement, you may build a little hut at the end of your back yard or garden, as the Russians and the Finns do. As far as I can remember, every peasant in Russia and Finland, poor or rich, had such a hut, and the family took full advantage of it on Saturdays. Each hut has a large brick stove in it, and the stones are placed on top and made red hot before the bathers enter.

In the intense heat the members of the family beat one another with branches of white birch to stimulate circulation. When they have gotten rid of all impurities through their pores, they run out and roll around in the snow, naked, of course. In the summer a near-by stream takes the place of the snow, or a couple of pailfuls of cold water are thrown over them.

While there is no direct evidence that the Turkish-bath habit ensures longevity, Katherine, Countess of Desmond, who lived to 140, took frequent steam baths in Sake Deen Mahomed's Brighton (England) Vapour Bath for many years. And the late Mr. John Cook, who was a member of New York's Racquet and Tennis Club, took a Turkish bath every day; he died at the ripe old age of 105—as the result of an accident! It is certain, though, that the skin of a Turkish bather is different from that of a non-bather—it is clear, radiant, and healthy.

THE END

She Shall Have Music

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Some day I'll look back on this and laugh, Joan thought. It was a strange thought—for her wedding day

BY GEORGE F. WORTS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

READING TIME•6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE bulb in the cloakroom ceiling was dim and the smoky mirror on the wall was a rare old specimen of five-and-ten-cent rippleware. Peering at her watery reflection, Joan muttered round corn-belt curses.

The fillet holding her bridal veil resembled a long-legged white spider. It was designed to clasp the veil to the bride's head, but certainly not to *this* bride's head. Every time Sara Finley, her maid of honor, tried to make the fillet stay put, it slyly jumped up and more orange blossoms shook off.

As Sara wept with frustration, the organ tremulously began to play Oh, Promise Me.

"Let it go," said the bride. "Let it take off like a jet bomber as I go up the aisle. Let them have their laugh."

"Darling," Sara wailed, "think of something cheerful! You've *got* to stop looking so tragic!"

"O.K.," said Joan. "The bride will now think of something to turn up the corners of these pretty lips."

She would review today's events. They were screamingly funny. At least, she supposed they must be. Through gritted teeth she assured herself: some day I'll just look back on this and laugh and laugh.

The first installment of tomorrow's laughter was provided at the railroad station where she and Dan had gone to meet his mother and his four aunts. For Dan's sake, she *must* make a good impression.

The five ladies descended from the Pullman with the slow dignity of penguins. They had traveled all the way from Boston to see the apple of their eyes marry a girl as unknown to them as the off side of the moon.

From Dan's fond reminiscences she had composed a portrait of five hearty ladies who were devoted to choral music. That had been a peg to hang a hope on. With anyone who loved music Joan could have a fellow feeling—a hands-across-the-corn-belt sort of feeling.

And now she faced them in all their granite austerity, with her heart sinking, her intuitions telling her that it wasn't Dan's mother or his Aunts Hannah, Maggie, and Jessica she must worry about. It was Aunt Emma, the eldest, the most majestic, who was the bellweather of this little flock—Aunt Emma, now appraising her with steely eyes and shrewdly cataloguing her deficiencies.

Joan knew she looked immature and undignified. It was not enough that she had worked her way through the university and had graduated *cum laude*. It didn't matter that she had won her job as Professor Jacoby's secretary—one of the juiciest plums on the campus—by eliminating cutthroat, below-the-belt competition with a bright display of practical politics. No! What counted was that her ancestors were Dakota sod busters. That, and her orphanhood.

"So you're Joan," said Aunt Emma with an iron chuckle, "the little girl from North Dakota."

She tried to smile and allowed that, yes, she was.

"Joan's arranged everything," crowed Dan happily. "Transportation, your hotel rooms, the wedding—everything! She's a great little organizer."

THE transportation didn't arrive until the withering sun had reduced the five ladies to near heat-apoplexy. The hotel suite promised for immediate occupancy wouldn't be available before noon.

That was how the day had started off. But the luncheon which Professor Jacoby's wife, God love her, had insisted on giving would redeem it. She was a cultured and gracious woman, and when the five Boston ladies saw what delightful, erudite friends Joan had, the day might yet be saved.

What happened was merely another of fate's little caprices. Professor Jacoby was so awed by the massive Boston phalanx that he became nervous. When Professor Jacoby became nervous, he had an uncontrollable impulse to needle people (he had once needled a bishop). Now he began making the wittiest of cracks at Boston's stuffy old traditions. By the luncheon's end, Joan's cause was irretrievably lost.

Soon after luncheon the sky turned black, thunder crashed, and rain fell on this drought-stricken region in torrents.

To reach the chapel from the road, you had to sprint across one hundred feet of lawn that was now swamp. The wedding party left the cars and sprinted. As luck would have it, Aunt Emma was the only one who slipped. She was helped to her feet, soaked and shaking.

And now the organ was playing the last of Oh, Promise Me.

"Darling, try," Sara whimpered, "just *try* to look radiant!"

"Sure," said Joan. "Just *try*."

The triumphal opening bars of the Wedding March pealed out. Joan lifted her chin, straightened her shoulders, and tried to look radiant.

AS Sara went out to take her place, the fillet popped up, spilling more orange blossoms. The dim bulb went out. The organ stopped. Joan jammed the fillet down and opened the door upon a chapel darker even than her own despair. The power was off!

Someone lighted the two altar candles, but their little gleams only pricked at the cavernous gloom. She could just see the bridesmaids floating, wraithlike, up the aisle, the ushers following with the mournful tread of pallbearers.

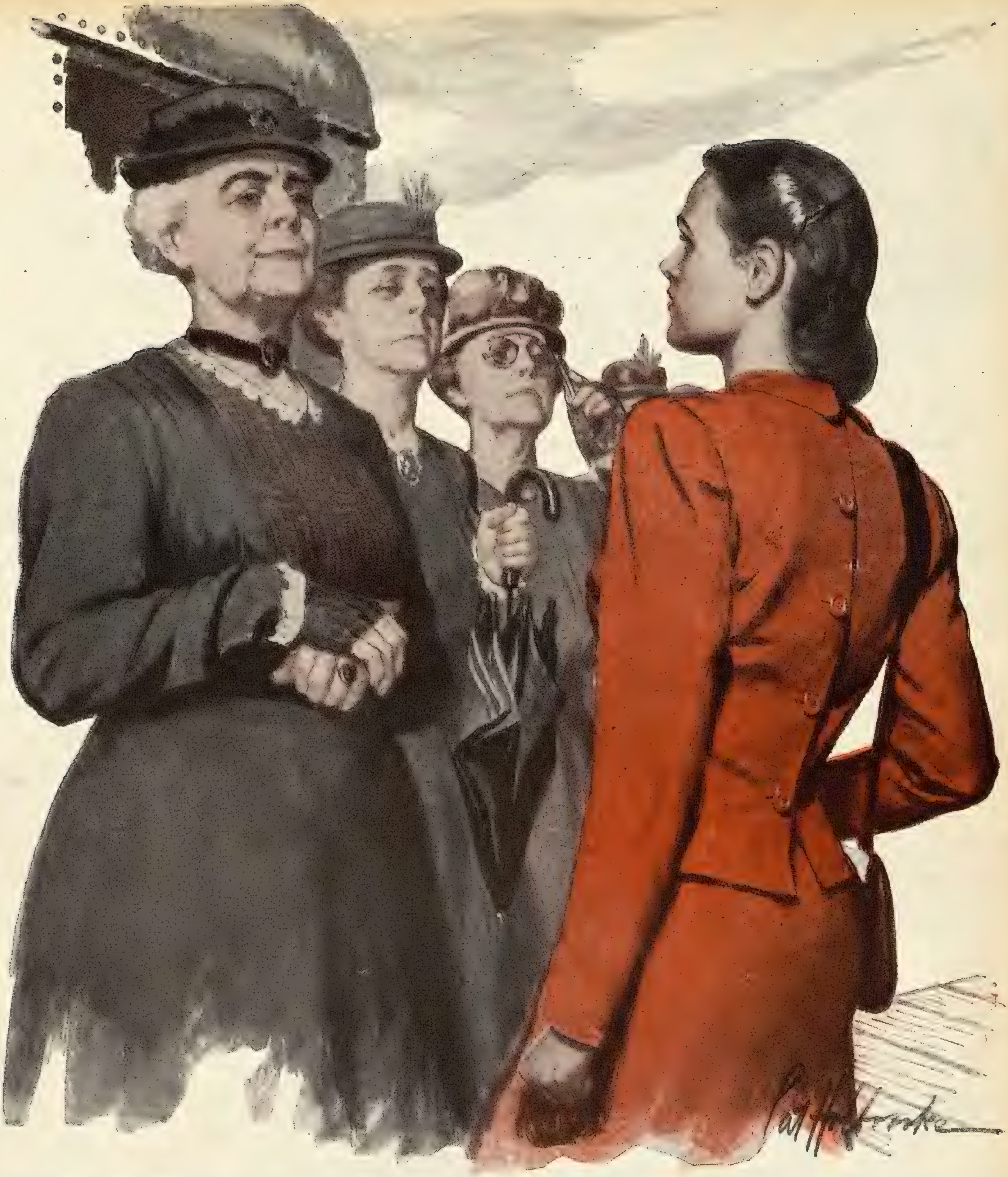
She almost broke under this cruelest blow of all. Every bride—*every* bride is entitled to the stirring moral support of the Wedding March! Without it, she is lost.

Joan winked back tears as the flower girls crept forward and vanished in the murk.

Professor Jacoby arose from the bench beside the entrance. As she took his arm, he whispered, "Courage, pal," and they walked to a devil's march of rain on the roof. Faces turned to stare at the phantom bride upon whom fate had compounded this bitter joke.

Joan kept her sobs back, but her heart was breaking. Even as a small girl she had dreamed of some day walking proudly up a church aisle to the joyous strains of the Wedding March. She told herself it didn't matter, because nothing mattered now. She sank her teeth into a sob.

From somewhere in that bitter



They had traveled all the way from Boston to see their bright-haired boy marry a girl as unknown to them as the off side of the moon.

blackness came magically a silver spangle of sound. The lovely eerie note was repeated. It might have been a meadow lark, a violin, or the pipes of Pan. Airy and sweet, the thrilling notes poured out, swelling above the drumbeat of rain. Music! Where was this inspired melody with its slow rhythm coming from?

Somewhat hysterically, Joan identified it. *Someone was gallantly trying to rescue her!* The Wedding March was being hummed.

The humming grew louder and louder, keeping perfect time to her measured steps. Comfort and confidence flowed into her. Her heart swelled with gratitude, and suddenly she *was* radiant. At last, the day was redeemed, and so beautifully!

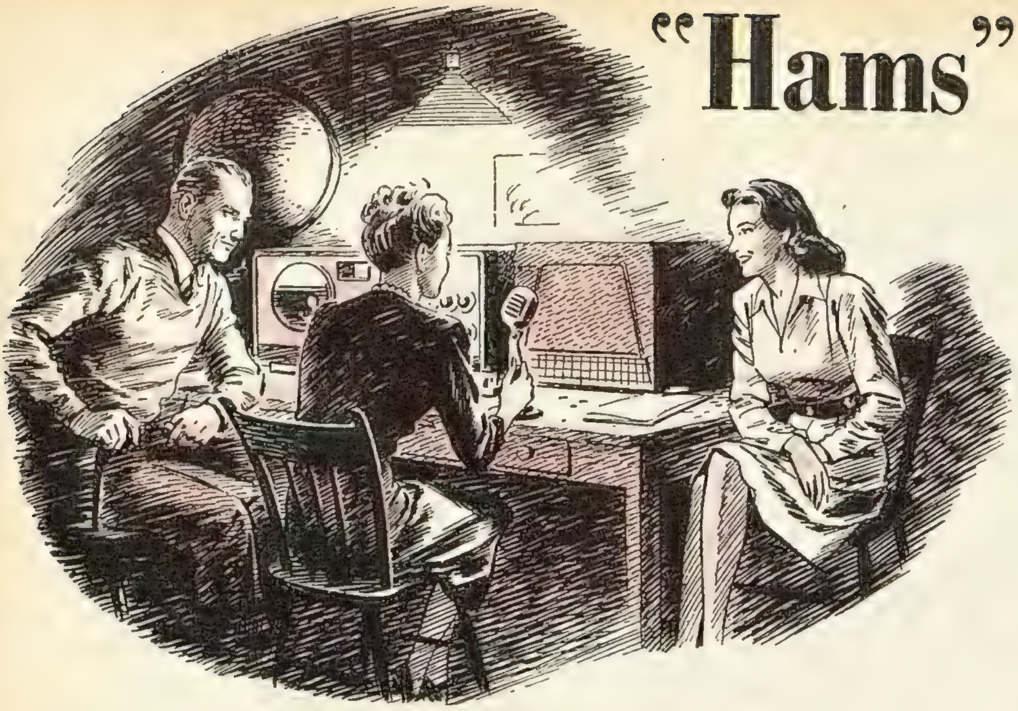
For there on the aisle was Aunt Emma, beating time with a gloved finger, and all five ladies were valiantly harmonizing. They comprised a human pipe organ that would have done honor to a cathedral.

Joan saw the five through a golden shine of tears. Their faces were shining back at her. They were nodding their heads at her in time to their humming. They were giving her their united support.

The rest of the gathering was taking it up. The humming spread and spread through the chapel until the Wedding March became a full-throated jubilant song—

Here—comes—the bride!

THE END



"Hams" Across the Sea

Amateur radio operators in basements, garrets, and garages bring guys and gals who are oceans apart within talking distance

BY JOHN CHAPMAN

READING TIME•3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

TWO girls and a man sat on kitchen chairs in the predawn gloom of a cellar in Hartsdale, New York. Their attention was focused upon a table holding a microphone and two metal boxes. Betty was talking: "Tell me if you need more money for the jeep." She talked of other things—her health, which was fine, and the weather, which wasn't. She also mentioned love.

The man then took the mike. This was W2HFS—W2H for Henry, F for Frank, S for Sam—talking to another series of letters and numerals, portable, at Fukuoka, Kyushu, Japan. "Over," he concluded.

From a loud-speaker now came quite clearly the voice of one Lieutenant Philip Lansing in Fukuoka—Betty's husband. They had been married June 6, 1945, and almost immediately separated. Now at last she was about to join him, and meanwhile here they were—he at an army post in Japan, she in a suburban basement half the world away—arranging the details of setting up their first home, on the island of Kyushu. One thing they would need was a car for Betty, so Phil had figured on buying a surplus jeep for $350; but by the time he got to the sale, only $500 ones were left. Phil said he had enough money to pay the difference. He also spoke of love.

It was Jeanette's turn next. She wanted to tell her husband, Captain Richard L. Creed of the A.A.F., that her permission to sail for Japan had been changed from November to December. Creed, however, was stationed seventy miles from Fukuoka and he had not arrived. So Jeanette's host, whose hobby had made his air name, "Hank" known all over the world, immediately made another date for the next morning.

In thousands of cellars, attics, garages, and bedrooms, the Bettys and Jeanettes and the Moms and Pops of this country, with the help of short-wave radio amateurs, are talking to their Phils and Dicks in nearly every country in the world. The radio amateur, the so-called "ham," is the most highly trained hobbyist in the world. He operated military communications during the war.

When Hank had finished setting up tomorrow's schedule for Jeanette, I asked him if we could get somebody in Russia and find out the time.

"I don't think so," he said.

"Let's talk with somebody closer and try to find out," I urged.

Hank sent out a call that he was willing to talk to anybody in England, France, or Germany. In a minute the loudspeaker informed us that W6BY had heard the call and was ready to listen to more.

"Hello, Bill, this is Hank. Meet my friend John. He wants to ask you something." I asked Bill if he could talk with Russia. Did Russian hams talk with the outside world? Were they following the U.N. Assembly?

Bill came right back: "There is no intercourse between the U.S.S.R. and the outside world. Their boys are licensed only for CW [code], and even in CW they converse only on the subject of radio."

HE went on with his own opinions of amateur radio as a builder of international friendship. He spoke unhesitatingly to me, an utter stranger, just because Hank had said I was a friend of his. "Bill is quite a guy," I said to Hank when we had finished. "Who is he?"

Hank fingered through a stack of cards until he found W6BY's. It said Bill was W. E. D. Parker, B.Sc., M.I.E.E., Kayegor, Worlebury Park, Weston-super-Mare, England. So Bill was a well-known scientist living on a fancy estate. He and Hank had been friends for years.

The world of the American operator and experimenter is embodied in the American Radio Relay League, founded by Hiram Percy Maxim. Kenneth B. Warner of West Hartford, Connecticut, secretary of the league, entertains no Utopian vision of global love achieved via the 20-meter band, but he does declare that amateur communication makes for a common understanding.

"Friendship made on the radio," says Warner, "surpassed nationalism during the war. It's a pity we can't talk to the Russians now."

DX—distance—is a major delight of the ham, and he treasures his collection of cards confirming the stations he has "worked." In DX the amateur finds the thrill of service. For instance, the "Hank" in Hartsdale—Harry B. Lockwood, a former bank official and now a Mutual Broadcasting System executive—recently was working DX when he contacted a station in Liberia. Some truck parts were badly needed down there, and Liberia knew that Bob Priest, a Pan American Airways pilot, would soon be flying that way. Would Hank telephone Priest in New York and ask him to buy the parts and bring them? He would and did—and later that day had the the thrill of telling Liberia that Priest's plane had taken off with the parts on board.

The amateur also has the more sobering opportunity of sharing deep emotional experiences. Chauncey Pearce, a New York newspaperman with a station in Short Hills, New Jersey, was asked by "Johnnie," outside Madrid, Spain, to locate the wife of one of Johnnie's pals. Pearce found her through the personnel department of a Newark store, and made a date for her to talk with her husband. At the appointed time Short Hills and Madrid were on the air. The girl spoke in moving terms of endearment—and her soldier husband was so overcome that he just couldn't utter a sound. Pearce got the couple together again a few days later, and this time the conversation was two-way.

The bulk of the ham's work is done in international code, and his technical work is the backbone of wireless research. Many hams are still in the armed forces. Using their prewar licenses, they have set up at their own expense the stations in far places that complete a network whose morale-building value is inestimable.

THE END

For Roosevelt, Warm Springs was the hope of walking again. Yet destiny — in the form of a friend — made him relinquish that hope

To gain strength, F. D. R. often spent as much as three hours tossing a ball in the water.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

F. D. R.'S Biggest Fight

BY ALDEN HATCH

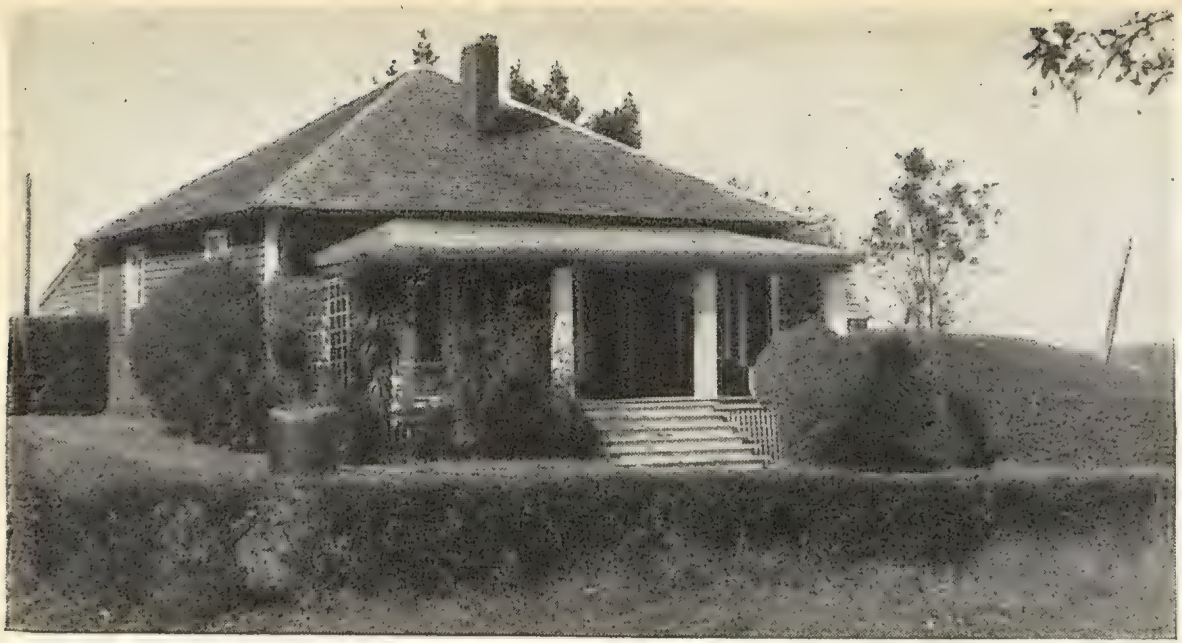
PART THREE

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

EVERY newspaper in the country carried stories of Franklin Roosevelt's great speech to the 1924 Democratic Convention, the "Happy Warrior" speech which so nearly won the nomination for Al Smith in spite of bitter religious prejudice. Most of the stories referred to Roosevelt's fight to regain the use of his legs. Down in Atlanta, Georgia, a newspaperman named Tom Loyless, whose paper had been the victim of Ku Klux persecution, was kindled with a desire to help this man who had both physical and political courage to fight against odds. He went out to see his friend, George Foster Peabody, who owned a dilapidated spa called Georgia Warm Springs.

"George," he said, "do you remember that young man named Josephs who came to Warm Springs a couple of years ago with infantile?"

"I certainly do," Mr. Peabody answered. "He couldn't walk a step



KEYSTONE PHOTO

Roosevelt rented this cottage sight unseen on his first visit to Warm Springs.

ACME PHOTO

March of Dimes chief, Basil O'Connor.

when he first came, and he was practically cured in three visits."

"Well, I've been reading about a New York politician named Franklin D. Roosevelt, who seems to be in the same fix. I'll bet your springs would cure him."

"They might," Peabody agreed. "But he'd never come way down here."

"He sounds like the kind of a guy who'd take a chance," Loyless argued. "Why don't you write him a letter anyhow?"

THREE years. Dr. Lovett had said, "If your legs don't show marked improvement in three years, they're not likely to. Ever."

Three years had passed, and not even Franklin's determined optimism could see any marked improvement. He had tried every recognized cure and some that were pure quackery. None of them helped much, but he kept on trying.

When the letter from Mr. Peabody arrived, it seemed like just another false trail; but, true to his principle of never missing a bet, Franklin had it investigated.

The report on Peabody was noncommittal. There was a health resort at Warm Springs, but it was in poor condition. The story of young Josephs appeared to be true, but it might be pure coincidence.

Franklin read the report sitting on the deck of a houseboat anchored off the Florida Keys. He had chartered it in the hope of getting a lot of swimming in the sun-warmed waters. But it wasn't working out; too many sharks.

He weighed the possibilities of Warm Springs. He wasn't getting anywhere here, and time was growing short.

He spoke his mind to Eleanor and Missy LeHand.

"I guess I'll try it anyhow," he said. "I've got six weeks."

THE car wound up the slope of a mountain covered by second-growth pine. Presently they turned off the dirt road into a cowpath with weeds growing between the ruts. Ahead of them the peeling façade of an ancient hotel, locally known as "The Wreck," showed through the trees.

"Here we are!" Tom Loyless exclaimed heartily. "It's a bit run down, but there's nothing like it in Georgia."

"I'll bet there isn't," Franklin agreed.

He had rented a cottage sight unseen, and the car pulled up in front of it with a flourish. Missy gave a little gasp of horror, and even Franklin was dismayed.

The cottage was a sad sight, the bare skin of its shingles showing through shabby paint. Inside, it was even more dismal. The furniture was cheap and battered. The bed in the principal bedroom was wearily concave. As they explored the house, there was a startling scamper of small feet behind the ceiling.

"What's that?" Missy demanded.

"Not rats," said Loyless, catching her thought. "Just some squirrels that have been nesting there. Cunning little fellows."

"Well!" said Franklin, and then added, "Let's have a dip in the famous pool."

"Shouldn't you rest a bit first?" asked his new friend.

"I'm fresh as a daisy," Franklin said. "I want to try this thing right away."

His valet wheeled him down to the pool in the little armless wheel chair he had designed himself for traveling. The appurtenances of the pool were in the crumbling condition of the whole establishment, but the water was clear and inviting. No mechanism was needed to keep it so, for it flowed from deep springs and was heated to a beneficent eighty-nine degrees by the central fires of the earth.

Franklin slipped into the water and began to swim, using his powerfully developed arms, while his legs trailed behind him. When he tired of swimming, he experimented with his leg exercises.

He and Dr. Lovett had discovered that it was much easier to do the exercises in water, because it buoyed up the body, leaving very little weight to be carried by the legs. The difficulty had been that if the water was warm enough to be comfortable for any length of time, it was so enervating as to cause exhaustion. This water was mysteriously different. Though warm, it was charged by some natural element which was actually invigorating. That was the secret of Warm Springs.

Franklin remained in the pool for almost an hour that first day. Before he left the place, he was spending three hours a day there. In six weeks he gained more strength in his legs than he had in the preceding three years.

For that space of time he enjoyed the most peaceful period of his entire life. His only visitors were Tom Loyless and Mr. Watts, the postman.

ROOSEVELT returned to New York full of fresh hope and renewed vigor. Al Smith had been persuaded to run again for Governor to hold the Empire State, and Franklin helped his old friend to election by a devastating foray against his kinsman, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who was the Republican nominee.

Franklin had almost lost touch with his firm of Emmet, Marvin and Roosevelt because the entrance to their building was up several steps, which barred him out. It was a nuisance, and he was delighted when he met an earnest, lonely lawyer named Basil O'Connor, who was looking for a law partner. Franklin liked "Doc," as he was called, immensely, and they formed the firm of Roosevelt and O'Connor. So complete was their mutual confidence that the partnership agreement was drawn up on a single sheet of paper.

All that winter Franklin was longing to get back to Warm Springs. He planned to build a cottage there and really devote himself to getting well. But it was no use going while it was too cold to swim in the outdoor pool.

He was considerably irritated by the appearance of an article called Swimming Back to Health, which had been inspired by a visit of two

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

F. D. R. and his fellow polio victims were comrades at Warm Springs—they took new hope and courage from his example.

political reporters to Warm Springs the previous fall. In it they told of his fight to regain his strength and the remarkable progress made at the rundown spa. Annette Kellerman, who had infantile as a child, was also used to bolster the title thesis.

"I hate this sort of thing," Franklin said to Louis. "I told those reporters to cut out the sob stuff."

"You can't help its happening occasionally," Louis observed philosophically. "It won't do any harm. Might even do some good."

That remark turned out to be a world's record for understatement.

In April, Roosevelt went back to Georgia. It was the loveliest time of the year, with blossoms making a haze of color across the valley and the earth giving forth the rich warm odor of fertility. He had ordered the cottage fixed up, and brought along plans for a small Dutch-Colonial house.

The sunshine and refreshing water seemed to pour strength into him and the comparative solitude rested his spirit.

BUT that solitude did not last. A few mornings after Franklin's arrival, he was sitting around with Tom Loyless and his new neighbors, the Harts, when a boy came tearing into the cottage. "Mr. Loyless," he said, "there's two people been put off the train on stretchers. They're down at the station now and neither of 'em can walk."

Tom Loyless actually turned pale. "What can we do with them?" he asked helplessly. "None of the other cottages are habitable and we can't put them in 'The Wreck.' "

"We'll have to subscribe money to send them home," suggested Mr. Hart.

"We can't do that!" Franklin exclaimed. "They've got to stay. We'll work this thing out together."

Under Roosevelt's direction—and with his money—cottages were repaired and additional workers hired. He appointed himself Athletic Director, and took charge of the patients in the pool. With the help of the local doctor, he worked out a series of underwater exercises to meet their needs.

Like an incoming tide, the morning train continued to cast bits of human wreckage on Warm Springs' shores. They were all taken in and cared for, regardless of whether they could pay or not. Everything had to be hastily improvised, but improvisation was Franklin's forte, and he didn't seem to care how much money he spent. The country people helped out with gifts of berries, honey, or farm produce on the doorsteps. Nobody minded discomforts. Roosevelt's buoyant gaiety set the key. All day the pool was full of splashes and laughter, especially when he was giving instruction.

In the evening the whole colony would gather in front of a fire and tell stories or sing. They were more like comrades on a camping trip than fellow sufferers.

The gaiety was enhanced by the remarkable progress the patients made. Some gained more than others, but all of them showed such improvement that Roosevelt decided that next year he would really start something.

In the spring of 1926 he addressed the Convention of Orthopedic Surgeons at Atlanta, and talked those skeptical gentlemen into appointing a commission to investigate Warm Springs. For this formal experiment, Roosevelt imported Dr. LeRoy Hubbard, orthopedic surgeon of the New York State Health Department, and his head nurse, Helena T. Mahoney. The patients came flocking.

The report of the Commission was very favorable, and Roosevelt decided to form the Warm Springs Foundation for the treatment of polio victims. To help with the business, he sent for Doc O'Connor.

Doc was brutally skeptical. "I think you're nuts," he said.

"Tell me why," Franklin demanded.

"Because you're throwing a lot of money into this thing, and you don't know how it will come out."

"You don't get anywhere if you don't take a chance," Franklin said. "If I hadn't felt that way I'd never have come here at all, and look what it's done for me."

Doc had to admit that. Roosevelt was now able to walk with a cane and a friendly arm, instead of crutches, though he still needed his braces.

"But even if it is a go," Doc persisted, "you'll only be able to help an infinitesimal percentage of polio cases."

"That's where you're wrong," Franklin said. His eyes got very blue, as they did when he was terribly in earnest. "You see, I'm thinking of this not by itself, but as an example of the kind of fight you can make against disease. It isn't just going to be another sanitarium, it's going to be a symbol of hope to all the people who need that above all."

THE Georgia Warm Springs Foundation was officially inaugurated on January 1, 1927. Roosevelt bought the big tract of land, including the rundown hotel and the buildings, from Mr. Peabody for $176,000. In payment he gave notes of the Foundation endorsed by himself. No one knew then, or has ever learned, whence came the $500,000 that it cost to get it started. Henry Pope of Chicago was a large contributor; so were Frank C. Root of Greenwich, Connecticut, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The Edsel Fords gave an enclosed swimming pool in 1928. Others of Franklin's innumerable loyal friends helped to finance it. He would never tell even his own family how much he put up himself; but, like murder, philanthropy will out, and it is known that he put up two thirds of his personal fortune and risked all the rest on his great venture.

In Warm Springs he risked a lot of money on the realization of a vision that he had in his hours of trial. The bet paid off bigger than even he had dared to hope. Warm Springs not only became the symbol of hope for thousands, as he intended, but it grew in the image of his own spirit. It is a carefree place, where people forget to be self-conscious about

(*Continued on page 100*)

WORK WIZARD

In 1930 Chuck Perelle was making forty cents an hour. Today he's a $75,000-a-year executive. There's nothing to it, he claims

By A. D. Rathbone, IV

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

LAST spring the Gar Wood Industries, Inc., choked with rush orders from people wanting hydraulic hoists, cranes, bulldozers, trucks, furnaces, boats, and a dozen other Gar Wood products *right now*, decided in a hurry that their bottleneck needed a large dose of Drano. They laid in 140 pounds of it, neatly packaged in blue serge and tagged Chuck Perelle.

As production manager at Consolidated Vultee, Perelle had made seventeen B-24s blossom daily, with 10,000 workers less than the number needed to produce just one Liberator a day previously. So Gar Wood expected something startling from their new president. They got it.

Chuck took one good look at the gummed-up inflow of raw materials, the clogged trickle of finished products—and blew the shop whistle for a complete shutdown. For four solid weeks no work was done at Gar Wood, except by its president. It might seem a queer start at increasing production. But three months later there was no bottleneck. Finished products in materially increased numbers were flowing sweetly off purring assembly lines to purring customers.

Friends, business associates, and Chuck himself insist there's nothing unusual about Chuck Perelle. At forty-three, he stands five feet eight, never raises his mild voice, and looks rather like an unassertive college professor. But anyone who so engineered his personal assembly line that what went on it in 1930 as a forty-cents-an-hour painter's assistant, rolled out as a $75,000-a-year aircraft executive in just fifteen years, must have something. Perelle's open-sesame is a maxim: Organize, Deputize, Supervise. He makes it sound deceptively simple. All it means, he says, is highly trained foremen and supervisors. When you see the immeasurable importance he places on them, the methods he adopts to weld their loyal co-operation, the extent to which he credits them with his success, you begin to realize just how unusual this production expert is. Of them he says: "The foremen in every American factory and plant are the key men of management. Without their competence, the best-laid production programs are of little value. Top management establishes the broad operating policy, but it's the foreman who quarterbacks each department. We lay down the rules. But the power of decision is left up to him. He will make mistakes, and when he does, we will go down and hold his hand and help him."

Parelle actually does "hold hands" with his supervisors. They're poker hands, which he plays after meetings of the foremen's club, and for the duration of the pasteboard session he is "Chuck" to all participants. Perelle has fostered organization of foremen's clubs, affiliated with the National Association of Foremen, wherever he has been. While the men run their own show, he is a full-fledged member, attends meetings religiously, and is one of the gang for the evening. Next morning in the shop it is again "Mr. Perelle."

HIS ability lies in accomplishing things through people by inspiring confidence, and by personal co-operation far in excess of the usual obligations of the president of a company. The co-operation has ranged from running down a stove and a refrigerator for an employee who brought his family to Detroit so he could take a job, to locating personnel, tools, and materials for department heads. It is a kind of one-man labor-relations policy applied to vice-presidents and foremen alike. It pays off handsomely by getting things done, and by helping to build an efficient, hard-hitting organization.

But when the chips are down, in poker or in business, Chuck Perelle isn't given to cashing in on a love-and-kisses basis. His mild-mannered way is deceptive. His informal talks to the men on management philosophy and supervisory problems are no namby-pamby lectures, and his eyes, through rimless glasses, can be as hard and steel-sharp as the keenest cutting tool in the factory. It is understandable that Tom Girdler, wartime chairman of Consolidated Vultee and no cream puff himself, calls his good friend a "tough cookie."

Perelle prefers firsthand information on who's-doing-what-and-how in his factories. He says he wears out shoe leather in the plant more than he wears out the seat of his pants in a desk chair. With a phenomenal memory for details, names, and faces, he sees everything and everybody in a factory, moving or stationary, in the perspective of personal experience, for if ever a man "went through the mill" himself, it is Charles William Perelle, who arrived in this world on January 5, 1903, in Juneau, Alaska.

He had his Finnish mother's bright blue eyes and light-brown hair; he had a fifteen-month-old sister, and a very unpretentious home in a small, unpainted, three-room house, with outside plumbing. Perelle senior, who was born in France of Italian parents, had come to Alaska during the Klondike gold rush and found work with a mining company, where Chuck began his vacation-time jobs as tool sharpener when he was thirteen. He was general chore boy for anyone who would hire him and "camp hunter" for the family. Hunting and fishing were serious business, and Perelle likes to boast that whenever he departed for the woods or the salmon grounds, his mother saved money.

After his high-school class nominated Chuck as the boy "most likely to succeed," he started out to make the prophecy come true by means of a civil-engineering course at the University of Washington, because, he says, "Those engineers we had around looked like pretty big shots to a kid, and they represented an education you couldn't get in Alaska. Their jobs seemed to offer what I wanted, chances for independent thinking and individual initiative."

As soon as a budding civil engineer masters his transit and chain, he starts "running a line." Perelle's was run for Uncle Sam in Alaska. After completing a survey in 1924, there wasn't much to do but loaf around Skagway's Golden North Hotel until the next boat arrived. While doing so, he met a girl. Her name was Mary Davids and she was from New Castle, Pennsylvania. Mary, her father and mother were on an Alaskan cruise.

When he married Mary a year later, Chuck took whatever jobs

PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

Gar Wood Industries' Chuck Perelle makes production lines flow by training foremen to accept responsibility as key men of the factory.

offered eating money near Mary's home town, until the chance came to be an engineering draftsman for the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad in its Seattle office. The happy young couple trekked to the Northwest and figured they were set for life. The depression lay just ahead, however. "About ten thousand persons were laid off at one time," says Chuck, "and I was one of 'em."

After a few months, when Boeing could use one more man with a paint spray, the jobless young civil engineer literally was forced into the aircraft-manufacturing business. It was then that the Perelle star began to cut capers in its brilliant orbit of dollar signs. Fourteen years later he left a $40,000 vice-presidency with Consolidated Vultee to assume a similar title with Hughes Tool Company and general managership of Hughes Aircraft Company at $75,000 a year. Following a clash with Howard Hughes, Perelle was fired last January. Now he's turning out Gar Wood products at an unprecedented rate.

You can ask Perelle the executive a thousand questions about production principles and technique and get a thousand lightning-fast answers, all solid. When you ask Perelle the man how he got that way, you get a shy response with a vague "Well, it's pretty hard to put it into words." Something happened back in those early days in the aircraft industry that even Chuck can't quite fathom. It transformed an obscure quiet-voiced little civil engineer into "Lightnin'" Perelle, a mild-mannered flesh-and-blood dynamo.

Chuck himself claims that for Boeing's forty cents an hour he sanded more square feet of surface than any other helper before or since. In seven months he was "promoted" to riveter's helper at thirty-five cents an hour. Although that wasn't particularly encouraging, he did drive more rivets than anyone else had done before—but there's no individual initiative in a rivet.

After a little heavy thinking, he set a calculated course from job to job throughout the plant that finally brought a chance at initiative in the tool-designing department. There he helped form tools for the original Flying Fortress, the Pan American Clipper, and the Boeing Stratoliner. When the Canadian government commissioned Boeing to set up an airplane plant in Vancouver in 1937, Chuck rated the work of planning and equipping the factory and getting it in motion.

All his latent high-pressure qualities were let loose in several directions at once—designing, engineering, purchasing, employment, production, and inspection—to transform a completely barren and unused old boat works into an up-to-date airplane plant. The first of numer-

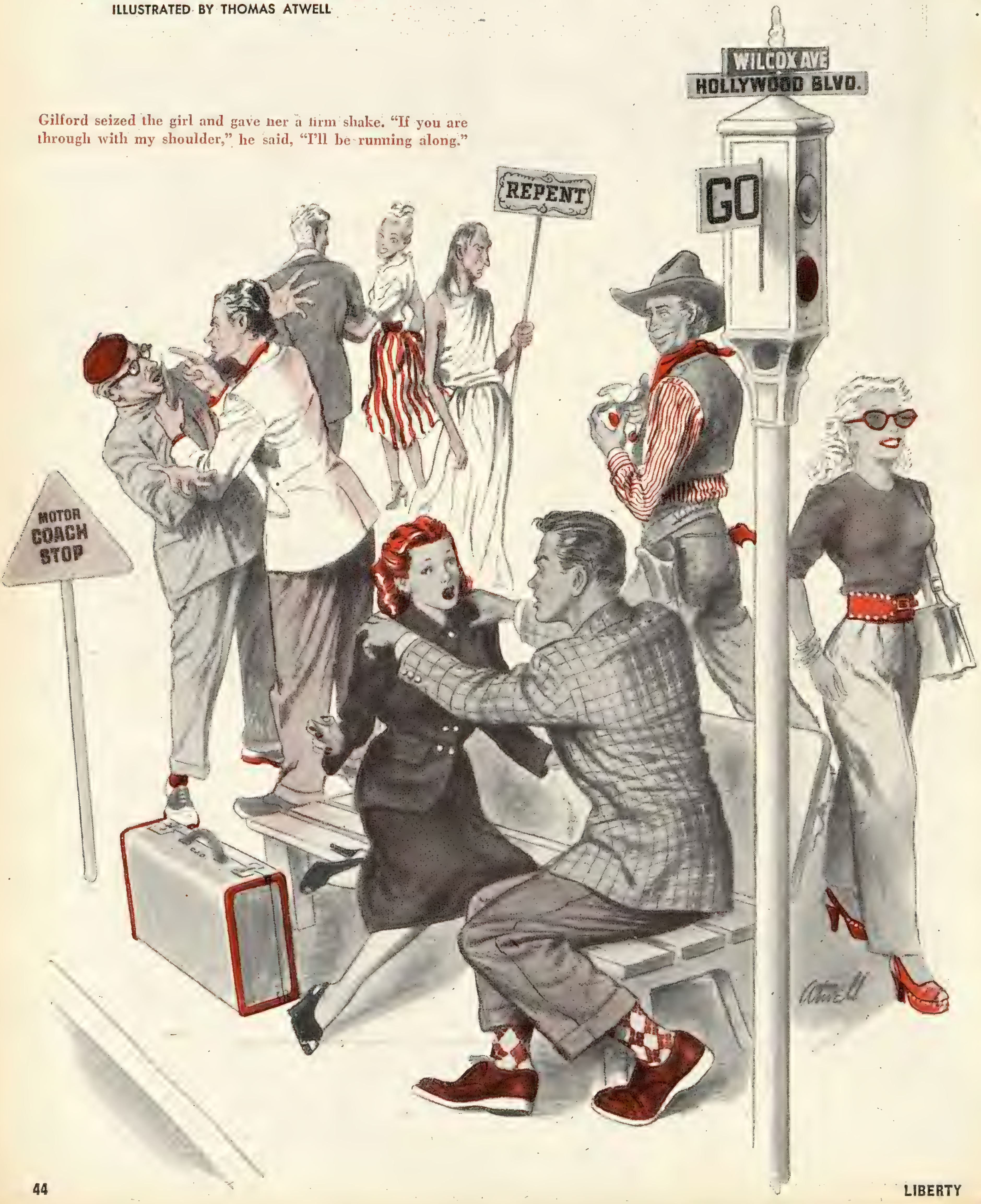
(*Continued on page 88*)

The Redhead

BY DICK NOSSAMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS ATWELL

Gilford seized the girl and gave her a firm shake. "If you are through with my shoulder," he said, "I'll be running along."


WILCOX AVE
HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
REPENT
GO
MOTOR COACH STOP
Atwell

in the Goldfish Bowl

It's tough to renounce women when a beautiful stranger is asleep on your shoulder

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES, 10 SECONDS

GILFORD DUTTON wasn't easily embarrassed. Angular young giants like Gilford—and particularly if they happen to be called Gilford—either develop a chronic case of self-consciousness, or they acquire protective blandness which the less fortunate forever seek under the olive in a Martini glass.

And now Mr. Dutton was being his blandest. "Miss Willoughby, I think the situation calls for complete casualness." He dropped the black satin slip he was holding over the upraised arms of Miss Willoughby without disturbing a hair of her flawless coiffure, and let it fall in black ripples over the slender white body.

"Our love can survive Peeping Toms, or it isn't love," he said. "Wait—don't interrupt. I want to talk about you, Miss Willoughby, the most intriguing woman I know. To begin with, you never talk about yourself, which can't be said of any other woman who has passed the age of two. And, secondly, you don't seem to give a damn about my unfortunate financial status—or lack of status."

Gilford smiled his most engaging smile. "I might add," he continued, "that I love you. Shall we pledge our troths—or is it troth our pledges?"

"Dutton!" boomed an unpleasant voice. "Dutton! Get out of that display window!" The voice was that of V. H. Boyle, general manager of Sacher's Department Store.

Mr. Dutton winced, bowed, kissed the papier-mâche hand and, guiding his stockinged feet carefully, ducked through a small door into the busy interior of Sacher's. The stoop brought Gilford into Men's Neckwear on an eye-to-eye level with his purple-faced superior.

"At least I thought you would be able to change the slip on a mannequin without causing trouble," Mr. Boyle was saying. "But no! You have to make Sacher's a laughingstock. You're never, *never* to undress a dummy without drawing the shades!"

Gilford was standing, storklike, on his left foot while easing a shoe on his right. He put a hand on Mr. Boyle's shoulder for support.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I'm new at this window-dressing game. I'll try to do better."

"Window dresser!" snorted Mr. Boyle, wrenching himself from under Gilford's weight. "You ought to be a piano mover."

Gilford watched Mr. Boyle depart, then eased on his left shoe and walked disconsolately toward the street door. Outside, on Hollywood Boulevard, Gilford stopped to stare through the plate-glass window at Miss Willoughby in her black-satin slip. Gilford scowled a little.

"You, Miss Willoughby, are just like all women. Trouble. There are people who join Alcoholics Anonymous because one drink is poison. I shall found a club called Feminics Anonymous. I'll never look at another woman—not even you, Miss Willoughby."

Gilford walked west on Hollywood Boulevard. Mr. Boyle, he thought glumly, is now relating to Mr. Sacher the latest *faux pas* in the uninspired career of Gilford Dutton. Perhaps I should save everyone trouble by tendering my resignation. Or, he thought with gloom, maybe I've been spared the trouble. It wasn't so much losing a job; it was a determination not to make a cynic out of Mr. Sacher. Gilford had been hired under rather unusual circumstances.

VERY few people ever got to see Edward Sacher. But for Gilford it had been simple. His telegram had said: "Have just spent two years fighting for apple pie, radios, electric toasters, and all the other things the ads told me I was fighting for. Curiously enough, I believe in these things as much as I ever did. Could I drop by and explain my beliefs?"

Gilford remembered the telegram received an answer: "Always glad to talk to someone with beliefs. Monday morning at ten?"

Mr. Sacher had been as informal as his telegram. Gilford found it easy to talk. "Mr. Sacher," he had said, "remember how you felt when you got back into civvies in 1919? You'd been with a big outfit, and you wanted to get back with a big outfit. All you asked was the same chance you got in the army—to look for the right job. Now me—I started out in air school and wound up detonating land mines. I figured out a new system, and the army let me try it. There must be some job at Sacher's that I can do better than anybody else. I don't know what it is, but I'd like to find it, because I believe in merchandising and the system that lets every man hope for a radio, a sailboat, or whatever it is he thinks will make him happy. I'll start as shipping clerk, or anything, but I don't want to get stuck in one job unless it is the right job. In four months, if I haven't found what I want, I'll take a discharge."

But Gilford had overlooked two factors: First, every army has a top kick, in this case, Mr. Boyle; and second, Sacher's army was mostly female. In Gilford's book, women and trouble were synonyms. In the shipping department it had been Miss Swanson. He'd bought her violets because it was her birthday, and Miss Swanson had probably never received violets on her birthday. Several customers didn't receive packages that day, and Gilford was transferred. As a cashier, the eyes of a young M-G-M starlet had caused him to forget the sales tax on a fifteen-hundred-dollar coat. And now a mannequin had snafued his newest job—assistant window dresser.

GILFORD sank down on a bench before a bus stop.

"Women," he said, "are the root of all evil. I renounce women."

A very faint scent of perfume tickled his nose. Mr. Dutton, in the midst of renouncing women, had unwittingly taken a seat beside temptation. The girl was sitting with her legs tucked under her and her left arm thrown carelessly over the back of the bench. Her head rested on this arm, and her autumn-colored hair was a rich backdrop for a winsome oval face. She was asleep.

Gilford studied her face. She had a perky little nose and lips that were parted in a kissable half-smile.

As Gilford watched her, the head of the dozing girl suddenly nodded. Then, ever so slowly, the head began a migration toward Gilford's shoulder.

Something held Gilford in frozen rigidity. The head settled lightly on his shoulder.

Abruptly Gilford seized the girl by her shoulders and gave her a firm shake. Her eyes popped open. She stared like a startled fawn.

"If you are through with my shoulder," said Gilford, "I'll be running along."

"Where am I?"

"On a bus bench at Hollywood and Wilcox," Gilford told her. "And since your next question will undoubtedly be 'Who are you?' I'll save you the trouble. I'm founder of a new club called Feminics Anonymous, and you couldn't have picked a less hospitable shoulder to sleep on." The girl was studying Gilford with wide gray eyes.

"It must be liver trouble," she said. "Most cranky people have liver trouble. What time is it?"

"Three o'clock. And leave my liver out of this."

"Three o'clock!" exclaimed the girl. "Then I've been asleep since noon. Why didn't you call me sooner?"

Gilford had said too much already; he would leave without another word. Reaching this conclusion, he heard himself saying, to his horror, "Let's go have some coffee."

"I don't know you," the girl said. "Have you heard of any vacant apartments?"

"No. If you know me well enough to sleep on, you know me well enough for coffee."

"I suppose that makes sense," the girl yawned.

"Where would you like to go for coffee?"

"Some place I can write home about."

"We'll go to the Derby," said Gilford. "Follow me."

"THERE'S a saying," Gilford said some two hours later, "that if you sit in the Brown Derby long enough, you will see and be seen by everyone in Hollywood except your waiter. Are you sure you wouldn't like some brandy in your coffee?"

"No," said the girl. "You're doing well enough for the two of us. And I have to go look for a room."

"You worry too much," said Gilford. "Relax, Miss Dyckman."

"I slept in the bus depot last night," answered Miss Dyckman, "but I don't intend to tonight. Thank you for the coffee."

"Wait!" implored Gilford. "Let fate handle all this. Can't you see fate rules your life? Fate brought you to Hollywood—"

"A letter from my cousin saying I could share her apartment brought me to Hollywood. That, and the idea of making a lot of money."

"Ha!" said Gilford. "Now we see the workings of fate. Who dispossessed your cousin? Fate!"

"A stinky landlord," Miss Dyckman corrected.

"Yes. So you've had no place to sleep for two nights. Ergo, you fell asleep on a bench waiting for a bus today. That was fate. And fate led me to the same bench. Fate and Miss Willoughby."

"I seem fated for another coffee," said Miss Dyckman. "Who is Miss Willoughby?"

Gilford was trying to bait a waiter with his empty brandy glass. "Miss Willoughby?" he said. "She's one of the girls I handle."

Miss Dyckman studied Gilford. "I guess," he said, "that makes you an agent or something. Is Miss Willoughby an actress?"

"She's more of a model," Gilford answered with vagueness. "Ha! Here comes our waiter."

Gilford ordered more coffee and more brandy. The mention of Miss Willoughby brought painful memories, and he changed the subject.

"I forgot to ask—did you come to Hollywood to get in the movies?"

"No," Miss Dyckman said. "But, small world, I thought I might try modeling. Maybe there is something to this fate business."

"Of course," affirmed Gilford. "Fate led you to me."

"Do you think I'd make a good model?"

"I'm sure you would."

"This isn't at all like I expected," Miss Dyckman sighed. "I thought I'd have to starve and get discouraged and wear my knuckles out knocking at agents' doors. And they told me Hollywood was full of wolves. You know, phony screen tests and all that. You haven't even asked to see my legs."

Gilford felt a slight sensation of chill in his stomach.

"Look," said Gilford. "I think you have made a mistake about me."

Miss Dyckman's gray eyes examined him with minute care. Then her eyes smiled with honest warmth.

MAN TO MAN

A vicious circle
Is life, by gosh—
Less hair to comb,
More face to wash!
—*Helen G. Sutin.*

"No, I haven't," she said. "I'm never wrong about people. I decided I liked you the minute you woke me up. You're not a wolf; you're more the Great Dane type."

Gilford, stiffening himself to tell the whole truth, quite suddenly slid far down on the back of his spine. Never had he felt more like a Great Dane, and never had he had more envy for small things like mice. For at that very moment, Mr. Sacher, accompanied by the pint-sized Mr. Boyle, entered the cocktail lounge. Gilford, from a level just above that of the table top, watched the two take seats across the room, midway between the only two exits.

"You've been awfully nice," Miss Dyckman was saying, "but we can't stay here forever, and I really do have to find a place to stay."

Gilford groaned. "There's plenty of time," he said.

"You make it sound so easy," Miss Dyckman stated, gathering up her purse. "But then you haven't been sleeping in a bus depot."

"Wait! It is easy," Gilford blurted. "You won't have to sleep in a bus depot. But we can't leave yet."

The girl looked at Mr. Dutton appraisingly, her face a question.

"You aren't thinking what I think you are thinking, are you?"

"If you're thinking what I think you think I'm thinking, I'm sharing one single bed with two ex-G.I.s if that's what you thought I thought—Oh, for Pete's sake, we're both sounding like motorboats. Summon the waiter. I'm too weak."

"I trust you," Miss Dyckman sighed. "I guess it is your eyes. Only I can't stand any more coffee. I don't know much about such things—but what would be a good drink for me? Something mild and soothing."

"A zombie," Gilford promptly replied. "I know of nothing more soothing than a zombie."

MR. SACHER and Mr. Boyle left the Brown Derby at seven thirty. Mr. Dutton and Miss Dyckman left at seven thirty-five. Miss Dyckman, under the influence of two zombies, to which she wasn't accustomed, and short of sleep, to which she was accustomed, had, in the middle of the first course of dinner, become very sleepy.

"It's the climate," she apologized in the taxi as her head settled against Gilford's shoulder.

"Where to, Mac?" inquired the driver.

"Hollywood and Cahuenga," said Gilford.

"You sure Miss Willoughby won't mind me staying with her?" Miss Dyckman asked sleepily.

"It's all arranged," said Gilford. "You go to sleep and I'll wake you up when we get there."

"Mmmmmm," murmured Miss Dyckman. "You're so nice."

"Some day I'll meet a woman who doesn't trust me," muttered Gilford, "and I'll be released from this terrible bondage of living up to something I'm not."

Miss Dyckman slept long and soundly. Nevertheless, when she awoke, it was with the notion that her head had mushroomed overnight. She quickly closed her eyes and lay in mild misery, trying to recapture the fragments of a dream.

There had been a young man—quite an enormous young man—with a gruff voice and gentle eyes. And a restaurant—or were they on an ocean liner? No, it was a taxicab. The young man had borrowed a nightgown from a driver whose name was Miss Willoughby.

Miss Dyckman's eyes opened.

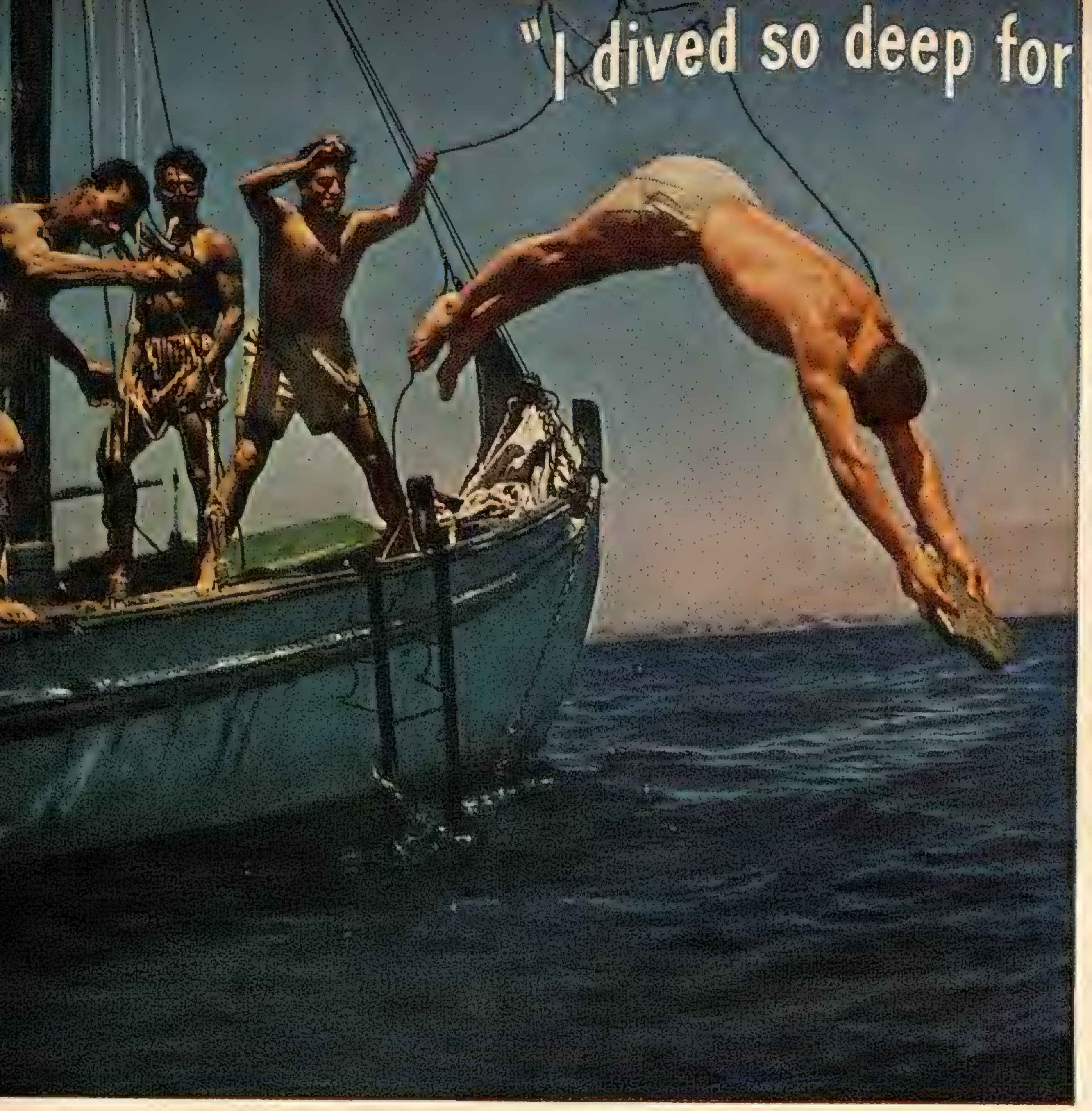
With more steadiness than she felt, she climbed from bed and, sitting on the edge, began methodically to separate the warp of dream from the woof of reality.

Miss Willoughby was not the cab driver—Miss Willoughby was her hostess who had so graciously taken her in and from whom Gilford had borrowed the nightgown. Or slip—it seemed to be a black-satin slip. Gilford had brought it to her before he'd left. He must have carried her from the cab, she thought, and I didn't even wake up.

She looked around the room. It was nicely, if not imaginatively, furnished. And one wall was completely taken up by a window.

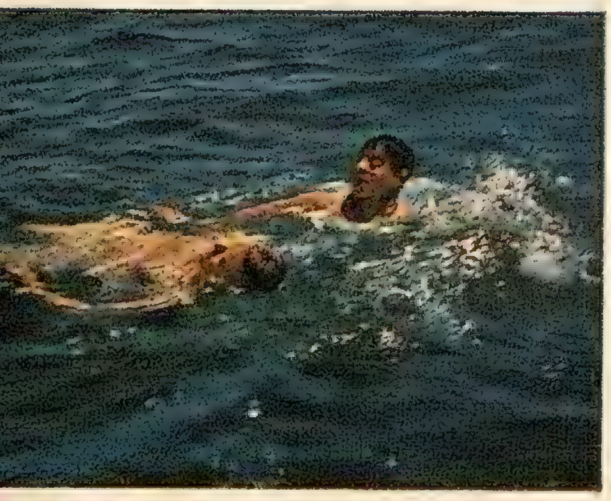
(*Continued on page 75*)

"I dived so deep for an Aegean sponge THAT THE CHAMP HAD TO DIVE FOR ME"



① **"It looked easy...till I tried it,"** writes a Chicago friend of Canadian Club Whisky. "The champion sponge-diver of the Dodecanese Islands, Nick Scumpurdis showed me how. Holding a big rock firmly over my head as ballast, I dived, sank like an anchor and...passed out!

② **"Nick plunged to the rescue...**He's barrel-chested from years of deep-water work. To become 1946 champ, he'd dived down *84 feet* and *stayed* down *1 minute 31 seconds!* Even unconscious, I was no problem for Nick.



③ **"He hauled me to the surface.** I coughed up half an ocean. He told me that sharks and carnivorous eels are all in the day's work. That cured *me!* I stayed on the surface and watched *him* get a sponge.

④ **"Through a 'magnifying glass,'** he selected a sponge. Then down he plunged. I didn't know the sponge is a live animal. It clings tightly to rocks. Divers must hack it loose with a long knife... often taking *three 40-foot dives* for *one* sponge.

⑤ **"Nick shot up out of the water** with a big sponge after *one* dive. He peeled off the black skin, and trampled it till flexible. Nick loves his work. But my one dive convinced me that I'd *die* before I made a cent at his job!

⑥ **"Nick knows his way around** on land too. He took us afterwards to an outdoor restaurant for Canadian Club highballs. We drank to deeper and richer dives for him. But for me...no thanks! As I left to make my TWA plane connection, I told Nick I'd never dive for a sponge again in anything deeper than a bathtub!"

⑦ **World-roving Americans** are again finding Canadian Club popular in *87 lands.* Why? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening, in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

Canadian Club

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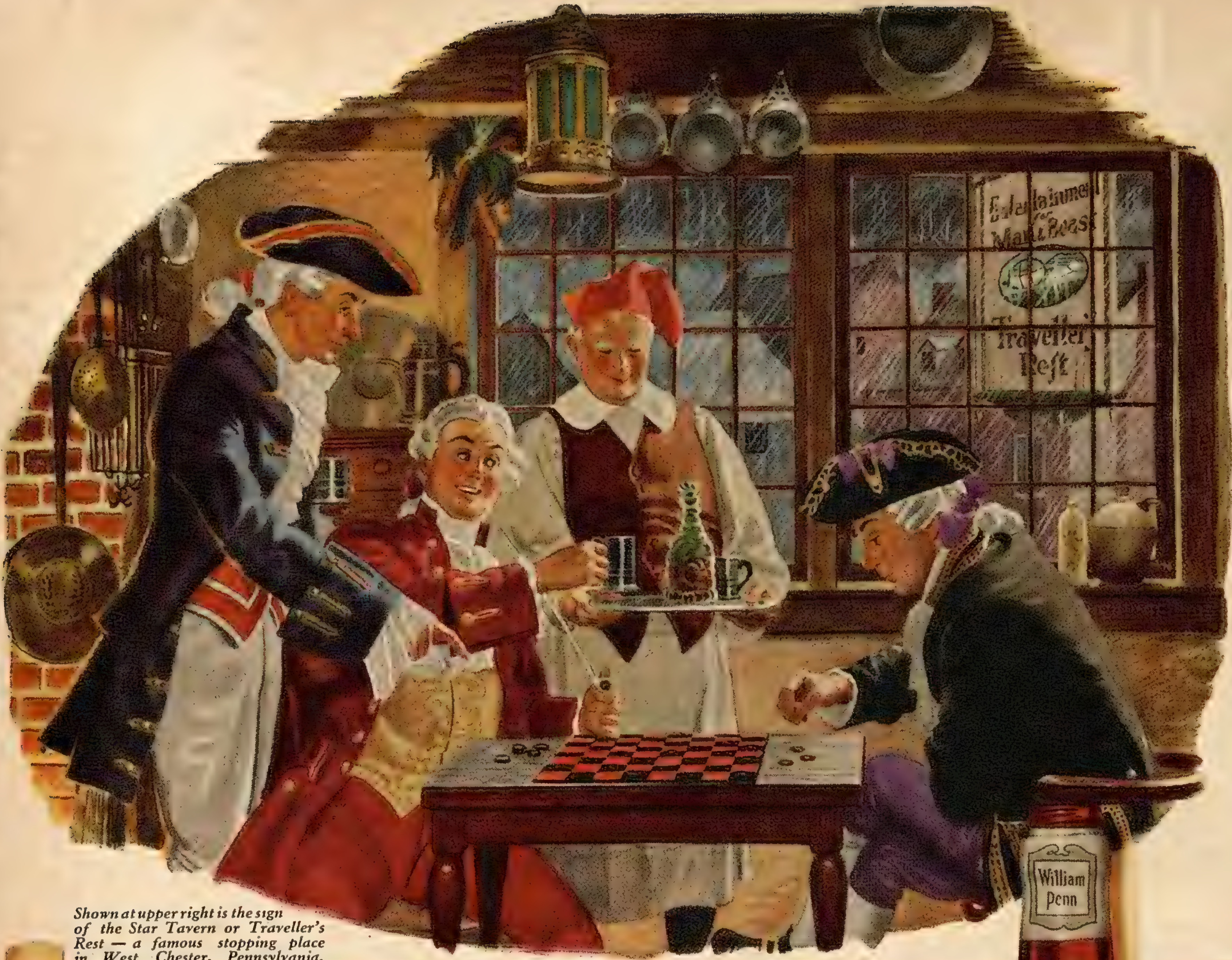
Entertainment for Man & Beast
Traveller's Rest
William Penn

Shown at upper right is the sign of the Star Tavern or Traveller's Rest — a famous stopping place in West Chester, Pennsylvania.

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JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

William Penn

He Can't Miss!

In ice hockey, a goalie's life
is just one hard knock after
another — if he's lucky!

BY CHARLES B. CLEVELAND

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WILFE CUDE, Detroit goalie, crouched in his nets. This was the deciding game of the Stanley Cup play-offs. Neither his team nor the Chicago Black Hawks had scored. The game had reached the "sudden death" overtime period, and the first goal scored would settle the championship. If the goalie missed just once, his team was licked.

The puck spun out of the face-off to Mush March, Hawk forward. Immediately two red-shirted players lunged at him. Quickly he passed to Doc Romnes. Again Cude's defense men shifted, pinning the Hawk against the boards. As the referee moved in to halt play, the puck suddenly spurted loose and zoomed for the Detroit nets.

Cude moved to block it. But it thudded into the nets—and a red light flashed. The Hawks were world champs. Cude had made stop after stop all evening long, but now he'd missed just once and his team had lost.

From up in the stands the goalie's job looks easy. But let's take his place. You are standing in the nets, bundled up in the goalie's pads—and they weigh about thirty-five pounds. A rival player is coming down the ice. If he is one of the faster skaters in the league, he is coming for you at thirty miles an hour. (Howie Morenz once carried a puck around the 200-by-85-foot Montreal rink in fourteen seconds.)

He shoots! According to a university physics professor who tested a minor-league player, that rubber puck, frozen hard as a rock, is traveling at eighty-eight miles an hour! That's faster than a baseball thrown by a top-notch pitcher.

A goalie is usually up against twenty-five or thirty shots like that —sometimes more. Sam LoPresti, former Hawk goalie, once stopped eighty-three shots in a game against Boston; yet three others got by him, and his team lost 3 to 2. Small wonder, then, that goalies like Turk Broda and Bill Durnan lose eight to ten pounds a game.

Since the net minders threw away their regular mitts and put on a first baseman's baseball glove, the cases of blistered hands are fewer. However, the goalie is still subject to the dangers of razor-sharp blades and knocks and bruises. Technically he is immune behind the "crease"—a line a few feet in front of his cage. But if he attempts to hold onto the puck after he stops it, he's fair game, and rival players are not averse to using their sticks to pry the puck loose, or—if necessary—to shove the puck, goalie and all, into the nets for a score.

Some years ago Nels Stewart, giant forward for the old Montreal Maroons, and diminutive Tommy Cook of the Hawks faced off a puck in front of the Montreal nets. The next thing the crowd knew, Cook had bowled Stewart and the puck over the luckless goalie for a score.

MOST scoring plays, however, are a contest of skill between the puck carrier and the goalie. A good shot normally fakes for a corner, and when the goalie moves, blasts it into the other corner. Generally speaking, the perfect shot is about six inches off the ice, just to the right or left of the goalie's feet. That's the hardest of all to stop.

The net minder, meanwhile, has his own tricks. Some deliberately create a big opening as a teaser, and then close it as the player shoots. But aside from the shooter's skill, the question of whether it's a score or a save depends upon bluff—the goalie tries to force the puck carrier to make the first move, while the forward attempts to lure the net minder into moving first and leaving an unprotected spot as target.

Bill Durnan of the Montreal Canadiens is rated by experts as the best in the business today because he always forces the forward to make the first move. He is exceptionally fast and can let his opponent shoot, counting on his speedy reflexes to snag the shot.

Against a speedster like Maurice Richard, the Canadiens' great scoring ace, the goalie is up against something more. Richard is left-handed and has more than average zip to his shot. Instead of spinning, as most shots do, his puck flies straight and is likely to bounce past a goalie's stick into the nets.

Under the old rules a goalie could relax a little while his team was attacking. But now that the defending club can pass half the length of the ice, they leave a "drifter" near the center red line to start a scoring play the moment they intercept the puck. When somebody like Gaye Stewart, Toronto's drifter, gets the puck, the goalie's defense men are usually out of position and it's strictly a battle between the two, in which the goalie has to be fast in spite of the dull skates he must wear for the sake of traction.

Bad luck also plays a big role in the fortunes of a goalie. The Chicago Black Hawks were twice eliminated from the Stanley Cup play-offs: One year Art Weibe, the next year Jack Portland, blasted whistling shots in an effort to get the puck out of their zone—and both times the puck took a bad bounce and landed in their own nets for the score that beat their team.

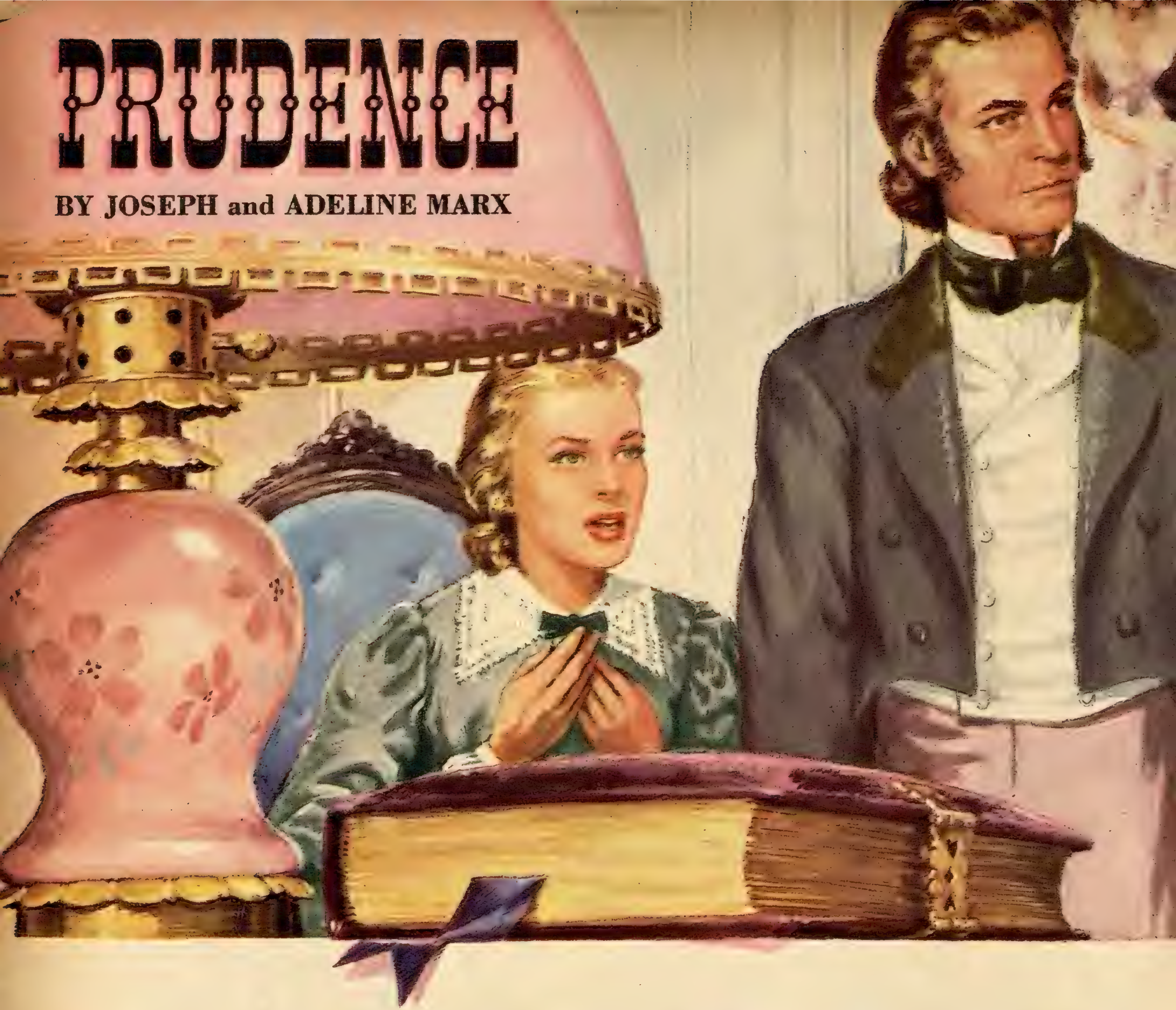
Along with his other worries, the goalie may come up against unorthodox plays. During the '20s, rival teams were astonished at the poor shooting of the forwards on the old Ottawa club. They were a collection of scoring artists, yet they would miss the net by many feet. Later the secret came out. One of the boards at the curve of the rink was marked. When the puck struck it, the rubber would always rebound to a spot a few feet in front of the goal, where it was a cinch shot. This rebound play is used effectively today by the Canadiens on their home rink.

In years gone by, the goalie used to get a break on scoring. The rules then gave an assist to the man who started a scoring play. But today, all he can do is watch while the other guys buzz down the ice. So, today, the poor goalie's life is just one hard knock after another—if he's lucky enough to stop the shots.

THE END

PRUDENCE

BY JOSEPH and ADELINE MARX



READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"CRAIN should have been here an hour ago," Ranse said.

"An hour means nothing," Prudence said.

"Nothing or everything." Ranse started to talk faster, noticing how her head was turned a bit to catch the first sound of hoofbeats.

"Am I what you expected?" he asked, smiling.

She said simply, "No, thee's not." And then, "Thee's not so large."

Actually he was not very much taller than she, small and compactly built, with sandy hair that would not stay in place, and flecks of black in his gray eyes. Until he moved you got no impression of the power that was in him. When he moved he did it lightly, quickly, without a wasted motion. His face was boyish and pleasant, with upslanting eyebrows and a humorous mouth. When you studied it closely you saw that the look was not so much of humor as of restlessness, recklessness. Women found him desperately attractive and never hesitated to show it; it was rather pleasant now to be sitting with a pretty girl and have her point out that he was too small.

He looked across at her, still smiling. Her lovely fair hair was drawn down softly to a knot at the back of her neck; her mouth was sweet and soft and her chin was clear cut and firm; her throat went beautifully down, a line of beauty, until it disappeared into the prim folds of her gray Quaker dress. Miss Prudence Darrell of Philadelphia; a gentle daughter of gentle and quiet people. Now, incredibly engaged in the task of escorting runaway slaves through the underground railway, up to Canada and freedom.

She said, "Thee's looking at me and thinking about me, but thee doesn't bother to tell me what it is."

He laughed. "I was just wondering," he said, "what would make a girl like you leave a quiet home to do a thing like this."

"Because I think it is right," she said promptly. "Doesn't thee?"

"I must," he said easily. "I risk my life for it."

He caught the flash of scorn in her blue eyes. "And get paid for your trouble," she said.

"I have a living to make."

"Thee's little better than a slave catcher, trading in human lives," she said. "Delivering the poor souls at so much a head! In a way, thee is a slave catcher."

"I could be one," he said; "there's good money in it, and little risk."

She changed the subject abruptly. "Is that Crain now?" And he had to

A gentle, beguiling love story set against the turbulent, dangerous days of runaway slaves and the underground railroad

make answer, "I don't think it is."

Crain was a widower who lived alone. His house was one of the last stops on the underground railway. They had come down there that day to meet him. Then, on his instructions, Ranse was to go over into Kentucky to get a group of runaway slaves and bring them back. Prudence would take them on.

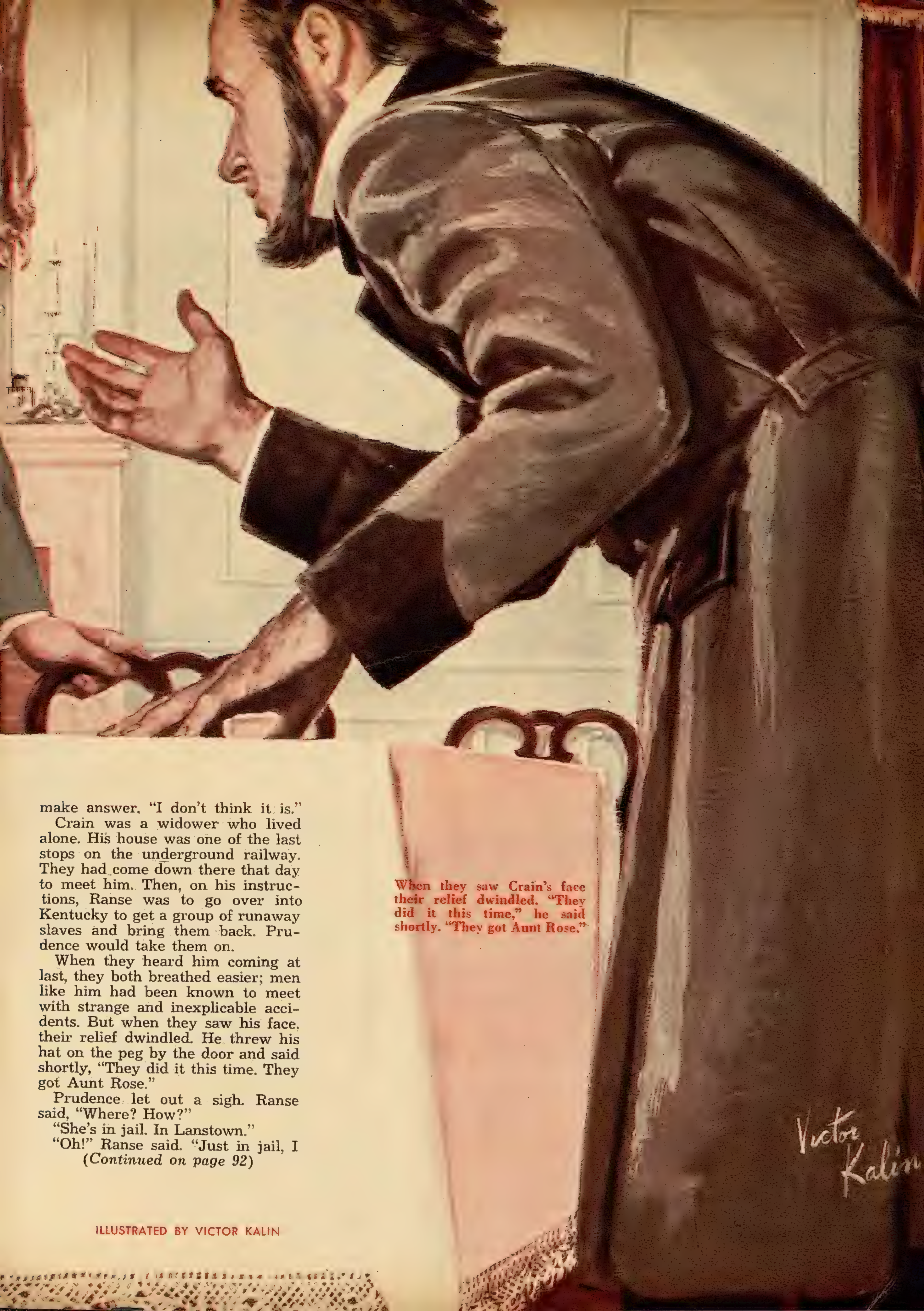
When they heard him coming at last, they both breathed easier; men like him had been known to meet with strange and inexplicable accidents. But when they saw his face, their relief dwindled. He threw his hat on the peg by the door and said shortly, "They did it this time. They got Aunt Rose."

Prudence let out a sigh. Ranse said, "Where? How?"

"She's in jail. In Lanstown."

"Oh!" Ranse said. "Just in jail, I

(Continued on page 92)

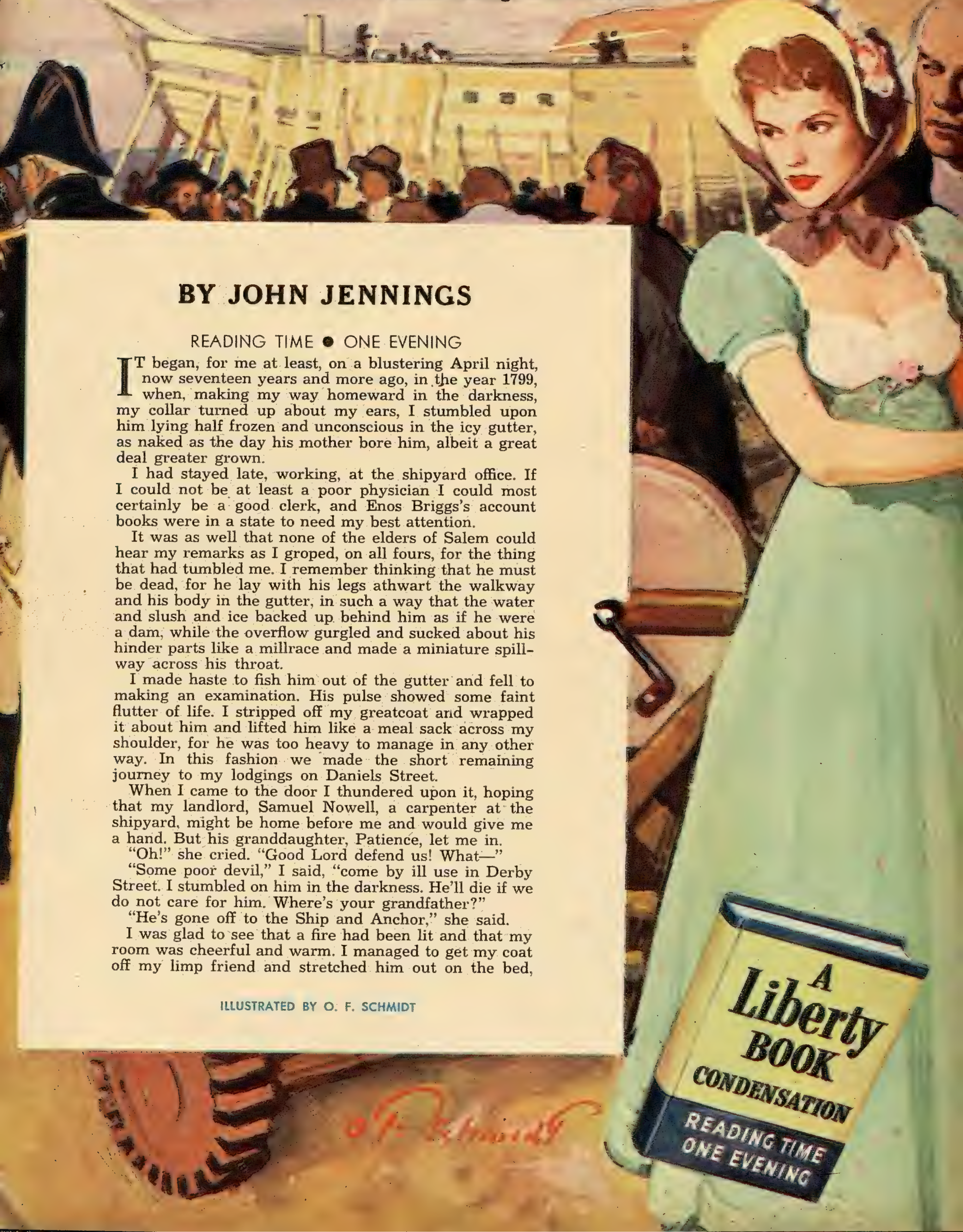


When they saw Crain's face their relief dwindled. "They did it this time," he said shortly. "They got Aunt Rose."

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN

The SALEM FRIGATE

Tempting Selina Hackett blinded Tom Tisdall to another woman's love and made him the bitter rival of Ben Price, who was loyal only to the Essex, on which they both served. A thrilling tale of stubborn Yankee courage in two kinds of war.



BY JOHN JENNINGS

READING TIME ● ONE EVENING

IT began, for me at least, on a blustering April night, now seventeen years and more ago, in the year 1799, when, making my way homeward in the darkness, my collar turned up about my ears, I stumbled upon him lying half frozen and unconscious in the icy gutter, as naked as the day his mother bore him, albeit a great deal greater grown.

I had stayed late, working, at the shipyard office. If I could not be at least a poor physician I could most certainly be a good clerk, and Enos Briggs's account books were in a state to need my best attention.

It was as well that none of the elders of Salem could hear my remarks as I groped, on all fours, for the thing that had tumbled me. I remember thinking that he must be dead, for he lay with his legs athwart the walkway and his body in the gutter, in such a way that the water and slush and ice backed up behind him as if he were a dam, while the overflow gurgled and sucked about his hinder parts like a millrace and made a miniature spillway across his throat.

I made haste to fish him out of the gutter and fell to making an examination. His pulse showed some faint flutter of life. I stripped off my greatcoat and wrapped it about him and lifted him like a meal sack across my shoulder, for he was too heavy to manage in any other way. In this fashion we made the short remaining journey to my lodgings on Daniels Street.

When I came to the door I thundered upon it, hoping that my landlord, Samuel Nowell, a carpenter at the shipyard, might be home before me and would give me a hand. But his granddaughter, Patience, let me in.

"Oh!" she cried. "Good Lord defend us! What—"

"Some poor devil," I said, "come by ill use in Derby Street. I stumbled on him in the darkness. He'll die if we do not care for him. Where's your grandfather?"

"He's gone off to the Ship and Anchor," she said.

I was glad to see that a fire had been lit and that my room was cheerful and warm. I managed to get my coat off my limp friend and stretched him out on the bed,

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

covering him with warm blankets.

He was fairly tall, perhaps an inch or two above my own height, which is not too inconsiderable. He had broad shoulders and a slim, tapering waist, flat hips and groin, and long, muscular thighs. His hands and feet were well shaped and slender; his features dark and aristocratically narrow. His age I guessed to be twenty-two or -three. His dark brown hair clung about his well-shaped skull, emphasizing the angularity of his face, the prominence of his arching nose, the high, wide cheekbones, and the lean length of his jaw. A strong face; handsome, even guileless, save for a slightly crooked eyebrow that gave it a quizzical expression.

IT seemed to me that Patience was a long time fetching the brandy and water I had called for. In the meantime I was physician enough to relieve him of an ounce or two of blood, and I was thus engaged when she entered. I closed the lancet wound and checked the bleeding. Next I poured out a generous potion of brandy. I raised his head in one arm and with my other hand lifted the mug to his lips. When I poured the drink between his teeth he coughed, spraying me well with brandy, sputtered, gagged, and opened his eyes.

His fit of coughing brought him up sitting. The movement dropped the covers about his loins, leaving him naked to the hips. At the same time it fetched the blood to his head in such wise that he clutched at his skull in a spasm of pain and cried out an oath, flinging himself back among the pillows.

"Lord God and his angels!" he moaned. "My head!"

I made haste to cover him out of regard for Patience's modesty.

"You took a nasty rap on it," I told him.

"What happened?" he asked.

"You take the words out of my mouth," I said.

His own reply was a long groan. Patience, whose gentle heart could not but be wrung at sight of such suffering, made a sympathetic sound.

At this he opened one eye cautiously and turned it in her direction. Patience flushed and edged toward me. He opened his other eye and stared at her openly.

"Who are you?" he said. Then, before she could answer, he turned his eyes to me. "And who are you?"

"I had it in mind to ask you that," I replied.

"Where am I?" he demanded, and all at once appeared to become aware of his own nakedness beneath the covers. "Where are my clothes? How did I come here?"

I saw that he was becoming panic-stricken, and realized that I had him at an unfair advantage. I made haste to reassure him, naming us both—Mistress Patience Nowell and Tom Tisdall. Then I bade Patience fetch a bowl of broth.

"Think, man!" I said when she had gone. "You were unconscious when I found you. Perhaps if you can't remember specifically where you were during the evening there may be some place to which you are accustomed to go." I named some of the most notorious of the waterfront dives.

He shook his head.

"I was never in Salem before in my life."

At Patience's entry my patient eyed her with new appreciation.

"Hot soup!" he breathed. "Darling, I shall love you forever!"

He made an effort to capture her hand, but she evaded him with a dexterity that amazed me.

"Tush, sir!" she exclaimed. "Eat your soup before it cools."

"Stop sirring me," he said sulkily.

"You have the advantage—sir," I told him. "We don't know your name."

Coming February 15—

THE CHALLENGE OF MARRIAGE

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A FULL-LENGTH BOOK

abridged to a reading time of one evening

"So you don't!" he said. "Stupid of me! Ben Price is my name. Eben Eleazer, my parents christened me, but I prefer plain Ben. Will you call me Ben, Patience, my sweet?"

She gave him a saucy smile to match his own. "'Tis a pleasure, Mister Price."

"Ben!"

"Oh, eat your soup," I put in, "while it's hot."

"Not until she calls me Ben," he grinned at me.

Patience gave me a helpless glance, and I nodded.

"All right—Ben," she said. "Now eat your soup!"

"With the greatest of pleasure," he beamed, and fell to.

I caught Patience's eye and signaled with my head toward the door. She turned away. Price looked up.

"Where are you going?"

"She's going to set out my supper," I told him. "I haven't had it yet, you know."

"Because of me, you mean?" he asked. *"Touché,* Thomas! Forgive me! You may go, Patience, my love, and feed the brute, but I shall expect you to come back and soothe my fevered brow with your lovely cool fingers!"

Patience laughed as I shut the door behind her. When she was out of earshot, I turned about and stood with my back to the door eying him.

"Let us have one thing clearly understood from the start," I said. "Leave Patience Nowell alone!"

"So that's the way it is!" he said.

"It isn't any way at all," I told him, though I could feel myself coloring. "It's just that I like and respect the girl and her grandfather. They've been friends to me in a place to which I came a stranger, and I've no mind to see her lot made harder through any act of mine."

"She has a hard lot?" He looked surprised.

"She does!"

"Perhaps you'll tell me?"

"Perhaps I will—one day," I said, and I went to get my supper.

PATIENCE was still working in the kitchen.

"Poor lad!" she exclaimed. "He seems so young, too."

"He was old enough to be involved in a low tavern brawl or worse!"

"How can you say that?" she demanded. "He said he could not remember what happened. Why would he lie?"

"Because," I grinned, "he's probably ashamed."

"Oh, you, Tom Tisdall!" she exclaimed angrily. "You're like everyone else—always ready to believe the worst about anybody!"

"That's not fair, Pat! And it's not true!"

She fell to scrubbing the table vigorously. Under the coarse stuff of her dress her figure was revealed subtly: slim, tapering waist and gently rounded hips, long, shapely legs. Beneath her bodice the young breasts swelled, firm and tempting. Her face, framed in a mass of curls the color of birch leaves in the autumn, was fresh and appealing without being prettily empty.

I had not been long in Salem, but I had been quick to learn the story of Patience Nowell. Samuel Nowell had had one son, Rufus, a handsome lad who met and fell in love with Elizabeth Lake, the daughter of a West India merchant of Ipswich. Doubtless they would have been married without delay but for her parents' opposition. The parents were wealthy and proud, and the trader-fisherman, son of a lowly carpenter, was not their notion of a proper match for their daughter. Tobias Lake forbade Rufus Nowell his house. But the lovers found ways to avoid the command. Throughout the summer and into the fall they met among the dunes or in the woods around Ipswich.

Before they could find a way to be married Rufus Nowell went to sea and was lost. Elizabeth's situation was tragic. She had lost her lover and she was with child. Tobias Lake, with the righteousness of the Pharisee, turned her out of his home; but for Sam Nowell it was enough that Rufus had loved her. When she came to Salem to appeal for his help he took her in and cared for her. Patience was born in his house, and her mother had named her in a moment of bitterness.

Elizabeth Lake died within three months after the baby's birth, and the old carpenter had been both father and mother to the child. The rest of Salem had not been so kindly.

"Do you know, Pat," I said abruptly after a long silence, thinking back to the way in which she had championed the stranger, "you are a very sweet and very understanding person."

She stopped her work and stared at me.

"Why, Tom," she said, "that's the kindest thing anyone ever said to me."

At that moment the front door burst open, letting in a great gust of wind. Sam Nowell, home from the Crown and Anchor, came in with it. He tossed his worn hat upon the table, and his sharp gray eyes flicked from me to Patience shrewdly but jovially.

"Eh, now," he said, "what's afoot?"

The old man eyed me narrowly while I told him. "Aye," he said finally. "Ye could scarce leave him to freeze." He chuckled and thumped me on the back. "Ye're a softhearted booby, Tom, but I love ye for it."

In the morning, at breakfast, Sam Nowell regarded his guest with interest.

"Would ye be related to Jonathan Price, the furniture maker of Sudbury, by any chance?" he said.

"He is my father."

"Do ye say so?" Sam exclaimed. "Has he taught ye well?"

"Try me!" Ben's smile was assured.

"I'll speak to Enos Briggs myself," the old carpenter declared. "I've a place for ye in my crew at the yard."

"And I can arrange quarters in the old barracks," I said.

Patience turned on me. "You'll do no such thing, Tom Tisdall!" she cried. "We've plenty of room."

The smile Ben gave me was almost derisive. "I hoped you would say that!" he said to her.

THE next day passed quietly, and shortly before sundown Ben came to the office for me.

"How did you do?" I asked.

"I did well enough, of course. Any good carpenter can do it, and if I were not better than most I'd have had no trouble still."

Our route homeward lay past the rows of lesser warehouses and the fishermen's wharves, past the great warehouses where the tall masts and spars of the ships beyond showed clean cut against the sunset sky. Opposite these was a brief row of stately homes.

A carriage stood before the Hacketts' door, and as we approached a young man and a girl came out of the house and paused upon the doorstep. At my elbow I heard my companion utter a low exclamation. He was staring at the couple with an expression almost of dismay. Even as I looked, however, it was replaced by one of sharp anticipation. When I glanced back I saw that Eli Hackett himself had joined the couple and they moved toward the waiting carriage.

The girl was small and dainty, but almost voluptuously full of figure. She was darkly lovely, with a small straight nose and a little provocative mouth. Black, lustrous hair showed beneath her bonnet.

Both of her companions were tall. I took the young man to be in his early thirties, and his dress was modern. From his rolling gait he was a seaman; probably master of one of the Hackett ships.

OWED TO AN ODE

Because there are so many ways
To paraphrase a paraphrase,
I tremble with uneasiness
Each time I write. Did William S.,
Or Keats, or Browning (Elizabeth B.)
Think this thought ahead of me?

Still, though I quote the *crème de la crème,*
Who skimmed the *crème* ahead of them?
Poems are made by gals and guys
Who early learn to plagiarize.

—Dorothy B. Griswold.

Only when we came abreast of them did they become aware of our presence. At that moment my eyes were upon the girl's face. A startled look, almost of panic, flickered across her eyes, to be replaced by an expression of curious, watchful alertness.

"Good evening, Captain Hackett," Ben Price said. To the girl he bowed. "Selina! Your servant still!" But his greeting was mocking, and her only response was a brief, almost fearful nod.

"By heaven, boy, what brings you to Salem?" Hackett boomed.

Ben smiled. "I am finished with Harvard, sir," he said. "I came here to learn something of shipbuilding. I am working for Mr. Briggs, upon the frigate."

"But where are you staying? Why not give us the pleasure of your company?"

Ben's eyes flickered in the direction of the girl.

"Thank you for your thought of me," he said. "For the moment I am lodging with my friend, Dr. Tisdall, here. We board with Samuel Nowell, on Daniels Street."

Abruptly Hackett appeared to remember and glanced at me.

"Dr. Tisdall?" he said, offering his hand. "I don't believe I have had the pleasure, sir."

"I am but lately come from Portsmouth, sir," I said.

At his introduction I shook hands with Captain Webb and bowed to Selina. With a smile and a provocative flash of eyes as black as her hair, she said, "Welcome to Salem, Dr. Tisdall."

I must admit that I stared after them when they drove off.

"I thought you didn't know anyone in Salem," I said to Ben.

"My dear man," he exclaimed, "the Hacketts spend a good deal of time in Boston! It happens that I met them there."

IT was not long after this that, toward the end of a day, I had an unexpected caller at the office: an enormous blackamoor who said, "Tell me, suh, please wheah kin ah fin' Doctah Tisdall?"

"I'm Dr. Tisdall," I said. "What can I do for you?"

"Please, ma'an"—I had not heard the broad West Indian address before, and it startled me—"please, ma'an, my lady say 'e don' feel good. 'E say please yo' come."

I was puzzled. I had made no effort to set up in practice in Salem. Indeed, at the moment I could think of no one except Ben and the Nowells who even knew my interest in medicine.

"Who is your lady?" I asked.

" 'E Mis'tess Hackett. 'E say please yo' come soon."

I remembered then that Ben had introduced me as "Dr." Tisdall on the day that we had met. Who could tell? This might be a reopening of the door of medical practice to me. I would be foolish if I did not snatch at every opportunity. Accordingly, I left a message for Ben that I would meet him at dinner and followed the black to the Hacketts'.

My patient lounged upon a sofa before the fire in a luxurious drawing-room. As I entered she reached out a hand.

"Doctor!" she said. "It was good of you to come."

If I had thought her lovely before, it was evident now that I had underestimated her. I looked at her face in search of any trace of illness, but aside from the wan smile which she affected I could find none. "Tell me," I said, "what is the trouble?"

"I feel simply awful," she replied.

I felt her head. It was perfectly cool. I took her pulse. It was steady. Her tongue was quite clear. As a matter of form I peered into her throat and saw nothing to cause alarm. I thumped her back and chest and found them sound. I sat back and looked at her. She met my eyes mischievously.

"Miss Hackett—" I began.

"My name is Selina," she put in.

"Miss Selina, I would diagnose your trouble as a mild case of spring fever and would prescribe a dose of sulphur and molasses for it. Or a sound spanking."

"You wouldn't dare!" she exclaimed.

"'Tis not for lack of daring, my dear," I told her, "that I don't. I am your physician, not your parent."

I rose. But she caught at me.

"Don't go!" she begged. "I want to talk to you. What's your name?"

"Tom," I said.

"Tom!" she repeated. "Well, Tom, I was lonely. I wanted someone to talk to. I liked you as soon as I saw you."

I reached out and took her hand. She made no effort to withdraw it.

"My dear," I said. "Don't you think this is a bit indiscreet? What would your father say?"

"Oh," she said gaily, "he's gone to Boston."

I made no answer. Indeed, I could think of none.

"I thought Ben might bring you around," she said, "after we met. When he didn't, I thought of this."

"I can't say that I'm sorry," I laughed.

"Why didn't he?" she demanded. "He hasn't been near us. Is he angry about something?" She seemed quite intent on my answer.

"He never spoke of it if he is," I replied.

"Oh, well, what does it matter?" she said. "You're here now! There's to be a ball at the Assembly next week. Will you take me? It isn't right that you should live here and have no friends. I'll sponsor you!"

"Oh, I have friends," I assured her.

AT THAT moment there was a knock at the outer door. We heard the houseboy's steps go past in the hallway.

"Who in the world—" Selina said, her tone a shade apprehensive.

There was a mumble of voices and then a step. Ben Price stood in the doorway, scowling.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I came at Miss Hackett's request," I said, "as a physician."

"That's likely," he snarled.

"Don't be a boor!" Selina snapped. "I sent for Tom because I felt ill, and he came and prescribed for me. I don't know why I trouble to explain it to you!"

The mocking smile touched his lips and he bowed in her direction. There was an awkward pause.

"Well!" he said with mock brightness, "isn't someone going to say something?"

"I'm going to say good-by," I said. "I think Selina should rest now. I prescribe it for her."

"Tom has promised to take me to the Assembly Ball next week, Ben," she said. "You'll come with us, won't you?"

"And be the third wheel? No, thank you."

I picked up my hat. Selina extended her hand.

"Next week, then," she said. "Wednesday?"

"Wednesday it is," I replied.

Ben followed me out, giving Selina no more than a curt good-by.

"Did she tell you anything about me?" he demanded.

"She didn't mention your name," I said, "except to wonder why you hadn't called. Is there something she should have told me?"

"Nothing," he said, looking away, "except that once we imagined ourselves in love."

"Well, if you ask me," I grinned, "you're well out of it. She's handsome, but she's selfish and flighty. She might be amusing—so long as you're not serious about her. Why don't you come to the ball?"

He shot me a sardonic glance. "No!" he said.

For a few paces we walked in silence. Then he stopped abruptly. He looked at me and all at once he burst out laughing. "By God, I believe I will!"

* * *

A Macon, Georgia, coroner's jury once returned the following verdict: "This person was so ill, that if he had not been murdered, he would have died half an hour before."—*Webb B. Garrison.*

* * *

THAT evening after dinner Ben turned to Patience and bowed elegantly.

"My dear," he said, "there's to be a ball at the Assembly next week. Will you honor me as my partner?"

Sam Nowell frowned, but Patience gave Ben a rapturous look.

"Oh, Grandpa, may I?" she cried.

"We'll see!" the old man mumbled evasively.

When we were in our room later, Ben tossed his jacket upon the bed and turned about, spreading his hands in a triumphant gesture, his face wreathed in a self-satisfied grin.

"You fool!" I exclaimed. "You poor damned fool! Which will give you the most pleasure—the hurt you hope to do Selina or the enjoyment you suppose Pat will take from it?"

"What the devil are you babbling about?" He growled.

I told him what I knew of Patience's background with considerable reluctance, for I did not relish the role of gossip. Yet I saw no way of avoiding it now. When I had finished he stared at me hopelessly.

"If it's true, I should think she'd have said no," he said presently.

"You can't blame the child for hoping that things may be different. She'll go as your guest. She's pinned her faith in you. God forgive you if you disappoint her!"

I came home alone and early on Saturday evening; Ben was still busy at the yard. Patience was in the garden weeding, and I squatted down beside her. She gave me a gay smile.

"You're setting a lot of store by this ball next week, aren't you?" I said.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she cried. "I'm making a new gown for it. You never offered to take me to a ball," she added.

"No," I replied. "They're not really much fun. I don't think you'll like it."

She rose abruptly. "I know what you're thinking."

It semed to me that I must, somehow, repair the damage I had done. "Pat!" I said earnestly. "I'm very fond of you. If you were my own sister, I could not be more so!"

She looked as if I had slapped her. "Oh!" she exclaimed. And then, abruptly, she turned and ran into the house, leaving me staring after her, bewildered at the ways of women.

That evening after supper Sam Nowell played his guitar for us to dance, and when Patience danced with Ben it seemed to me that she was more tender and attentive than she had any need to be. In a way, I think, it made me a little jealous.

ON Wednesday, the day of the ball, Ben did not go to work. When I called him in the morning he put me off with an excuse about not feeling up to it. When I came home there was no sign of him or Patience or Sam Nowell, though there was a cold supper laid out and a note to say I was not to wait.

At the Hacketts' house I was shown into the drawing-room, where I found Captain Hackett alone.

"Ah, Tisdall!" he exclaimed, rising, "Selina's not quite ready. She'll be down in a moment. You know these women! May I offer you brandy and coffee, a cigar?"

"Thank you, sir," I said.

"You've been long acquainted with Ben?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact," I replied, "I've known him little over a month."

"Indeed?" he said. "You say you are from Portsmouth. You will be acquainted with Dr. Hall Jackson, no doubt?"

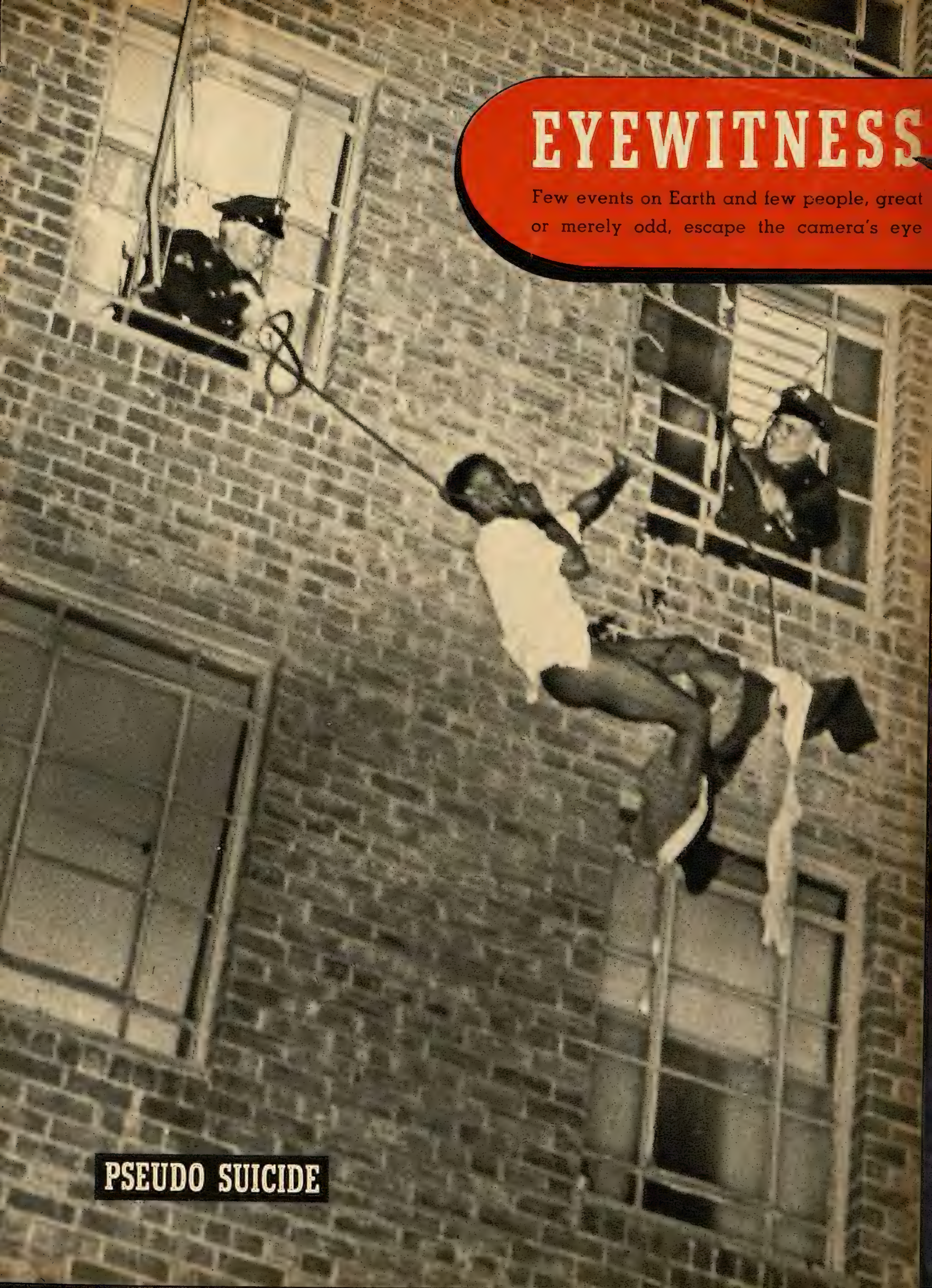
(*Continued on page 103*)

PHOTO BY INP

"Tired of livin' and feared of dyin'," Silas Jordan dived out a Harlem window, then grabbed a metal sash with a life-saving grip. He lost blood, dignity, pants, and the desire to be a rare suicide statistic. (Suicide ratio of Negro to white men is two to seven.) Policeman with billy dislocated a shoulder beating Jordan's fingers off the window sill so that he could be lowered to a safety net.

EYEWITNESS

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye



PSEUDO SUICIDE

Francis Cardinal Spellman
Archbishop of New York

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Choirboys at St. Vincent Ferrer Church have equal chances to become cardinal.

FAITH in a Democracy

FREQUENTLY from Catholic pulpits congregations are reminded that "Faith without good works is dead." Catholics believe it is not enough merely to believe, but that, to be effective, their ancient religion must be actively practiced constantly.

From this act of faith of Catholics, all citizens of this democracy can take inspiration, for it is also true that faith in democratic principles without active application is dead.

Francis Spellman, born at Whitman, Massachusetts, in 1889, has risen by democratic processes to become the leader of his faith in America. As Cardinal, he keeps his faith vibrantly alive with good works. As an American, he actively practices democracy in his personal life, as the following pages show.

Cardinal Spellman writes eulogy of a friend.

EMIL HERMAN PHOTO

He serves children, who know him as a benefactor.

JACK O'REILLY PHOTO

Young Father Spellman, after being ordained in 1916, carried on his active interest in baseball by directing Holy Name team.

Ugandan children are charmed by Military Vicar Spellman of the Armed Forces on 46,000-mile tour of war zones.

"I shall work among you as if everything depended on me, and I shall trust in God as if everything depended on Him."

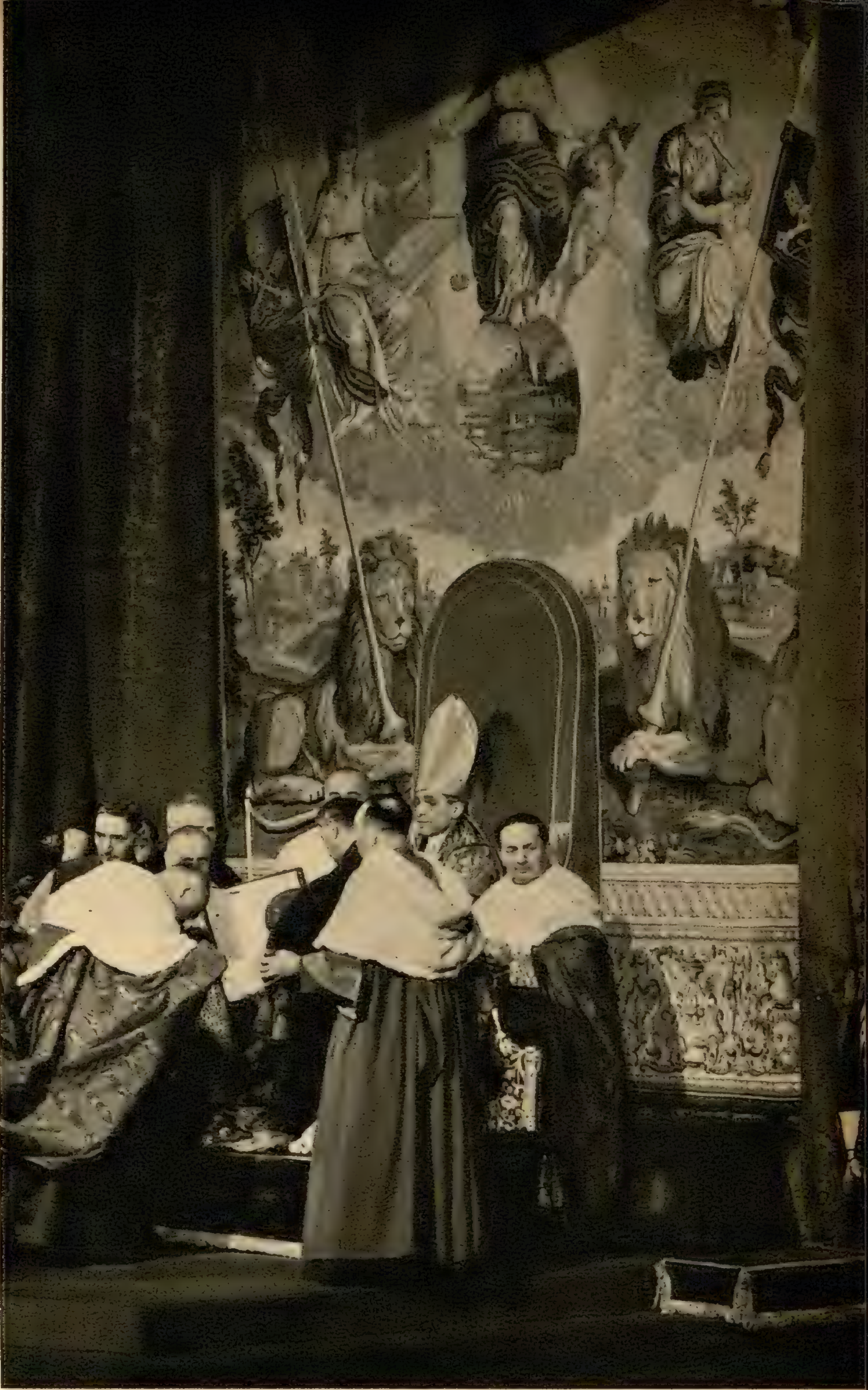
Archbishop Spellman, celebrating Mass in Tokyo Bay for G.I.s, visited hospital and stopped at every bed.

Cardinal Spellman brings comfort and counsel on his administrative rounds

The Cardinal excludes none in his concern for the welfare of his fellow man. The Little Sisters of the Poor find in him encouragement for their charity; an aged destitute woman tells her troubles to a sympathetic Father; to the men he brings gifts, and in response to their heartfelt ovation he laughed, "You'd think I was Mayor O'Dwyer"; talks with

Churchill brought the crowd. New Yorkers are used to meeting Cardinal Spellman walking.

Pope Pius XII significantly gave the newly elevated Cardinal his former titular church.



Francis Cardinal Spellman received his red hat when he was fifty-six. He was educated in the public schools of his native Whitman, Mass.

ALL PICTURES ABOVE BY ACME, INP, AND AP

PHOTOS TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY HERBERT GILES

students of Cathedral College, now twelve years away from priesthood; greets Monsignor Hartigan, president of college. On a visit to a hospital for incurables he chats with Negro patient, and a non-Catholic thanks him for his visit. The Cardinal inspects reconstruction work on St. Patrick's. He supervises all construction within the New York Se

Liberty picks a Movie eligible fo

—a lush gold-rush saga starring Ray Milland and Barbara Stanwyck

A feud between Milland and Stanwyck, two tough cynics, turns to love.

THIS brawling, sprawling tale about the strike-it-rich miners who rushed to California in '49 proves that, as far as Hollywood is concerned, there's still gold in them thar hills.

For California, a slicked-up Western, is certain to strike box-office pay dirt with such sure-fire ingredients as these: a rough-and-ready barroom romance between Ray Milland and Barbara Stanwyck; trigger-happy frontier violence which manages to kill off eight principal performers and any number of extras; stunning Technicolored shots of desert sunsets, flower-bedecked haciendas, and covered-wagon caravans.

One especially photogenic caravan has been organized by Barry Fitzgerald, a gentle farmer who wants to grow grapes in undeveloped California. Fitzgerald hires Milland, a tough soldier of fortune, as guide, and allows Stanwyck, a poker-playing adventuress, to hitch a ride West. Milland and the lady build up a

(Continued on page 92)

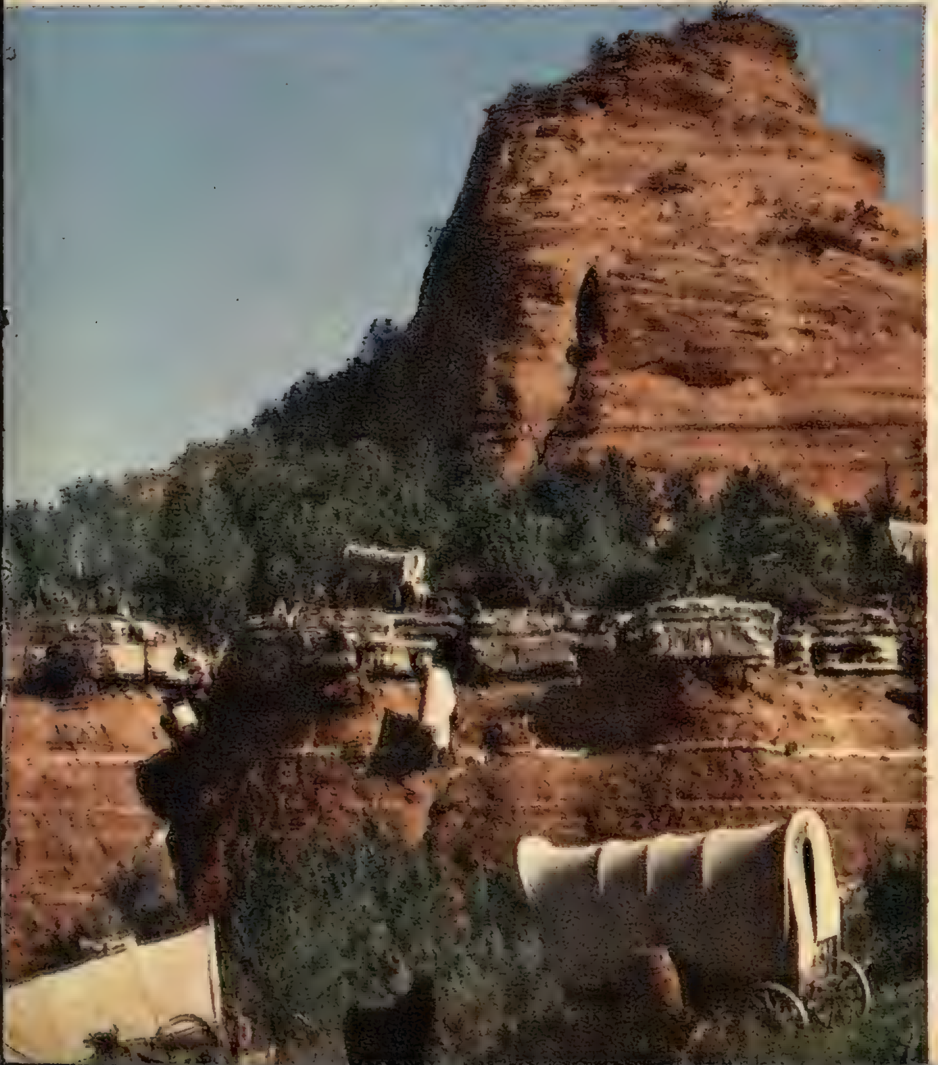
Stanwyck, owner of a boom-town saloon, serenades hard-to-get Milland with catchy Robinson-Harburg tunes.

op honors "CALIFORNIA"

Dependable Barry Fitzgerald is a Bible-reading farmer.

At least eight of the principal performers are killed off.

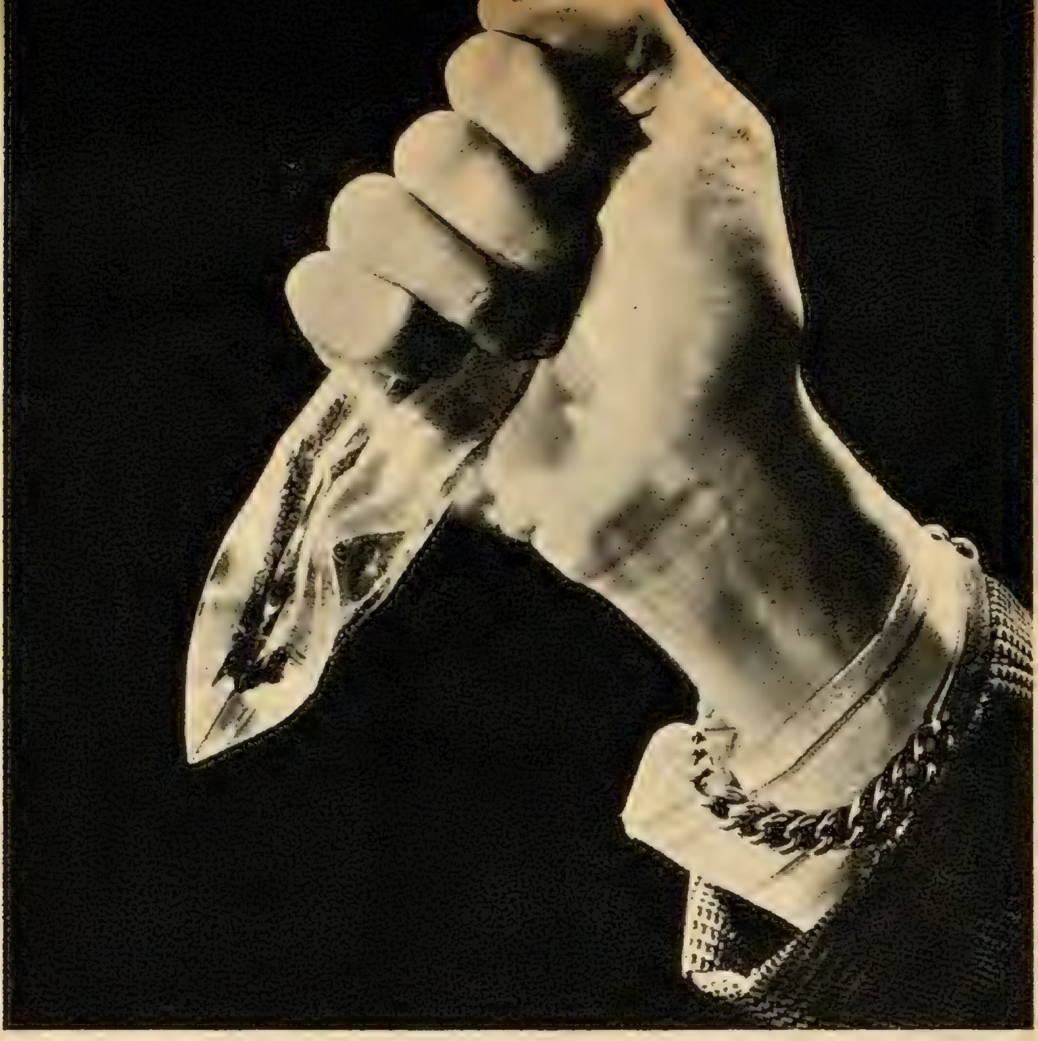
Vivid Technicolor obviously brings out the best in the West.



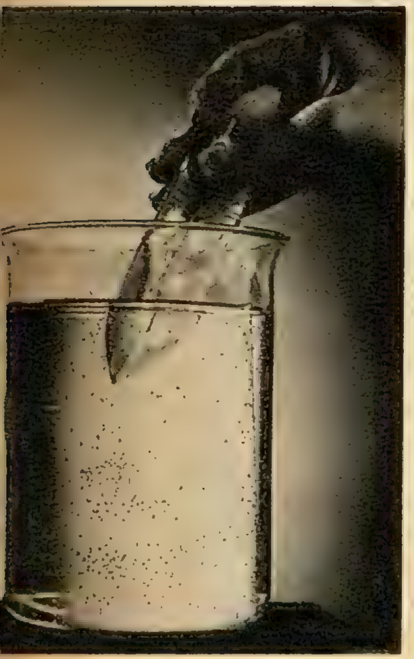
Milland made this Western to impress his young son.

An Ash Tray Remembers

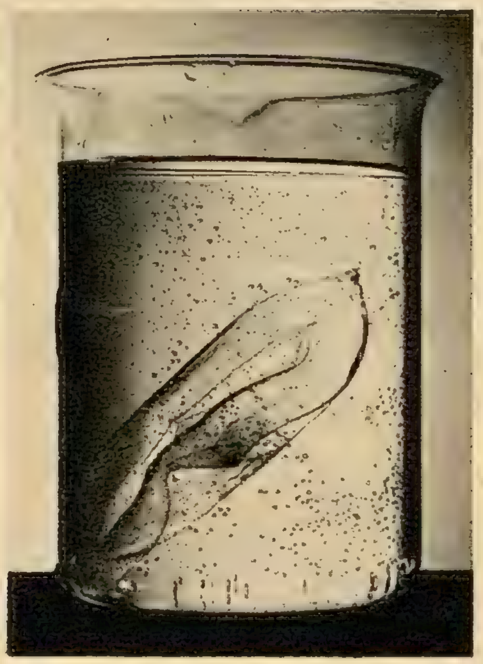
Certain plastics have memories, a fact that was put to use in a murder mystery



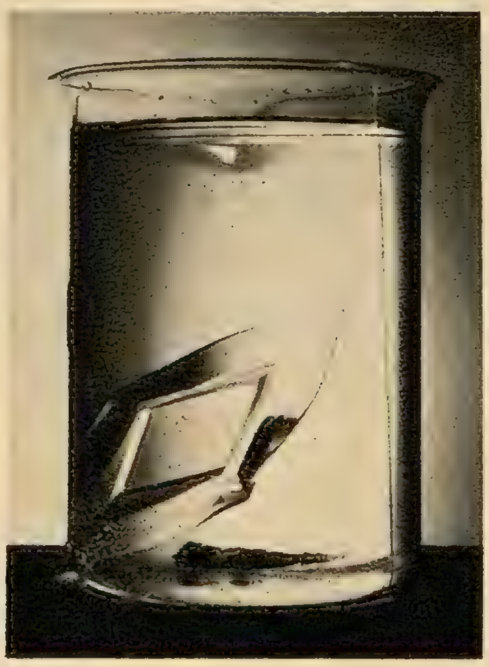
Menacing Dagger in the business position after it had been compressed into this form from a prosaic plastic ash tray.



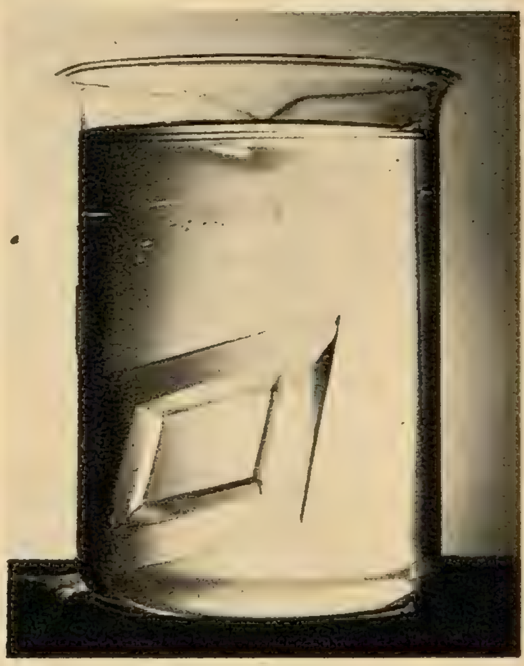
It is put in hot water.



Starts to take its old form.



The change nearly complete.

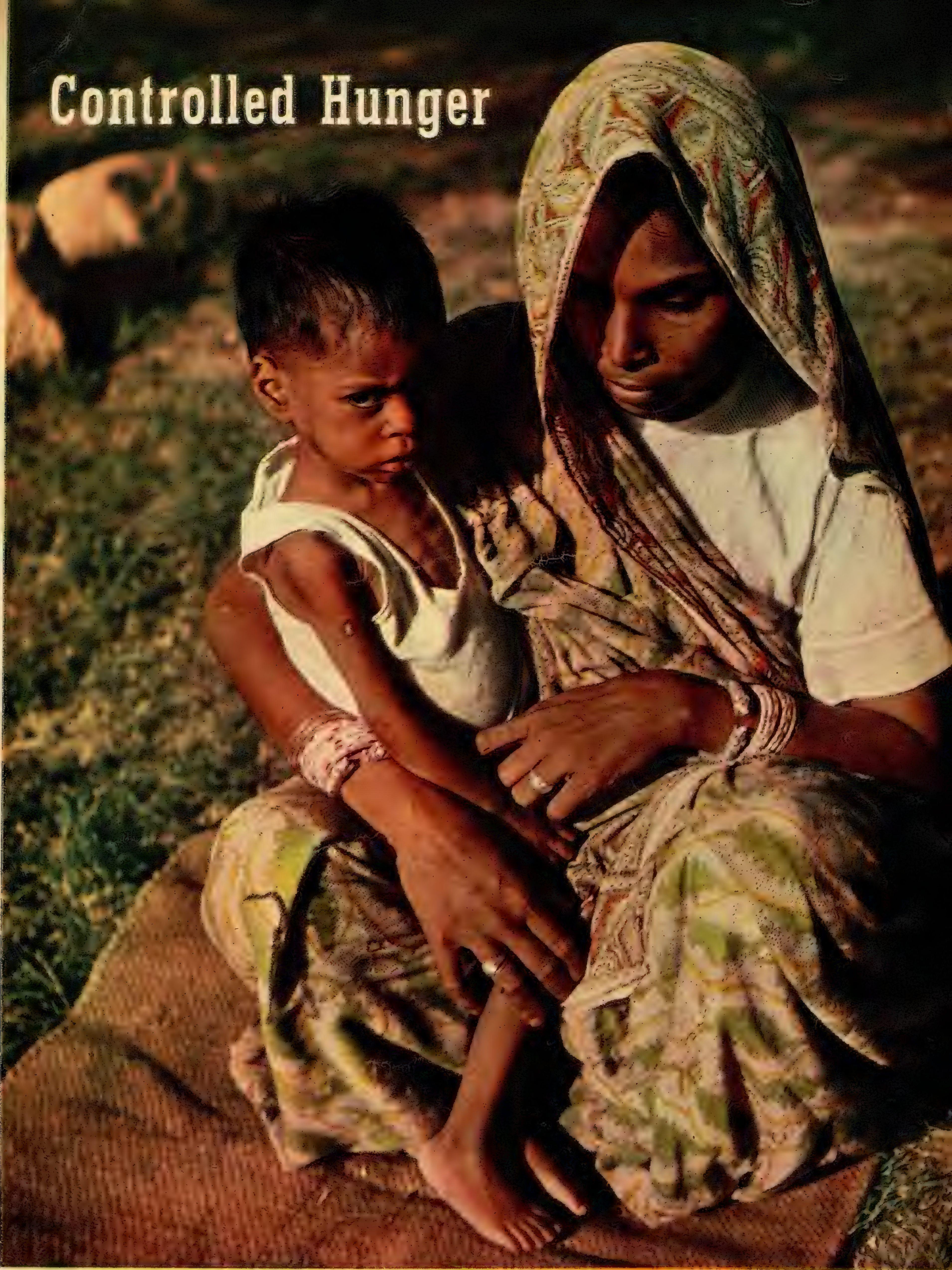


Here it is an ash tray again.

IN a noted mystery story, a husband was murdered by his wife who used a dagger she had fashioned from a plastic ash tray. She had first put the ash tray into a teapot. The heat softened the plastic so it could be squeezed into the form of a dagger. After killing her husband, she dropped the weapon into the teapot and it returned automatically to its original shape. Thus she gave the police a bad time looking for the weapon until a smart detective learned that some plastics actually do have a memory and return to their original forms. This series of pictures shows how the woman might have done it. However, it wasn't as simple as the author made it. It took 350 degrees of heat to soften the ash tray to the consistency of tough rubber. Even then it was necessary to use wooden blocks and a vise to mold it into a dagger. And to make it hold its new shape, it had to be kept in the mold until cool. After boiling water (212° F.) jogged its memory, it resumed its original shape.

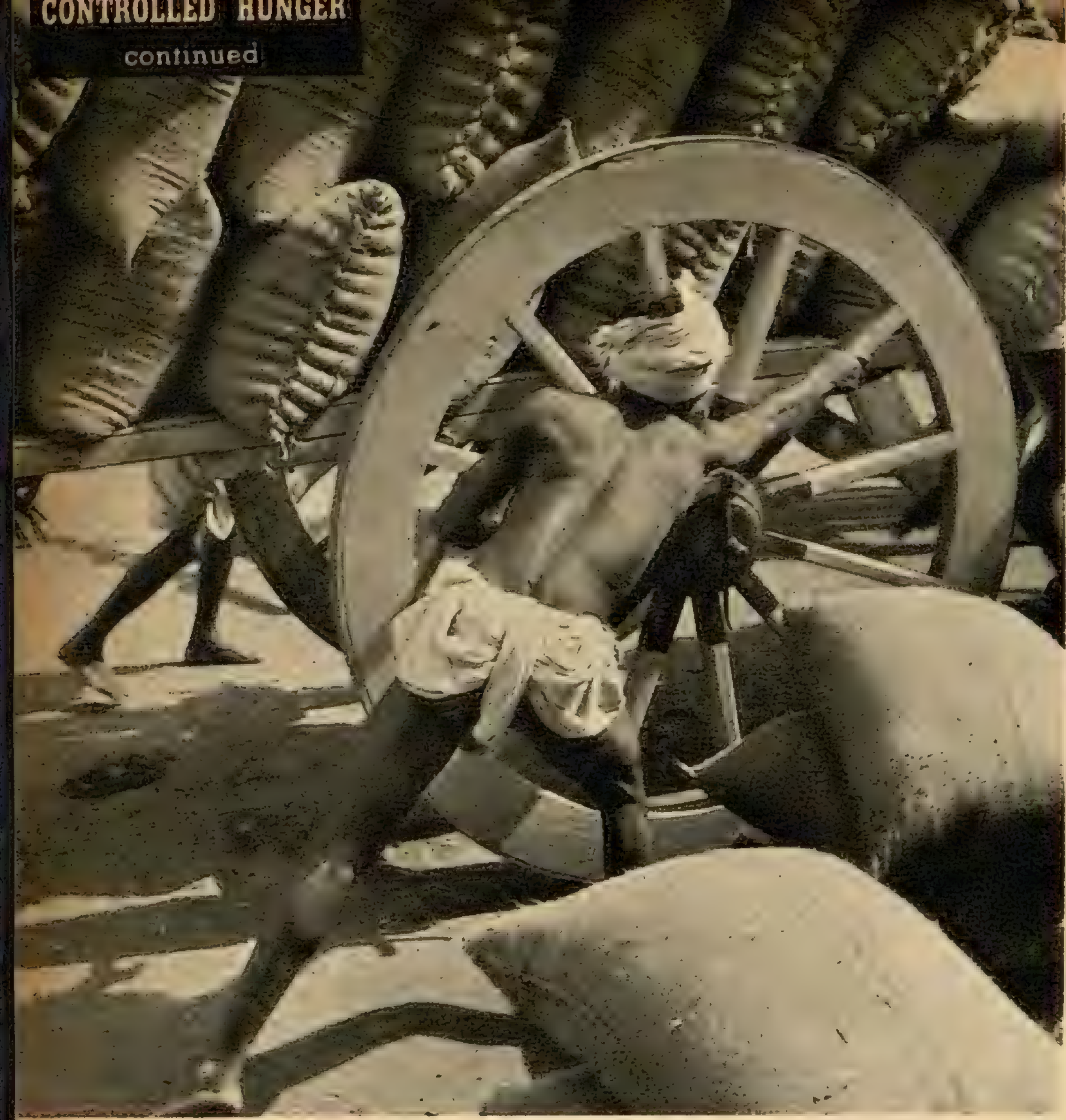
Now fully returned to its original form and back at the old stand.

Controlled Hunger

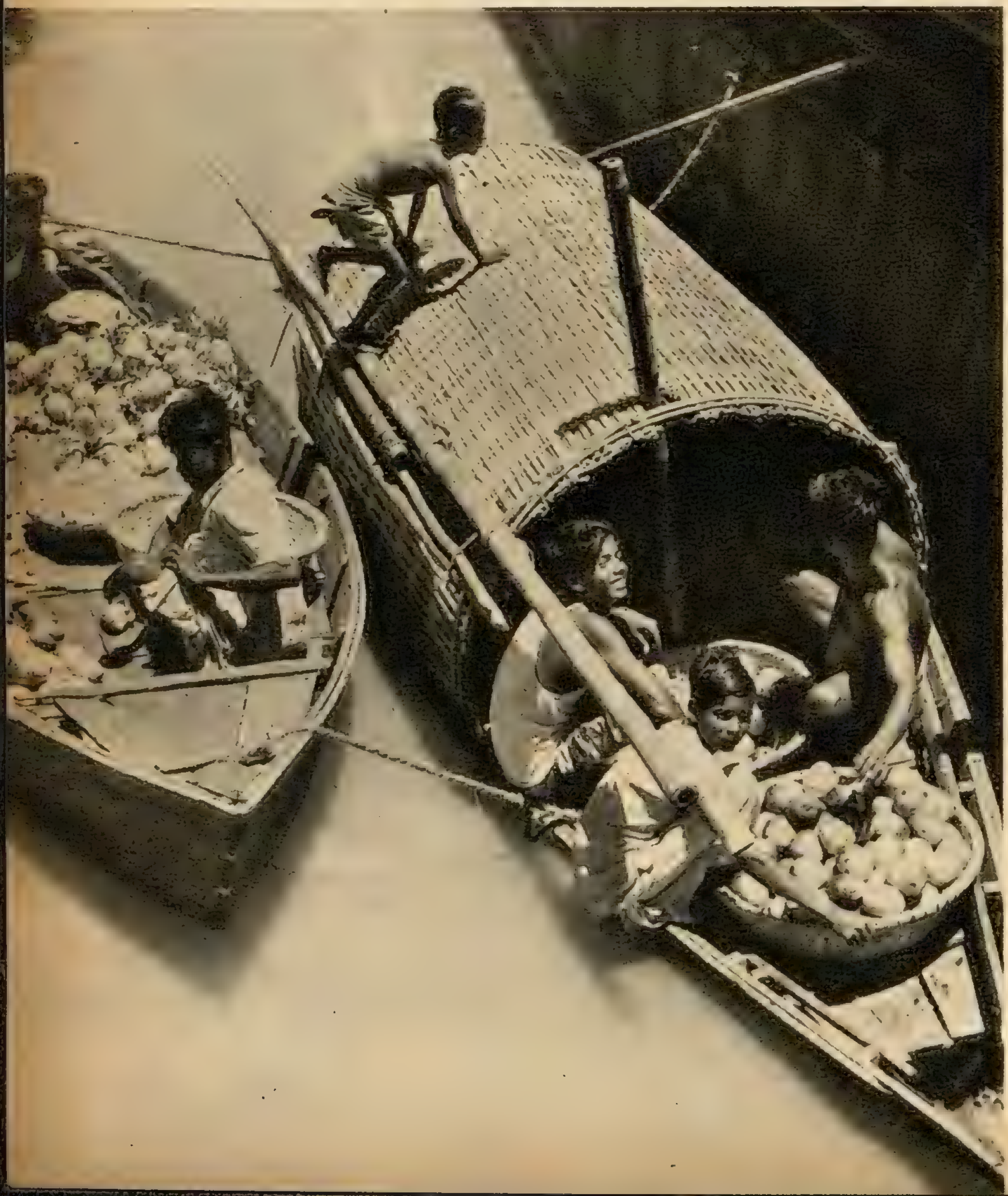


HINDU CASTES CRACK under all-leveling scythe of famine. This New Delhi Hindu mother cannot turn her precious bracelets into food for her hungry child. Neither will her birthright allow her and her child a combined daily food ration of more than eighteen ounces, enough to avert starvation but not emaciation.

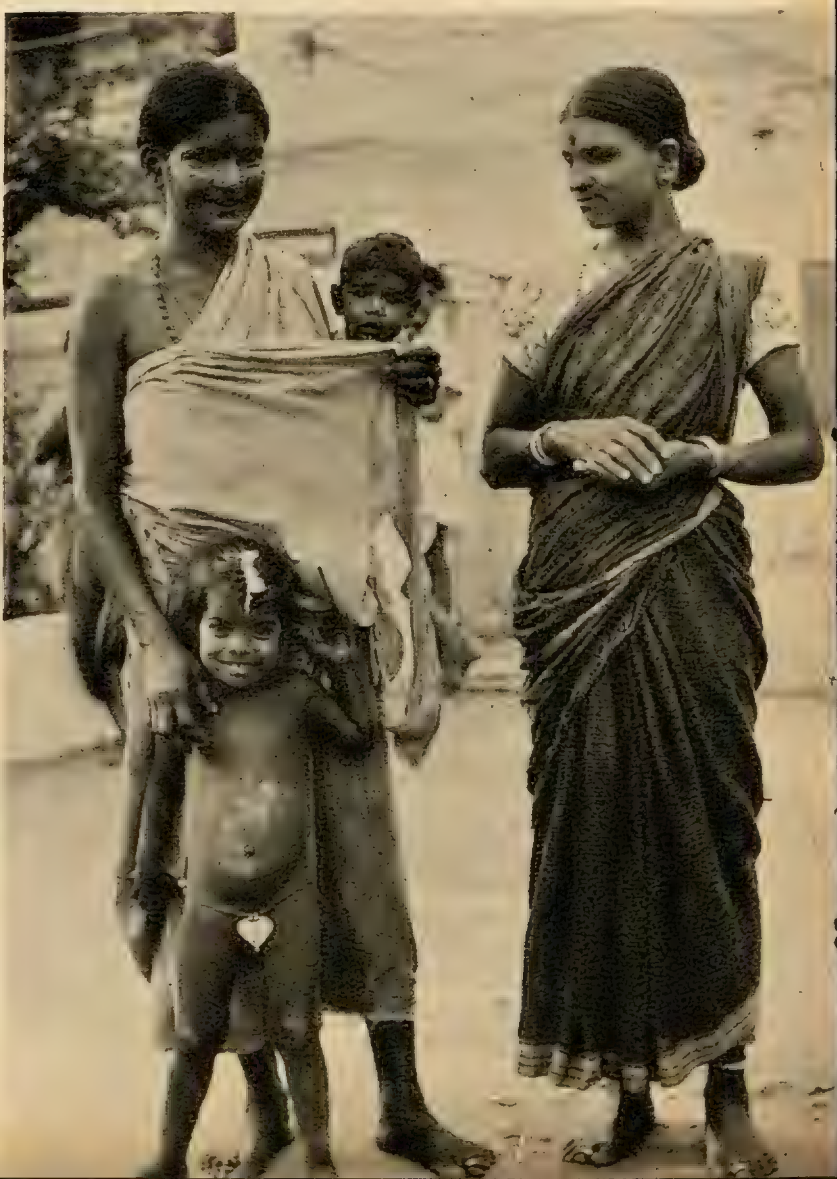
Our Wheat, Rationed with Equality Staves Off Starvation in India

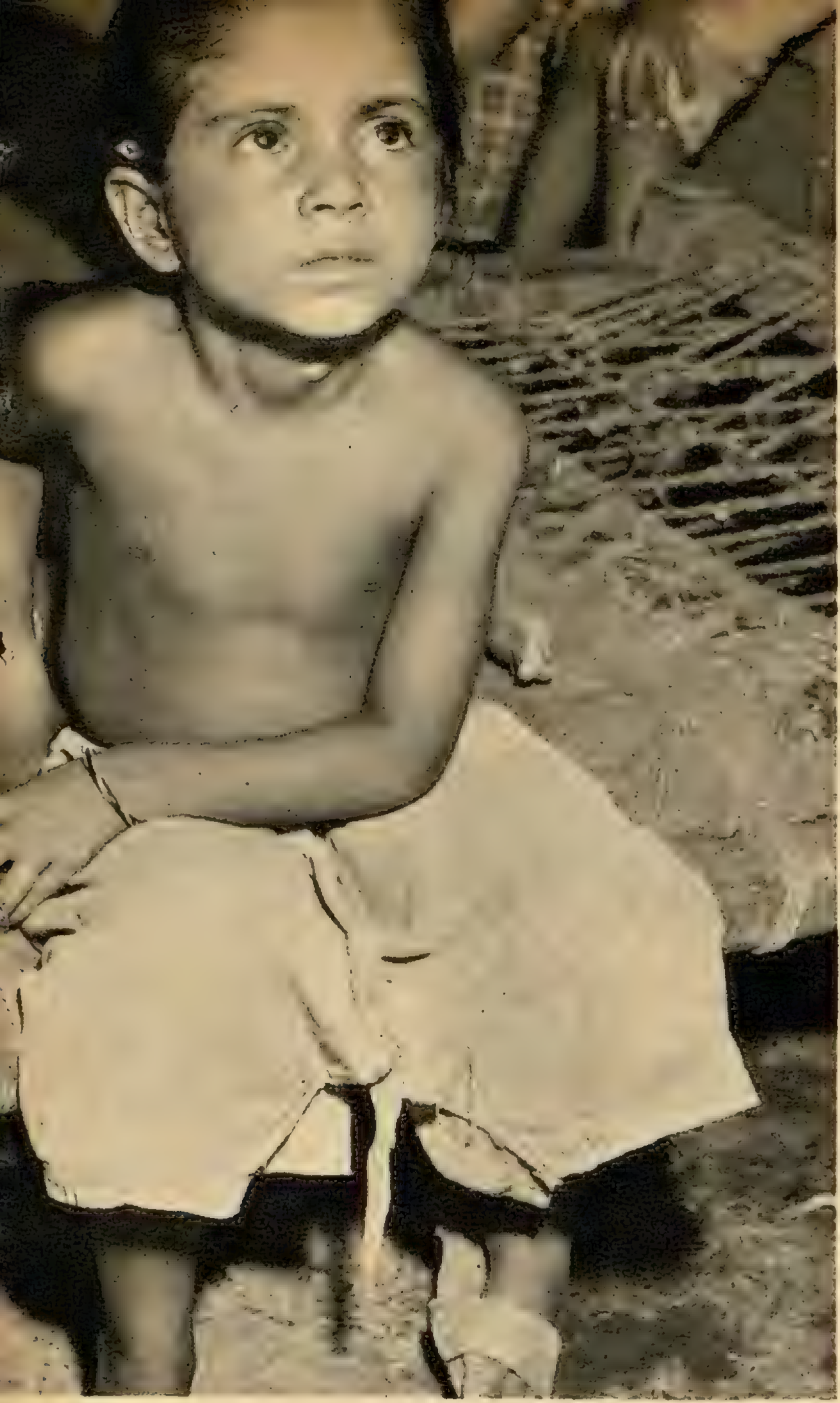


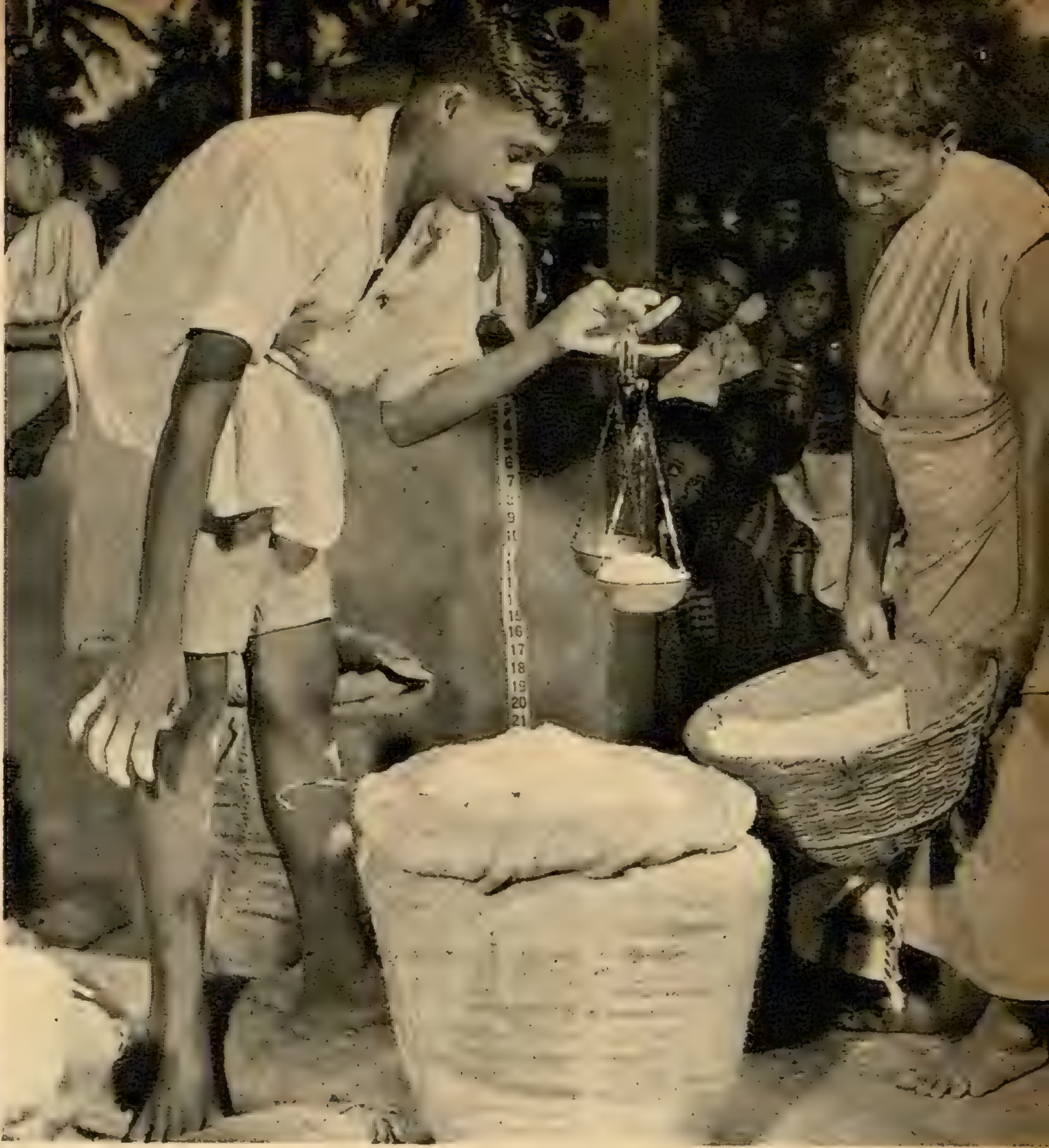
American Wheat, in pitifully inadequate amounts, is pulled by bullocks aided by straining men. Rationed in India for the first time on a strictly fair basis, it is distributed equally to Brahman and beggar. (Below) Fruit and vegetables, a mere trickle, help preserve life among the house-boat dwellers on the river at Munshigangh.



Mother Offered Daughter (grinning below) to photographer, hoping girl would fare better in U. S. Thus, without girl to feed, more favored son could have a greater share of his mother's food ration.



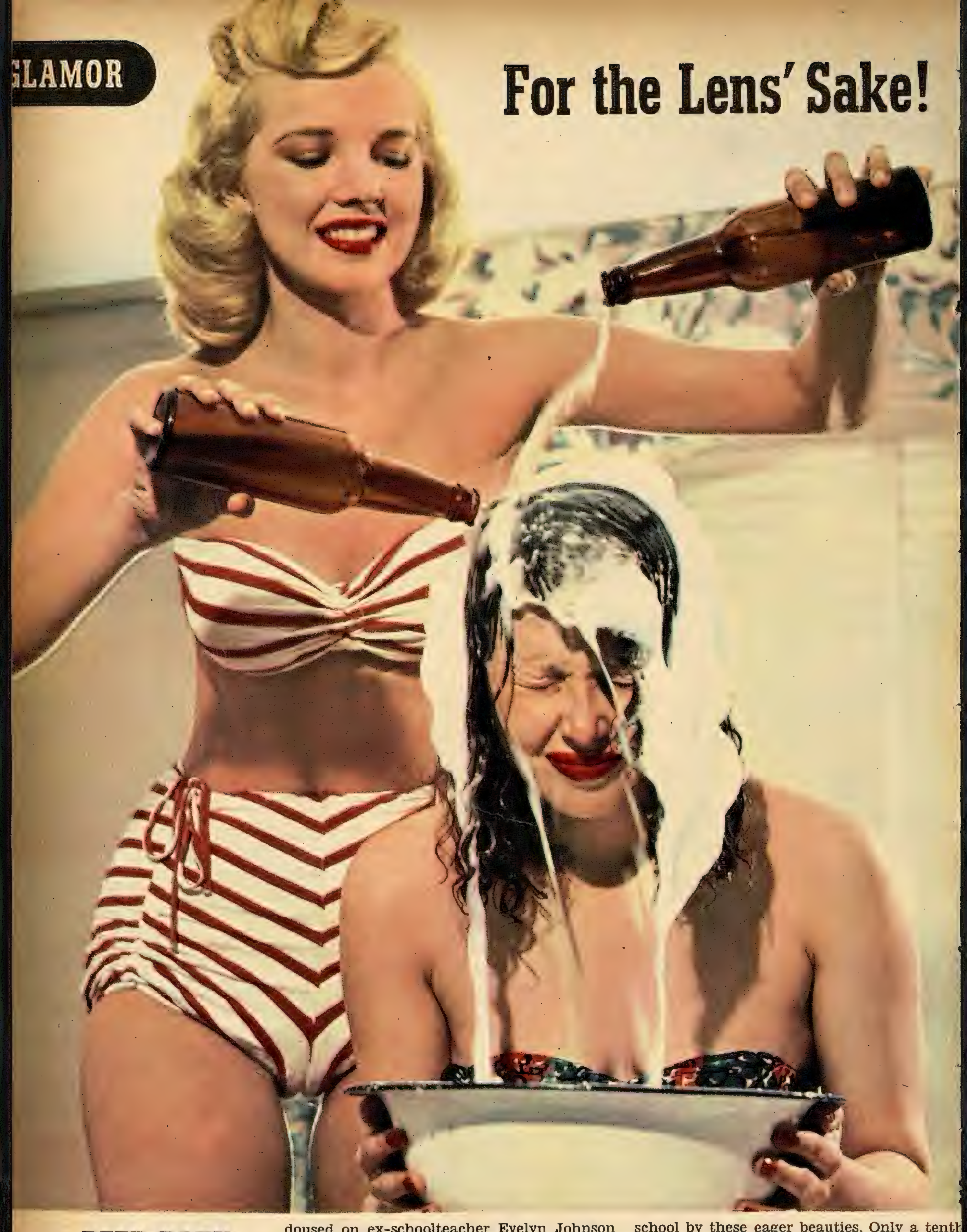




Untouchable Woman receiving her meager dole of flour (above) was suspicious of wheat—Hindus traditionally prefer rice—but is taught by government worker (below) to make simple pancakes, using seven ounces flour, 1½ cups water, and ½ teaspoon salt. Higher-caste women (center) get instruction in pancake making.

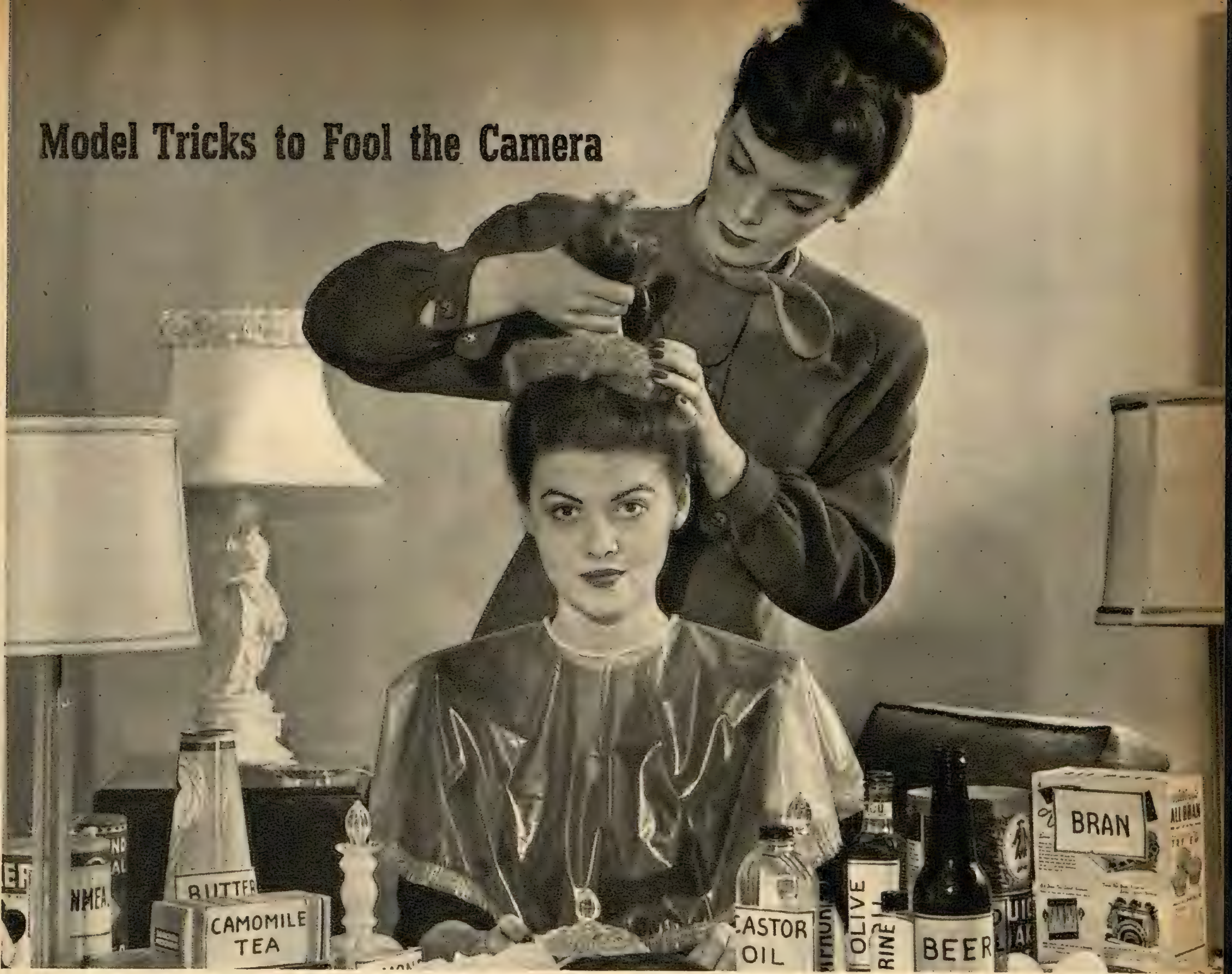
Doomed Boy (above) and sister, four, nursing him, are suffering from intense vitamin deficiency. Bloated look is more dangerous than sympathy-getting emaciation that usually marks most other Hindu children.

For the Lens' Sake!



BEER BATH doused on ex-schoolteacher Evelyn Johnson by June Kirby high-lights the hair and sets it for a glamor photograph. Such tricks are studied at Barbizon modeling school by these eager beauties. Only a tenth crack the big time. Most models average $3 to $100 a week. Highest rate is $25 an hour

Model Tricks to Fool the Camera


BUTTER
CAMOMILE TEA
CASTOR OIL
OLIVE
BEER
BRAN

Milky Skin (below) is acquired by Janice Cooper by soaking in water softened by oatmeal, almond meal, and bicarbonate of soda, while she makes cuticles glisten with warm castor oil. Chicki Winslow uses oatmeal face pack.

Steel Wool topknot (above) demonstrated by Nina Vaughn on Emmy Lou Scott makes hair-do's firm enough for head-standing but is hard on hair. Egg whites beaten into a stiff froth are used to give a dry shampoo.

Glamor Achieved (below) wit vegetables. Nina peels cucumber fo lotion that Cleo Carter rubs on he legs. Emmy Lou applies beet juice t lips, which looks better to lens. Sh stops a run (center) with nail polish

BUTTER-MILK
CASTOR OIL
POWDERED OATMEAL
OATMEAL
PEROXIDE

HERALD TRIBUNE PHOTO

AMATEUR, Your Pay Slip Is Showing! The border line between amateur and professional athletes is thinner than a dollar bill. In these lush days of sell-out crowds, the biggest bulge in many an amateur's clothes is not over his biceps but his hip pocket. Yet Americans persist in the hypocrisy of differentiating the play-for-pay from the play-for-fun boys. Just what constitutes pay is often very strange. If a tournament tennis player takes five dollars for a lesson, he loses his amateur standing; but no one objects to his adding the price of a new suit to his "traveling expenses" in competition. Some amateur golfers who receive fat salaries from sports-minded corporations show up at the office once a month. College football players now openly acknowledge that they will get their education at the institution which pays the most. The under-the-counter atmosphere surrounding so-called hams has sometimes been sordid. Intercollegiate basketball got a black eye when players in Madison Square Garden took money from a gambler in 1945. It has been suggested that the distinction between ham and pro be wiped out by letting any athlete take honest pay. This, say some, would be more in accord with the facts.

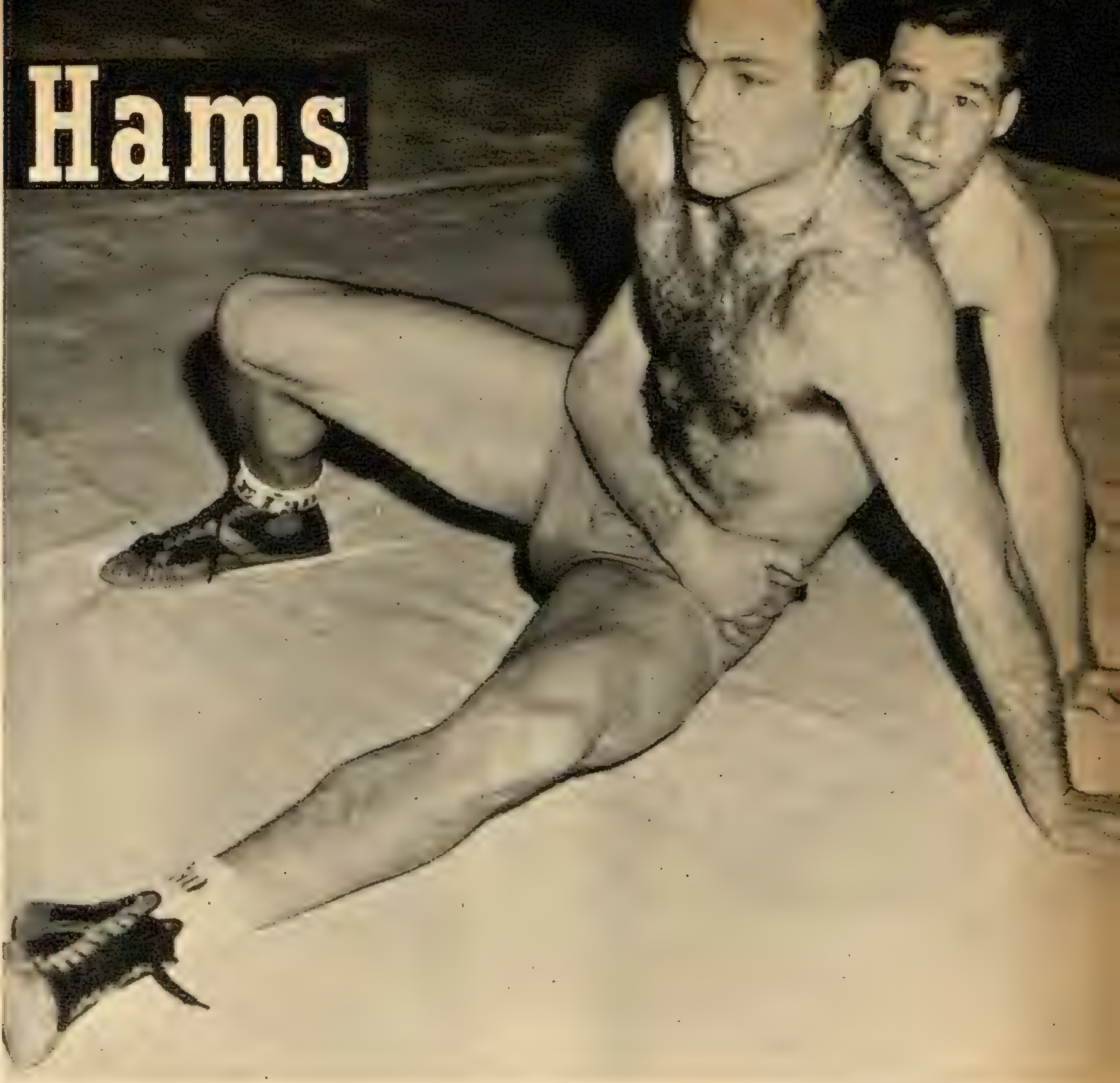
Swimming in competition never made anyone rich, ▲ but a fortunate few like Esther Williams turn their athletic talent to gold on the movie lot. She doesn't have to swim as hard as Joseph Verdeur, breast-stroke king, who hasn't as yet been asked to do a Tarzan picture. ▼

SOVFOTO

The Russian Question is as prominent a stickler in the sports world as it is elsewhere. It is simply: What is an amateur? Russians, like these weight lifters, honestly don't know. In the U.S.S.R. there is no such status for athletes, all of whom are subsidized by the state. So long as there is no international competition, the matter remains purely academic, but the Olympic Games will force the issue in 1948. The U. S. is even against paying team members for the days they lose off the job. Moscow sportsmen believe that the Olympic Games *are* work and the toilers should be duly recompensed.

Pros vs. Hams

You can't tell an amateur from a professional by looking at the score card

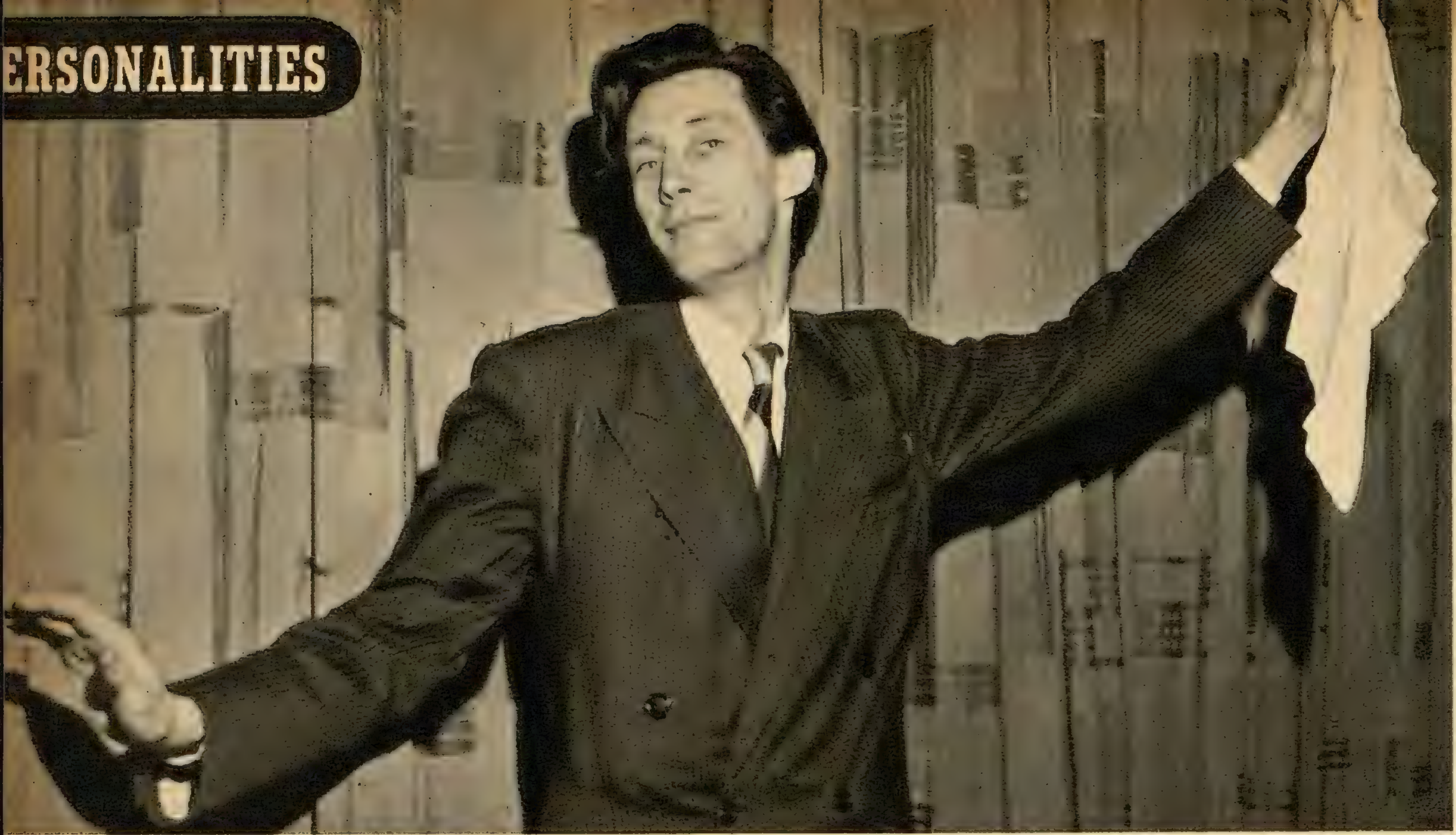


WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Wrestling straight (right) and otherwise (above). The Oklahoma A. & M. lads at ease on the mat are amateurs in the best sense. Their matches last about five minutes—close to the limit of human endurance. Professional pachyderms like Ali Baba and Mile-High Ross tweak each other's noses, pull their respective mustaches, and do everything but wrestle for over an hour. Fans know most bouts are fixed, but encourage the buffoons, who makes as high as $10,000 a year.

PHOTOS BY PRESS ASSOCIATION AND INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Boxing can be highly profitable—if you get to be champ. As Joe Louis wards off Billy Conn's glove he shuts his eyes, perhaps dreaming of the $625,916 he is making. Joe started as an amateur and fought his way through the Golden Gloves just like the boy who has taken to the air. These youngsters box for free, but hope some day to be big-time pros. Many amateur pugs can pick up $25 for fighting at club smokers.



John Carradine, the actor, flicking an outsized hanky, makes with typical Hildegardean hoopla.

Imitating the Inimitable

Mimes can't resist imitating Hildegarde any more than they can pass up other top products of Milwaukee—beer and cheese

llulah Bankhead, to the deht of chanteuse (two-bit French rd for female singer), gets in her n hair. Milton Berle (below) swipes shing-teeth act of Hildegarde.

Ever So Coy is Victor Moore doing what comes naturally, while the slaphappy Col. Stoopnagle (below) achieves simpering, shut-eyed pose of the chanteuse. Note draped shape.

They May Have Cried "Take it off!" but it's only a lace-edged handkerchief that Gypsy Rose Lee is holding. Burgess Meredith (below) does all a guy can to ape Hildegarde.

90 YEARS OF INTEGRITY

MANY, MANY *Happy Returns*

THIS YEAR, The House of Seagram celebrates its 90th birthday. Since 1857, Seagram craftsmen have been working "to make finer whiskies . . . make them taste better." To understand how brilliantly they have succeeded, taste 7 Crown – Seagram's finest American whiskey. You'll promise yourself *many happy returns* of that pleasurable experience.

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THE REDHEAD IN THE GOLDFISH BOWL

Continued from Page 46

Miss Dyckman yawned and went to the window to draw the shade. Sunlight poured in, and she stood, half blinded, looking out at Hollywood Boulevard. As she stared, the people who had been walking stopped walking and stared back. A nose flattened against the glass. Miss Dyckman covered the distance to the bed in two leaps and dived under the covers. There was laughter from the street.

Miss Dyckman stayed under the covers till her throbbing temples were ready to burst, and then her head popped out, turtle fashion.

"Go away," she implored.

"Hubba-hubba!" answered a chorus from outside.

She tried desperately to think. Her clothes were draped across the footboard of the second twin bed—just out of reach. Somehow she must escape from this goldfish bowl, and there seemed only one way. She sprang from the bed, intending, in one brave dash, to draw the window blind. But as she reached for it, there was a blinding burst of light. She saw a man with a camera frantically replacing a flash bulb.

THIS was the picture that appeared an hour later in the Daily News. It showed a shapely girl in a black slip, her eyes wide, her hair falling about her shoulders, reaching upward in classic ballet form. Peering through a panel behind her was the face of a startled-looking young man.

Luckily the caption under the picture didn't record the conversation between the two people in the picture. The conversation began a second after the photo was snapped, and lasted over a long course which led from Sacher's bedroom display window, out the employees' entrance, along Hollywood Boulevard to Vine, and thence south to a ladies' room in a service station on Wilshire. It reached its climax half a block from the service station, when the young man denied ever having said that he was an agent for models.

"I didn't," stated Gilford.

"You did. You said you handled Miss Willoughby— Oh, go away!"

"I did handle Miss Willoughby," Gilford answered, "and several more like her, till my pity for your plight cost me my job. I was destined for great things at Sacher's, too. But am *I* mad? No."

"Hundreds of awful people gaping," moaned Miss Dyckman, "and me practically in my birthday suit."

"You were as fully dressed as most of the people gaping. And there weren't hundreds. I was going to awaken you early, but sometime before it got daylight, I fell asleep behind the necktie counter."

"Thousands of people gaping," Miss Dyckman corrected, bursting into tears. "What a yokel I turned out to be—believing everything you said!"

"I didn't tell a single lie," Gilford protested, and added, injudiciously, "Remember? You said you were never wrong about people."

"Oh!" sobbed Miss Dyckman. "Oh! Now I do hate you!"

She struggled against his hands which were holding her shoulders. A small high heel came down on Gilford's toe.

Gilford released the girl and Miss Dyckman darted away and disappeared into the ladies' room at the corner service station.

Gilford waited thirty-five minutes for her to emerge, and then sadly turned his steps back toward Hollywood Boulevard. He would return to Sacher's to empty his locker.

He entered Sacher's, half hopeful of a miracle of forgiveness, but the frozen preoccupation of the employees assured him he bore the mark of a leper. He trudged miserably toward the basement stairs.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Dutton."

Gilford turned and looked down at a beaming Mr. Boyle.

"A very beautiful morning," said Mr. Boyle. "Oh, by the way, Dutton, Mr. Sacher wishes to see you. I think you'll find him in his office."

Mr. Sacher didn't ask Gilford to take a chair, and that, somehow, hurt more than anything else. "I can't tell you how you've disappointed me," he began. "I've stood up for you consistently with various members of the firm, but this last—well, this is just too much.

"Forgetting to draw the shades yesterday was one thing—but this—Well, I'm told there were three hundred people gathered at the window. I wasn't a witness, but Mr. Boyle said he saw the whole vulgar spectacle."

"Just a minute," said Gilford. "There wasn't anything vulgar about it. That's one thing you cannot say about Miss Dyckman—she certainly isn't vulgar."

"A half-dressed girl in a display window is hardly in good taste," Mr. Sacher observed coldly. "We won't go into your motives for smuggling the girl in."

"Now, wait a minute, Mr. Sacher," Gilford interrupted. "I don't care what you think about me, but let's get some facts straight. Miss Dyckman wasn't smuggled in. She wasn't half dressed. By Hollywood standards, she was overdressed. Even according to Sacher's standards. How about those lingerie mannequins in the next window?"

"There is hardly a comparison," remarked Mr. Sacher. "Our lingerie displays have never landed us in the paper. Did you see this?"

GILFORD looked at the picture in the News. "Miss Housing Shortage of 1946," said the caption. The photo wasn't vulgar. Miss Dyckman, in fact, looked anything but vulgar, in a startled sort of way. The photo was as wholesome and innocent as a tooth-paste ad.

Something suddenly clicked in Gilford's mind.

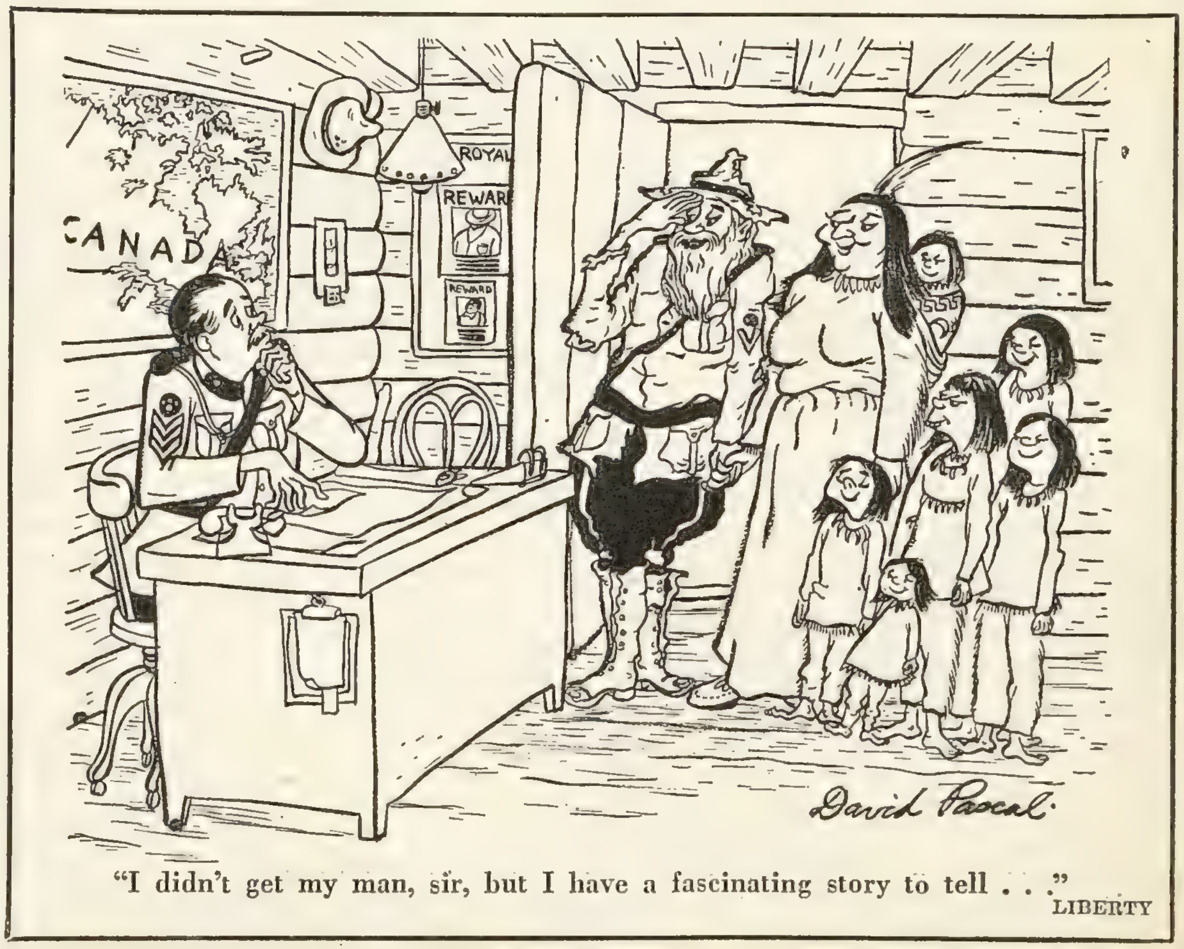
"I think this is an innocent and refreshing picture," Gilford said, sitting down in the chair opposite Mr. Sacher. "And even if you don't agree with my methods, I'd think you'd give me credit for the idea."

"What idea?"

"The publicity idea," explained Gilford. "One million people will see this picture. Do you have window displays to attract attention, or just because it is a habit?"

"Just a moment, Dutton. You mean you *planned* this thing?" asked Mr. Sacher incredulously.

"Certainly I did. I knew I'd never



"I didn't get my man, sir, but I have a fascinating story to tell . . ."

LIBERTY

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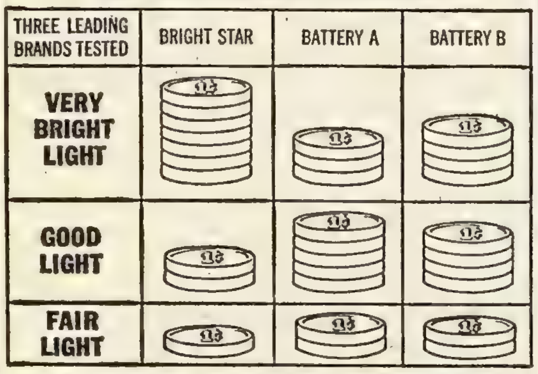

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BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO.
CLIFTON, N. J.

get permission from Boyle, so I did it without permission. I—" The phone interrupted Gilford. Mr. Sacher picked it up.

"Who?" he said. "Good Lord, how should I know her name? No, she doesn't work here. How would I know if she is under contract? I'm sorry, I'm busy. Good-by." Mr. Sacher hung up and buzzed his secretary. "I don't want any more calls about that window display," he said.

"But that was somebody at M-G-M," said the secretary.

"I don't care if it is Roy Rogers' horse," said Mr. Sacher. He turned his attention back to Gilford. "You don't know how many calls I've had about this business. The newspapers, radio programs, agents—even somebody offering an apartment. And now this."

"Precisely," said Gilford. "The best publicity break this store has ever had—and does anyone so much as thank me?"

"Publicity is one thing, and selling is another, Dutton. We're out to sell."

"Of course," affirmed Gilford. "It all ties in. We take out ads using this picture. Like—'Sacher's can't settle *everyone's* housing problem, but when you do find a house, we'll have the furniture ready!'"

MR. SACHER, stroking his chin, slowly arose and went to the window. He stared out an interminable time, and then turning, strode over and seized Gilford's hand. "Dutton," he said, "I apologize. I'm not sure but what your methods might be a little too strong for us, but they are fresh. I think you've found your job, son. Publicity. Publicity and promotion. You don't know how happy this makes me. I knew I was right about you all along, and this proves it. You go right ahead—cook up more ideas."

"Ideas aren't much good," said Gilford, "unless you can put them into effect."

"Boyle?"

Gilford nodded.

"Mr. Boyle is the supervisor type," explained Mr. Sacher, "and very competent, but he's not a man who understands ideas. You'll deal with me direct hereafter."

Gilford didn't wait for the elevator. He raced down the five flights of stairs. On the last flight he encountered Mr. Boyle.

"Well, I presume this is good-by, Dutton."

"I don't intend to have any more dealings with you, if that's what you mean," said Gilford.

Gilford sped out the street door.

"Taxi!" he bellowed. He looked frantically up and down the boulevard. Not a taxi in sight. "Damn!" he exploded. Then, seeing a motorcycle waiting for the red light at the intersection, Gilford sped toward it.

"You!" he yelled. "You on the motorcycle. Wait."

"Five dollars," Gilford shouted, "to take me to Wilshire and Vine. It is life or death. Mine." He vaulted on the rack over the back wheel. The motor-cyclist, still mute with surprise, shot down Hollywood Boulevard toward Vine.

At the traffic light on Sunset, the cyclist found his voice. "I don't want involvements with the cops," he said. "If this is—"

"It's a girl," yelled Gilford. "The light's green. Take me to the service station on the corner of Wilshire."

Reaching the service station, Gilford bounced from his saddle and raced to the door of the ladies' room.

"Miss Dyckman! Carol! I found an apartment! And jobs. And— Are you in there?"

"You back?" inquired a voice from under a car on the grease rack. "The redhead left fifteen minutes ago."

"Which way did she go?"

"Down Vine. Say—if she don't want that apartment, I have a brother-in-law—"

But Gilford had vaulted back on the motorcycle and was urging the driver down Vine.

"Whoa!" Gilford shouted ten blocks later. "There she is! Lemme off." He lit sprawled.

"Carol! Carol!" he shouted.

Miss Dyckman broke into a run. Gilford, on his feet again, galloped after her.

"My five dollars!" yelled the motorcyclist. He joined the chase. Midway in the block, the girl suddenly swerved across the street. The motorcyclist, to avoid a collision, sent his machine careening over the curb to a bouncing stop at the base of a eucalyptus tree. He climbed off the motorcycle.

The girl had vanished. His passenger of a few minutes past was sitting placidly on the curb.

"Neat maneuvering," commented Gilford, extracting a bill from his wallet. "I'll make it ten for that."

"Thanks," said the cyclist. "I almost clipped her." He looked up and down the street. "She got away."

"Playing ostrich," replied Gilford. He nodded toward the service station across the street. "She has a way of ducking into a ladies' room when she's not in a conversational mood."

THE motorcyclist let his gaze follow Gilford's nod. "I guess you ain't married yet, uh?"

"We're going to be when she emerges," said Gilford. "The longer she hides and avoids the issue, the more ludicrous her position becomes. I shall remain here till our troths are pledged—or is it pledges are trothed?"

"I dunno," said the motorcyclist, pocketing the ten. "But in case she don't troth, or pledge—that apartment you mentioned—I have a mother-in-law—"

"She will," said Gilford, and then amended, "Of course it may take some time. Would you mind stopping by this way tomorrow with a container of coffee and a couple of doughnuts, just in case?"

THE END

CAUSE FOR SUSPICION

Continued from Page 28

singularly depressed by what had happened.

Mary Hayward gave him a stony glance and a distant good morning. She took a long time straightening his desk. Normally Mary's manner during office hours was one of strict formality; but occasionally she bullied and scolded him with the proprietary intensity of a woman in love. She did not approve of his work as medical examiner.

"It isn't bad enough to waste your time on Lieutenant Ballard and medical examiner cases," she said. "Now you have to take patients to dinner and hold their hands."

"I didn't hold her hand," Standish said glumly. "I only wanted to cheer her up. She's had a tough time and—"

"Oh, I know," Mary said with studied irony. "I'm sure everything will be just perfect now."

It was in the middle of the following week that he got the call from the Belmont Arms. He was shaving at the moment—seven thirty in the morning. This time the call was official. He was to go to the alley behind the apartments, where a row of garages stretched to the corner.

A sergeant from the precinct house was in charge. "The motor was running," he said, and indicated the six-year-old coupé. "The guy in the next garage heard it as he was going to work and saw the door was shut, so he took a look. When he saw her, he shut off the motor and called in."

PSYCHOANALYST

"I remember having a strange feeling the day I stepped out of the egg . . ."

LIBERTY

The doors of the coupé stood open now, and Paul Standish, moving to the driver's side, saw the small crumpled figure of Arlene Walton behind the wheel. She wore a print dress and no stockings. Her head was slumped forward so that her chestnut hair hung down, obscuring her face, and when Standish parted the hair and saw the color of the skin he knew how she had died. He reached for the handbag that lay beside her on the seat. That was when he noticed the smell of whisky inside the car.

"Found this next to the bag," the sergeant said, and handed the doctor a sheet of paper folded in the middle.

Standish handled it gingerly, scanning the one-paragraph suicide note. He turned it over, holding it close to his face, then he opened his bag, tore two sheets from a notebook and put the note between them.

HE opened her purse now and the familiar gardenia-like scent came to him, strong and distinctive. There was a hard line to his jaw as he closed the bag and stepped back.

"You'd better phone headquarters," he said to the sergeant. "You'd better get Lieutenant Ballard out here." He was moving round the car, noting the bits of tar in the tire treads, glancing at the doors, estimating the angle of turn from the alley.

"Ballard?" The sergeant's tone was questioning. "I thought Ballard was a homicide man."

"He is," Standish said. "That's why we need him."

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BREATH

IT was late afternoon before Paul Standish was ready to make a report. When he walked into Ballard's office he found the lieutenant slumped in his chair with a look of acute displeasure on his face. Ballard greeted his visitor with a grunt.

"You still say it's murder?" he asked. "Did she die of carbon monoxide?"

"Yes," said Standish. "Also she was drunk."

"O.K. She sits in her car, drinking until she's ready to pass out, and then starts the motor."

"What did she drink out of?" Standish knew no bottle had been found.

"All right," Ballard said. "She got drunk somewhere else, tossed out the bottle, and—"

"No." Standish shook his head. "The p.m. showed she was pretty drunk, Tom. I doubt if she could drive. I'm sure she never could have made the turn into that garage without scraping a fender on the door. She got drunk somewhere outside all right. But someone else drove her home, left the motor running, planted the note, and closed the doors."

"That note looked awfully good," Ballard said. "It was in her handwriting."

STANDISH moved to a near-by table and examined Arlene's bag and the contents which had been spread out beside it. Selecting the billfold, he sniffed it, and the odor of gardenias was still there, faint but unmistakable.

"She wrote the note before she left her house, because she didn't carry a pen. Did you find out when she left?"

"Around nine," Ballard said. "I talked to that guy Gibney you told me about. He sat up until one o'clock waiting for her to come back."

"She wore a print dress," Standish said. "With no pockets. So where did she carry the note? If it had been in the bag it would smell of perfume, like these other things. I smelled it this morning. There was no perfume on that note, and I say she didn't have it. I think she wrote that note when she took those sleeping tablets and someone picked it up and saved it."

Interest quickened in Ballard's gaze. He wanted to know who had found Arlene Walton the night she tried suicide. When he had all the details, he said, "Then, if you throw out the kid on the switchboard, Gibney's the only guy who could have got the note."

"Unless Cormack came earlier and found her and walked out."

"How would he get in?"

Standish told of his conversation with Arlene. He said he believed that Cormack was the politician she had referred to as being willing to pay her to leave town. He might still have a key to her apartment. Then, remembering what she had said about the possibility of collecting from some parole violator from Toledo, he passed that information along to Ballard.

The lieutenant made some notes. "It's a lead," he said. "I can probably check that and then narrow it down and get prints forwarded." He leaned back as Standish stood up. "Anything else?"

Standish thought it over. He said he had noticed tar in the tire treads.

"Maybe you'd want to find out what roads have been freshly tarred. Maybe out by the river. There are some parking places up that way. There's a chance the girl's car parked there. If so, maybe that's where the drinking was done."

"And maybe they killed the bottle and tossed it out the window," Ballard said, keeping pace with the doctor's thoughts. "If we're lucky we might find the bottle with the dame's prints on it and maybe someone else's. Is that it?"

Standish shrugged. "It was just a thought," he said.

"All right." Ballard hesitated and his voice was mildly ironic when he continued. "What's that pat line of yours about your job being only to find the cause of death and if anyone is culpable? Well, I guess you have, all right. You've made it murder, and now I guess you dump it in my lap and walk out on me, hunh?"

Standish was familiar with the approach. He had been needled by Ballard before. He heard himself say: "If I can help any, I will."

He did not know why he drove from headquarters to the Belmont Arms either, but he did, and presently he was in the garage and climbing behind the wheel of Arlene Walton's coupé. He lit a cigarette and slid far down in the seat.

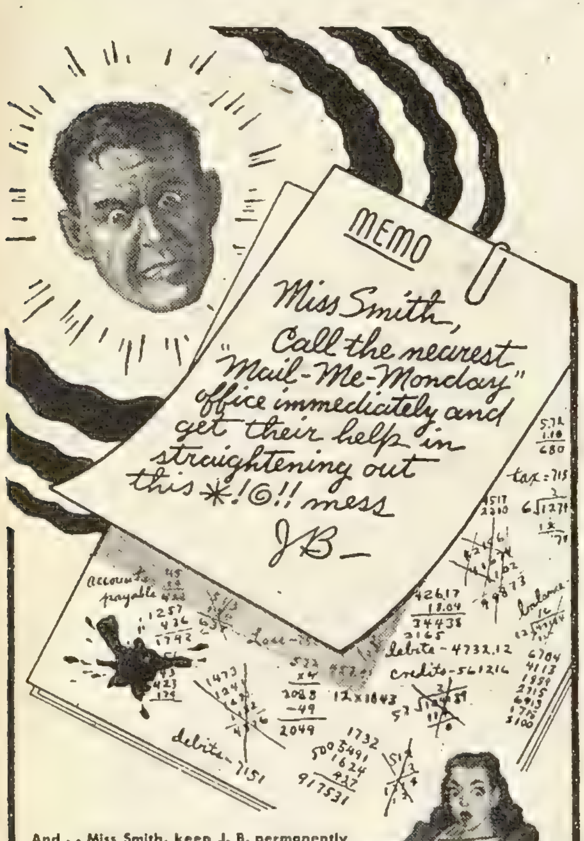
He was not looking for clues, for that was Ballard's job, but his mind was busy, remembering the dead girl and the things she had said; feeling somehow a personal interest beyond the routine of the job. He wanted Ballard to find the whisky bottle that had been thrown away; Ballard had the manpower at his disposal. But would this be enough?"

He sat up slowly, his eyes on the rear-view mirror, watching the window panel at the back move into his line of vision. The idea came to him then, and he leaned quickly forward, a new alertness growing in him as his tension mounted.

With handkerchief in hand he reached for the mirror, tipping it one way and then another. That was how he happened to see the mark there; a distinctive mark imprinted upon the glass by someone's thumb or finger. That there would be other prints upon the metal back, Standish was certain. What he did not know was whether they, or this one, would be a man's or a woman's.

THE city maintained an office for the medical examiner at the morgue. Adjoining this office was a conference room, and it was here that

(Continued on page 80)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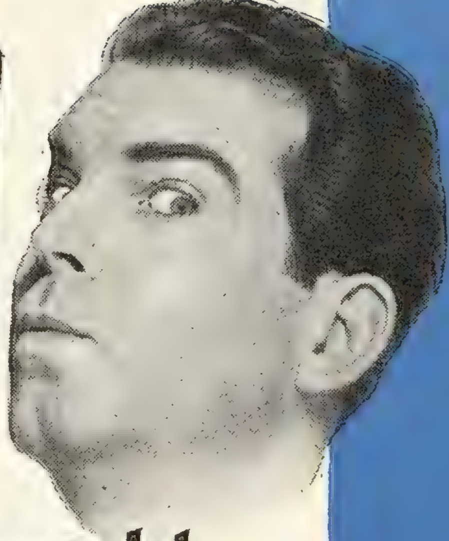

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Neither Does,
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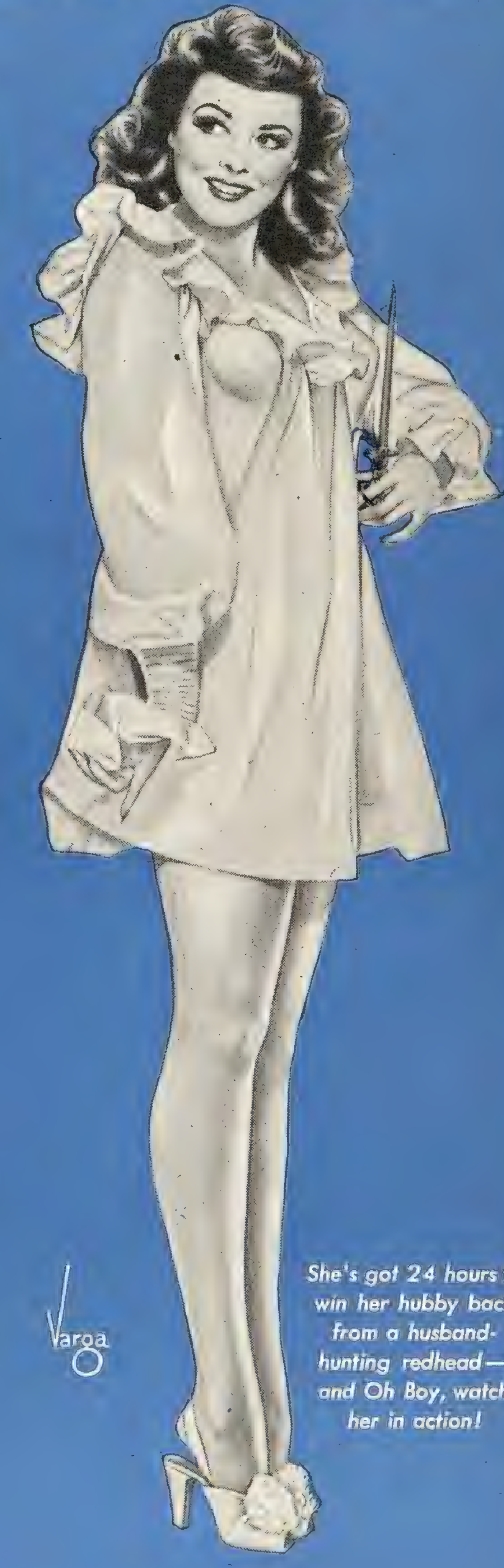
WHEN IT COMES TO RoMANce...
NO GAL CAN HOLD A CANDLE TO PAULETTE!



She's got 24 hours to win her hubby back from a husband-hunting redhead—and Oh Boy, watch her in action!

Produced by CLAUDE BINYON · Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN · A Paramount Picture

How to build a
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cocktail
Kelley Oechsli

You don't have to be an engineer to make yourself the most exciting drink that ever graced a glass. Just follow this simple recipe, or have your bartender do the honors . . . *tonight!*

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Juice of half a lime; dash of grenadine; a generous jigger of BACARDI, White or Silver Label; mix thoroughly and shake well with finely chipped ice; strain and serve. If you prefer it dry, simply substitute ½ teaspoon of sugar for the grenadine.

**A Bacardi Cocktail MUST be made with BACARDI (Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936).*

Rum, 89 Proof...Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 78*)

Paul Standish conducted his inquiry the following evening after Lieutenant Ballard had notified him that he was ready.

Ballard was waiting with a stenographer and a fingerprint expert when Standish arrived, and grouped around the long table were the three men he had summoned: Harry Gibney, Victor Keenan, and Edward Cormack. Standish nodded to them and sat down as Ballard began his preliminary remarks by stating that Arlene Walton had been murdered and explaining the circumstances of her death. He removed some papers from a bulging briefcase as he spoke, and now, spreading them out before him, he turned to Edward Cormack.

"At two forty on the afternoon of the fifth," he said, "you drew five thousand in cash from your Second National account. Did you give it to Arlene Walton or not?"

Cormack's face was impassive.

"Who says I intended to give it to her?"

"She did." Ballard glanced at Standish and expertly stretched the truth. "She told the doctor you'd offered her cash to leave town, and she told him why. Do you want me to go into that here, or would you rather answer my question?"

"I gave her the money that afternoon," Cormack said, knowing when he was licked.

"She didn't have it in her purse when we found her," Ballard said, "and we couldn't locate it in her apartment. Maybe we can find out what happened to it," he said, and turned to Victor Keenan, checking his notes again as he began to review the big man's association with the dead woman.

KEENAN denied nothing. He sat straight-backed in his chair, not bothering with the charm and personality he offered to customers, but deadly serious as he admitted that he had broken off his affair with Arlene Walton because he wanted to marry someone else.

Ballard seemed satisfied. He selected the suicide note from among his papers and explained Standish's theory that it had been written before.

"You arrived at her apartment five minutes after Gibney found her that first night," he said to Keenan. "Did you see this note—or any note? . . . O.K.," he said when the other shook his head. "I guess that leaves you," he said and turned to Gibney.

Gibney stared morosely back at him, his rocky jaw set and a look of tension in his squat powerful body. "I didn't see any note," he said before Ballard could continue, "and I didn't kill her."

"Maybe the switchboard operator swiped the note," Ballard said sarcastically. "Maybe we don't care, now that we know it's murder. The guy that took the note killed her and framed the second suicide and here's how he did it."

He took his time telling his story about how Arlene Walton had left her apartment some time before nine—in her car—and had picked up a man downtown and driven out along the river. "We got a little break on that," he said and told about the tar in the tire treads. "Only one road had been tarred this week, and when we found out where it went, we knew there were just three good parking places where a guy and a girl might park to do a little drinking and stuff."

He took a pint bottle from his briefcase, and the rear-view mirror Standish had seen before. "We picked up twenty-one empties," he continued, "and all but three had women's fingerprints on them. One of them—this one—had Arlene Walton's prints on it. It also had a man's prints on it, and those prints checked with a fellow who did time for assault in Toledo and violated his parole. He had another name then, but it doesn't matter. He's the same guy and his prints are also on this rear-view mirror, and so if you gentlemen will just let my fingerprint man have a look at you—"

STANDISH cut in. He hadn't known about the prints checking. Now he said:

"I don't think you need to bother with the prints now. If the ones on the mirror check with the others, you've got enough." He paused to glance about, aware now that Ballard did not understand what he meant. "Arlene Walton was five feet one. The man who drove her home when she had passed out had to be careful. He didn't want an accident and the mirror was no good to him until he changed—"

The sentence ended abruptly as a chair scraped. Standish jumped up, with Ballard ahead of him. The lieutenant could move fast, but this time Harry Gibney was faster. He charged down the table and around, a step ahead of Ballard, a wild light in his eye. The lieutenant yelled, but it did no good. Gibney drove in, shoulders hunched and a snarl in his throat.

He slammed both fists savagely, and Vic Keenan went back against the wall. He tried to slide along it, but Gibney caught him, clubbing him down with rights and lefts and jumping on his chest.

Ballard caught him there, Ballard and the fingerprint man and the stenographer. They hauled him off, and it took the three of them to hold him.

"Cut it out!" Ballard stormed as Gibney fought. "If you kill him now, you'll get the chair. Take it easy! The state'll take care of it."

The words got through to Gibney and he dropped his arms. Ballard looked down at the bruised and unconscious Victor Keenan. He glanced up at Standish. "What was that about the mirror?"

"Arlene Walton was short," Standish said. "So are Cormack and Gibney." He explained how he had sat

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behind the wheel of the coupé and noticed the angle of view. "The mirror was adjusted for a tall man—taller than I am. I figured if there were prints on it, they should be Keenan's."

Ballard grunted. "You caught on quick," he said to Gibney. "But you missed the note that first night."

"I wasn't looking for it," Gibney said.

"Keenan picked it up," Standish said. "He could see what had happened; he was afraid his name would be in the note, and he probably stuck it in his pocket."

"He wanted her to die," Gibney said. "But you saved her, and he kept the note—"

"—and decided to use it," Ballard said, "when she asked him for money. He knew if she ever talked he would go back to prison instead of marrying the Shirley dame and her money. So he faked the suicide. He probably grabbed the five thousand bucks you gave her, Cormack."

As he reached for the telephone his glance fastened on Standish.

"I still don't know how you spotted it as a phony," he said. "I talked with the sergeant from the precinct house. He said you acted suspicious from the minute you stepped into that garage. Even before you had a chance to read the note you acted like something was wrong. Don't tell me it was just a lousy hunch."

"You might call it that," Standish said. "You see, I never happened to run into a case where a woman had committed suicide that way. I wondered about it once before and looked up some statistics put out by New York City officials. Out of twelve hundred and ninety-five suicides in one year, there were twenty-five or twenty-six deaths from motor exhausts, *all of them men!*"

"Oh," said Ballard.

"Yes," said Standish. "I don't say there aren't exceptions, but any time you find a woman dead under such circumstances you've got a right to be suspicious."

"I'll remember that," Ballard said, and then, his hand still on the telephone, a slow smile came about his eyes. Like Standish, he had taken a certain amount of criticism and adverse comment from Mary Hayward when he made demands on the doctor's time. This must have occurred to him now, because he said, "You ought to tell your nurse about this next time she needles you about wasting your time."

The suggestion fell on fertile soil. It seemed suddenly important to Standish that he see Mary Hayward to tell her what had happened, to hear again the sound of her voice.

"I'll tell her tonight," he said, the impatience upon him, "if you'll snap out of it and give me a chance."

Lieutenant Ballard understood thoroughly. He was still grinning as he lifted the telephone and dialed the operator.

THE END

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THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

PARADISE WITH SERPENT

Continued from Page 23

—of a British soap company—soap—company — Got that ? — maintained friendly relations—with the native—king, period." He lighted a cigarette while the corporal struggled.

"Yes, sir?"

"Next sentence, same paragraph. 'After the end—of Japanese occupation — the natives — including the king welcomed U. S. occupation troops—enthusiastically—and show a constant desire—to render all possible — friendly co-operation. Rigid enforcement—of the interdiction'—look it up—'of fraternization—is not understood—by the friendly natives —and militates—against the growth —of useful understanding—between U. S. forces—and the local—population,' period. Got all that?"

"Yes, sir. How will I punctuate where you say 'Look it up'? Is that a separate sentence?"

"Dear Lord!" Bill sighed. "No! Don't put that down. I said 'Look it up' because you seemed to be puzzled by 'interdiction.'"

"Oh." Kolta made a correction and raised eyes sad like a beagle's.

"Paragraph three. 'In view of—this situation, comma—authority is requested—to relax—the anti hyphen fraternization order—sufficiently to meet—local conditions, period. End. Got it?"

"Yes, sir. Is that 'relapse,' sir?"

"'Relax,' Kolta."

"*Thank* you, sir," the corporal said, and leaned back, stretching his shoulders. . . .

"Schmitty," Bill Willoby said, "it seems a shame to make the Rev. Edgett climb this hill. I think I'll go call on him."

AFTER he crossed the stone bridge, Bill pulled the sedan over to the side of the road and stopped.

The rickety footbridge got him across the narrow brook. He was starting up an overgrown path, when children's voices broke out suddenly —high and excited.

"Quick! There he goes! . . . Ah, you *missed* him! Let *me* try, Paulie!"

"No! It's my turn now. Isn't it, Dinah?"

There was excited splashing, then silence. He went down to the slippery stones at the water's edge and made his way perilously upstream.

He came upon the group suddenly. The center of attention was a small girl in red bathing trunks, standing ankle-deep in the water, holding a long-handled net. She was motionless, poised, the net ready for a swift downward jab.

The larger of the two boys stood on a rock bent forward intently. The other squatted beside his sister. Diana Forrester, too, was watching eagerly.

She was tallish and slender, and her hair fell in glistening light-brown ripples over the collar of the flannel shirt. Her blue jeans were rolled above her knees, and her bare feet were in the water. Bill could not see her face.

The little girl stabbed the water with her net, gave it a swift twist, and brought it up, dripping. The boys yipped and closed in.

"Got him!" they yelled. "Oh, he's a *fat* one!"

Diana Forrester's voice was soft and pleasing. "Good for you, Joanie. Better let Paul put him in the jar. They're terribly wiggly."

When the operation was finished, Bill Willoby said, "Hello."

The children stared at him, round-eyed. Diana Forrester's face was as tanned and as unembellished as the others. There was the beginning of a smile at one corner of her mouth.

"Sorry if I'm intruding," Bill said. "I tried not to scare off the fish."

"Polliwogs," the little girl corrected him.

"Oh. I'm a fool for polliwogs. Their faces always remind me of a teacher I had in kindergarten."

The children giggled. He addressed himself to their aunt: "I'm Captain Willoby. I was looking for Mr. Edgett. Do you know if he's home?"

"I don't. I know he went off on his bicycle quite a while ago, and I haven't seen him since. I think he said he was going to call on you this morning. Aren't you the commanding officer?"

"Yes. I was trying to save him the trouble. There's no hurry. I just wanted to welcome him—welcome all of you—back to Midi."

"He calls it Meedee," the smaller boy said.

Bill met his wide eyes. "What do you call it? Little Piccadilly?"

THE child was suddenly tongue-tied. Diana said, "We all use the native name: Ooway-wahpok. It means either Island of the Lost Woman or Island of the Stinking Smoke, depending on how you pronounce the vowels." She smiled. "We may as well introduce ourselves. These are the Edgetts. Jimmy—"

"How do?" said the smaller boy, ducking his head.

"—and Joan—"

The girl gave him a smile.

"—and Paul. We call him Little Paul or Paulie to distinguish him from his father."

The elder boy sloshed across the stream and gave Bill a dripping hand. "Hello, captain."

Bill said, "How would you all like to come and see our camp? We'll show you the machine guns and the armored cars and everything."

"Would we! Oh, my!"

Bill spoke to their aunt: "You didn't get as far as yourself with your introductions. I take it you're Miss Forrester."

"Yes, that's right."

"Will you come along with the kids when they visit us?"

"I'd love to."

"All right. How about tomorrow

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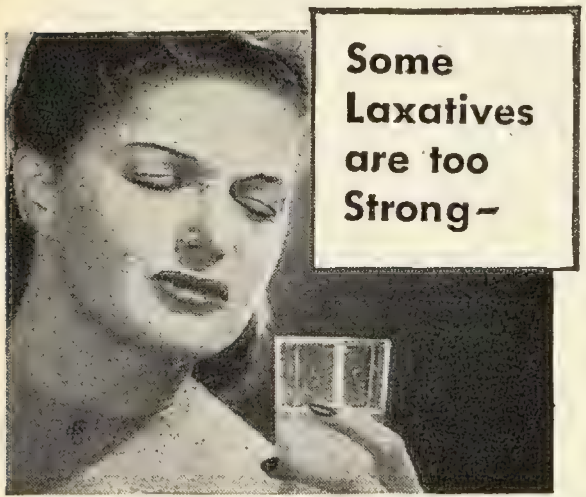

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afternoon about four? I could send a car for you."

"It's extremely nice of you," she said.

"I'm extremely nice," he said, meeting her eyes.

"I'm glad you told me."

"I grow on people. Not much at first, but you get used to me." Laughter was becoming to her. The dent in her cheek was a dimple. He said, "Well, I won't interrupt your sport. Will you tell Mr. Edgett I'll call again very soon."

"He may be up at the house."

"I'll have a look. Nice meeting you all. See you tomorrow."

Diana Forrester stopped him as he turned away. "Oh, captain! I wonder if you'd mind giving Lieutenant Sloan his cigarettes back. He left them last night, when he dropped in."

"When he— Oh. Yes. Sure." He made his slippery way to her side and accepted the nearly full pack of cigarettes. Her hand was small and tanned and smooth to the touch. He said, "Why don't you keep them?"

"Thanks. I've got plenty."

"Let us know when you need any. So long."

WHAT with one thing and another, it was a day to remember.

For instance, it was the day Angela Toland appeared on the horizon like a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. A soldier from the radio station brought in the message about her:

FROM HQ SPIC TO CMDG OFF OCCUPATION FCE MIDI ISLAND

MISS ANGELA TOLAND CMA ACCREDITED CORRESPONDENT GUFFY NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE AND WRITER FOR NATIONAL MAGAZINES CMA WILL VISIT YOUR INSTALLATION TO GATHER MATERIAL FOR ARTICLE ON U S OCCUPATION POLICY AND METHODS PD SHE WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY MAJOR PHILIP C CURWIN CMA P R SECT THIS HQ CMA WILL TRAVEL BY MIL ACFT WHICH WILL NOTIFY YOU PROBABLE TIME OF ARRIVAL PD YOU WILL FURNISH BEST AVAILABLE RATIONS AND QRS FOR PARTY FOR STAY OF APPROX FOUR DAYS PD YOU WILL COOPERATE FULLY WITH MISS TOLAND CMA MAKE AVAILABLE ALL REQUIRED INFORMATION WITHIN NORMAL SECURITY LIMITS PD TOLAND ARTICLES ARE SUBJECT TO REVIEW AND CLEARANCE BY THIS HQ PD MCANNISTER P R O END HUSSEY CMDG

Bill Willoby read it through twice, then spoke to his executive officer: "Schmitty?"

"Sir?"

"Angela Toland. Does the name sound familiar to you? I seem to have heard it somewhere."

"*Heard* it!" Lieutenant Schmidt said. "Ever heard of a book called To Forgive Divine?"

"Hah? . . . Good Lord! Is she the one who wrote *that?*"

"She's the one. Pretty cute little number, too, according to that picture you used to see everywhere."

Bill stared at him. "It all comes back to me. A sexy-looking babe with bare shoulders and chest and a cloud of filmy stuff in the nick of time. Wow!"

"Why?" the lieutenant asked. "What's she up to?"

"She's coming to visit us. Any minute."

"She's—!" Schmidt got out of his chair and came over to look at the radio message over Bill's shoulder. Schmidt read, " 'You will furnish best available . . . approx four days.' What are our best available quarters?"

"According to my calculations, that means my bungalow, if Biggsy gets it ready this afternoon. We can fix the public-relations major up in one of the other houses."

"Remember that part," Lieutenant Schmidt said dreamily, "where this tomato teases the British governor while her boy friend escapes?"

"What?"

"In the book. Where the governor's going to issue an order to check everybody's papers, and this what's-his-name—Captain Varney, that's it—would be caught as a spy. So she calls on the governor to distract him and—"

"I've never read it. What's it about, anyhow?"

"Sex, sir."

"So I gather. But—where does it happen?"

"Oh, all over the place."

"No. I mean what's the setting?"

"Oh. It's the time of the American Revolution. This babe's in love with this young American officer who's a spy, but he's always brushing her off because he's busy. But she keeps saving him by giving herself to various guys. That's where the sex comes in. This captain gets in a scrape in every other chapter, and she gets him out of it by—"

"Thanks, Schmitty. I don't even need to read it."

"O.K."

"Say! You don't suppose Angela Toland acts like the mouse in the book?"

Bill shrugged and got up. "I'm going to run over and see Biggsy. If this lady's anything like her book, he may want to do some fireproofing."

THE bungalows were a few hundred yards up the slopes of the volcano from the harbor village of Waypalloo. There were three of them, roughly in a row, about fifty yards apart and sheltered by heavy shrubbery. The two large ones had been the homes of the soap company's manager and the part-time British government agent. The small one in the middle had been a guest house.

Once Lieutenant Biggs and his engineers had patched up the hydroelectric plant in the hills (another soap-company project, damaged by bombing) and reconditioned the plumbing, it was obvious that the bungalows were heaven-sent quarters for the ten officers of the occupation force. The engineers fumigated, disinfected, DDT'd. And now,

(*Continued on page 86*)

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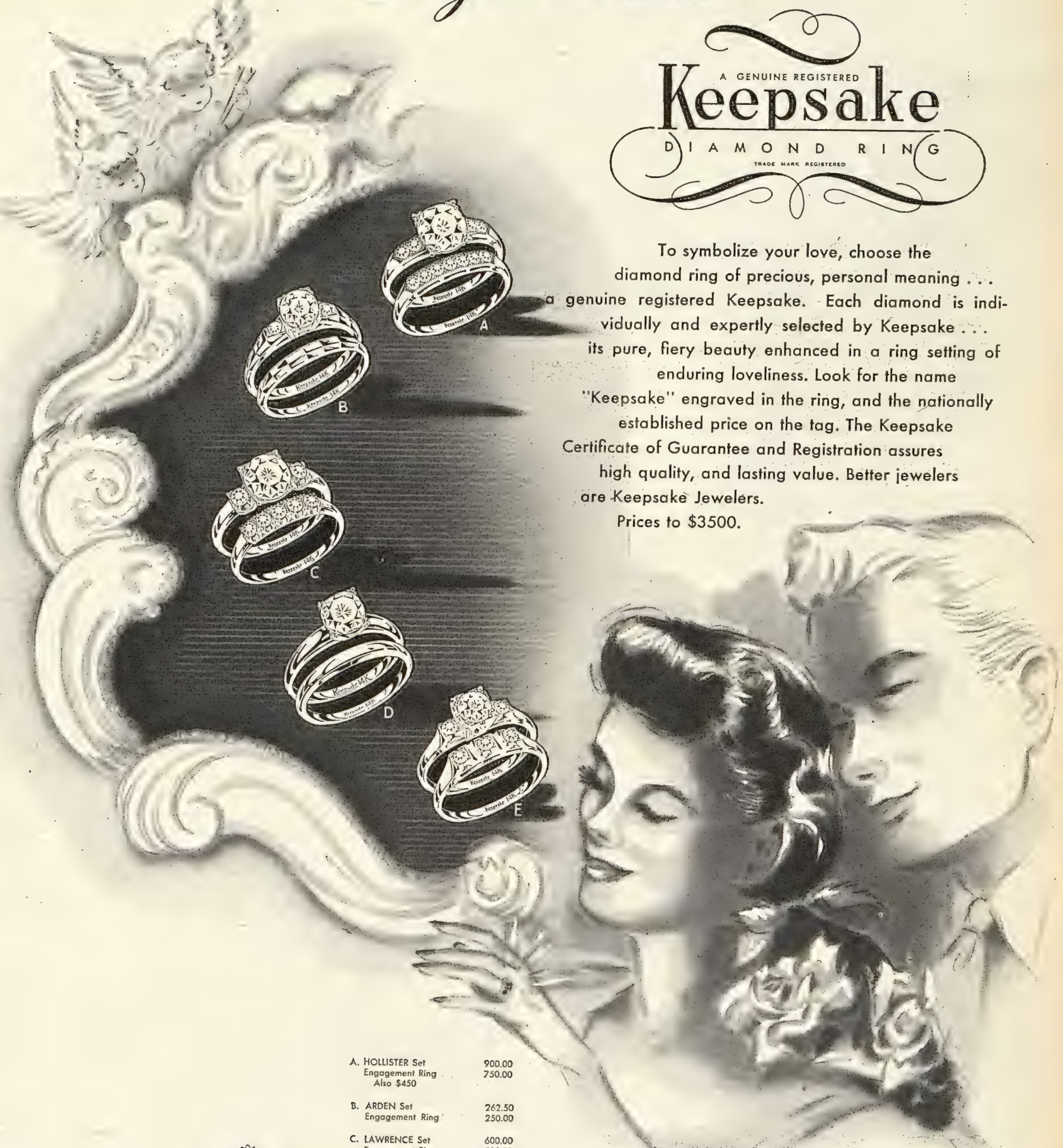

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(*Continued from page 84*)

at long last, the quarters were ready.

Bill Willoby found Lieutenant Homer Biggs in front of the small bungalow.

"Hello, captain," Biggs said. "I was hoping you'd come over. Want to inspect?"

"Have the signal kids got the phones in?" Bill asked.

Biggs indicated wires strung in the trees. "They're still working on the last house. Be done in about an hour. Come and have a look."

"HOW do you think the little house will do for a lady novelist?" Bill asked.

"For a *what?*"

The captain produced the radio message and handed it over. Biggs read. After a little, he said, "My aching back!"

"Mine, too. Only thing I can see is to let her have my house. I'll take a room in one of the others."

Lieutenant Biggs was going over the message for a third time. "Did you ever read To Forgive Divine, Bill?"

"No."

"Well, don't. What you don't know won't hurt you." He shook his head. "Here's a suggestion: Mike Sloan's our leading wolf. Detach him from other duties and order him to create a diversion."

"He's pretty young. Why don't you give her a play, Biggsy?"

"Thanks, I'll have a mild cigar."

"Maybe the major's doing his duty by her," Bill said. "Wish they hadn't sent a major to rank me."

They started up the path to the small bungalow.

"Wonder how old she is," Lieutenant Biggs speculated. "Book was published two or three years ago, at least. And she'd certainly been around before she wrote it. Huh." He laughed. "Remember the time she sued the critic? She got six cents and one million dollars' worth of publicity. He called her book autopornography."

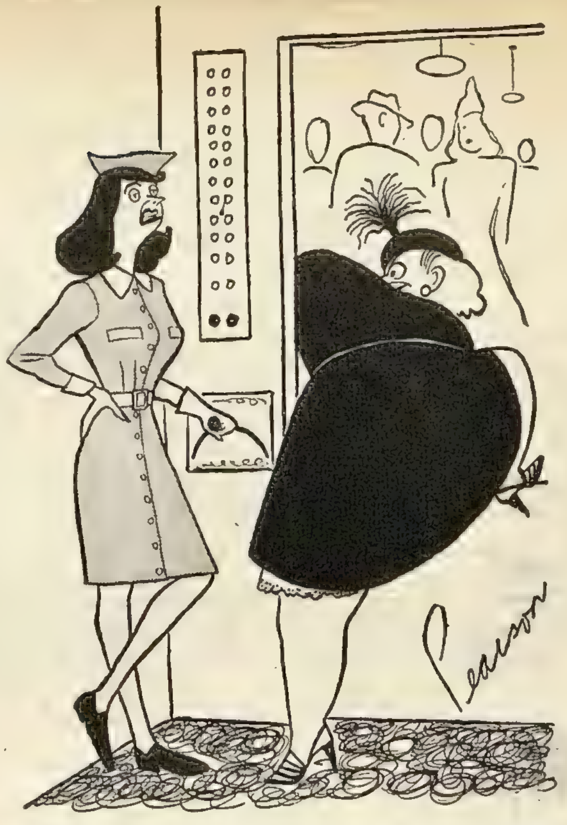
Bill was right beside the neat signboard before he saw it. The black letters said: 27 Elm Street.

"Like it?" Lieutenant Biggs asked after a moment. "One of my kids painted it. I thought it was a nice sentimental touch. I got your home address out of Schmitty's files."

"How far do you suppose it is to the nearest elm tree, Biggsy?"

"Several stones' throws, William! quite a few."

Bill said, "I'll tell you about 27 Elm Street some day, Biggsy. Nice place. Nice people. About this time of year I'd be fooling around Long Island Sound in a catboat. Cocktails on the back lawn before dinner, with mother and father and brother and sister and the girl next door. . . . My brother'll beat me home now, I guess. He's a buck sergeant in Germany. My Scottie died last fall—got word about it when I was in hospital. A pup has a lot of fun in the dry leaves in the fall when you rake 'em— Say, maybe that sign's not such a good idea, after all. Cigarette?"



"Seventh floor—Complaint Department."
LIBERTY

They crossed the screened porch to the front door.

"Oh, forgot to tell you," Lieutenant Biggs said. "Look what turned up in the night. Your pal, the king, must have sent 'em. One in each house."

Bill examined the curious little figure that stood on a carved pedestal in the small entrance hall, an ancient wooden image with four brightly painted faces that stared, wide-eyed, to the four points of the compass.

"Household god," Bill said. "There's one very much like it in Jilouili's house. He keeps away evil spirits."

"Not distilled spirits, I hope."

"No, no. Only evil, or methylated spirits. Nice of the old body to send gifts," Bill said.

He was still blissfully ignorant of the other royal gift that was even then being prepared at a solemn conclave of the king's counselors and witch doctors.

HEADQUARTERS closed an hour earlier than usual, which is to say at four instead of five o'clock. Leaving only Second Lieutenant Berry on duty, the officers moved to their new quarters in the bungalows, according to plan.

Captain Willoby took the small house for himself. Captain Baly, the chaplain, elected to stay on the post, in the room beside his office in the dispensary. The other eight officers had arranged an amicable distribution of rooms in the two large bungalows.

At half past four they met at 27 Elm Street for a ceremonial housewarming drink with the commanding officer. By a few minutes past five they were down in the lagoon for their pre-supper swim, and Bill Willoby was alone.

Privacy was an almost forgotten luxury. Whistling between his teeth, he went into the bathroom and turned on the water in the big claw-footed tub.

As he took off his shirt, he felt the letter he had put, unopened, into the breast pocket. A thick letter in Leila Stacy's schoolgirl hand. He sat on the Japanese sofa-thing and opened the envelope.

Darling:

Your letter, the one numbered 73, landed like a coal of fire on my head this morning and made me feel like something smelly with a white stripe down its back. It seems ridic for me to say *I've* been busy with you out there fighting a war and working a 200-hour week. I loved what you said about getting the steel splinters removed from your boomsydaisy so that every magnet you went near wouldn't grab you by the seat of your pants. I've told it to simply everybody. Jimmy Lottray, a man I'm going to tell you about in a minute, says he's going to sell it to one of the big comedy radio shows, so maybe you'll get a check.

I'm crazy to hear about the island you're going to occupy. Will you be the head man? I can just picture you with leis around your neck and a flower in your hair sitting on your throne surrounded by a dusky harem. When do you start? Are you sure you're well enough for such a responsibility? I worry about you, darling.

Maybe you heard about Jimmy Lottray when you worked for that advertising agency. He's with Trevor & Howes and they have half a dozen big radio shows. I met him at Kitt Gower's, but I guess she's since your time. She had a piano at her place and I was doing my act. I didn't know anybody there was important, really I didn't. Anyway I did four or five songs and Jimmy Lottray cornered me afterward and he was very flattering and it turned out he is one of the radio producers at Trevor & Howes.

Well, to make a long story short, he took me out to dinner so we could talk and we made an appointment for an audition! It's a secret now, but I think Jimmy's going to get me a network spot very soon. It's an afternoon show and it's only sustaining but as Jimmy says you've got to start somewhere some time even if it's in a taxi. Isn't he awful?

I've been learning some new songs and working with Jacques Fromkin and Jimmy and I. . . .

BILL WILLOBY conceived a dislike for Jimmy Lottray. Lottray figured prominently in the next two pages. He was thirty-five. He had a trick stomach which had kept him out of the army in spite of all he could do. (Oh, yeah?) He said the funniest things. (Such as?) He was very modest, considering how important he was. (To whom?) And Bill would be *crazy* about him. (Uh-huh.)

But the last page of the letter was of interest:

Do you remember I told you once about my Uncle George? Senator George Grainger Rollinson, you know. Mother's brother. He was in town the other day and he came to the house for dinner.

Of course I told him about you. And I said I wished there was some way of getting you back home again. I told him how long you'd been overseas and how you'd won the Silver Star for gallantry even if you never would tell me what you did and how you'd been wounded and spent all those months in a hospital. He was terribly nice and said of course they don't like to interfere with the army or the navy but sometimes he meets somebody with influence or maybe he might think up some assignment for you back home.

Of course I don't suppose there's anything in it. I don't dare hope. I get all wobbly in the knees when I think of seeing you again. But he did put down your name and serial number and APO number and all that in his little memorandum book so that means he's serious. Please don't count on anything coming of it but I thought you might like to know I was trying.

THE water was still splashing into the tub in the bathroom. He turned it off, strolled back into the living room and stood gazing out at the sanded path and the back of the little sign. As he did so, his eye caught a flash of moving color at the foot of the path.

There were four people in the odd procession that started up the path. In the lead, a medicine man or witch doctor, his head and shoulders encased in a towering grotesque mask, his body and arms and legs gaudily painted in red and green and yellow stripes. Behind him, a woman in a voluminous shapeless white robe that flowed from just below her chin to within an inch of the ground. And finally, two lesser dignitaries, tall young men in more modest masks, with circular designs, like targets gone mad, painted on their chests, each holding a short sword pointed at the middle of the woman's back.

Bill Willoby said a Word. It was a welcoming ceremony, he supposed. A delegation from the king to bless his new home.

He snatched his shirt from where he had thrown it, got it buttoned with swift fingers. A clean necktie, his cap from the teak table, and he was ready to greet them.

Timing perfect. His visitors halted, four or five yards from the house. The three men were intoning a slow chant, the two swordsmen marking time by clashing their weapons together. Bill stepped down the path.

There was silence. As a small contribution to the pageant, Bill raised both arms in a sort of double Fascist salute.

Bill saw now that the robed figure was a slender girl, not nearly so tall as her high crown of white flowers made her seem. She stood very straight and looked dead ahead like a soldier at attention. Her dark eyes were slightly slanted and had long lashes. Her heart-shaped face (light tan, with pink in the cheeks) was deadly serious.

Her bare arms emerged from the flowing robe at shoulder height. In both hands, at the level of her chin, she held a little pile of bright-painted wooden boxes.

Bill bowed formally. To break the silence he said, "Well, how've you all been?"

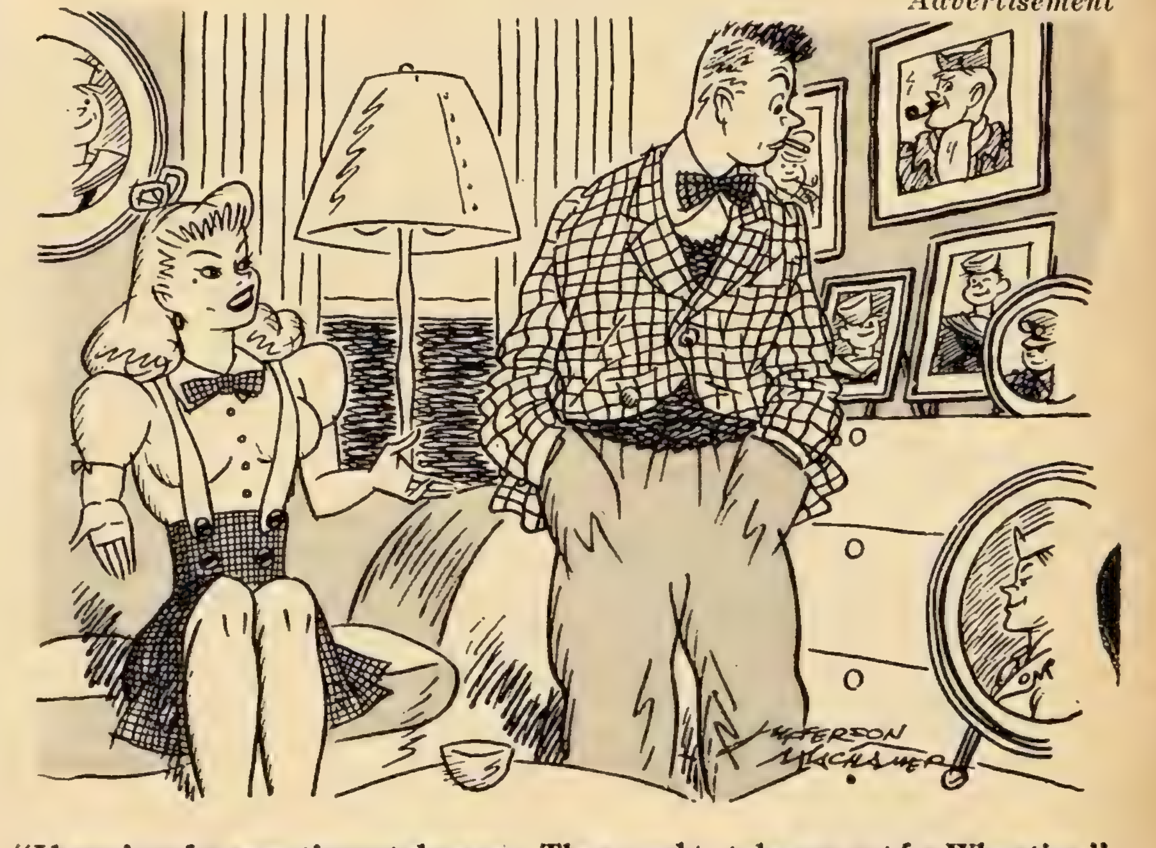
The witch doctor folded his arms suddenly and recited something, his syllables falling in a swift meaningless monotone. Bill stood at attention, his eyes fixed on the four small boxes the girl carried. He supposed that they were the center of the ceremony: four gifts from the king.

The witch doctor's recitation stopped suddenly. He yelled:

"Yi-eeee-YAH!"

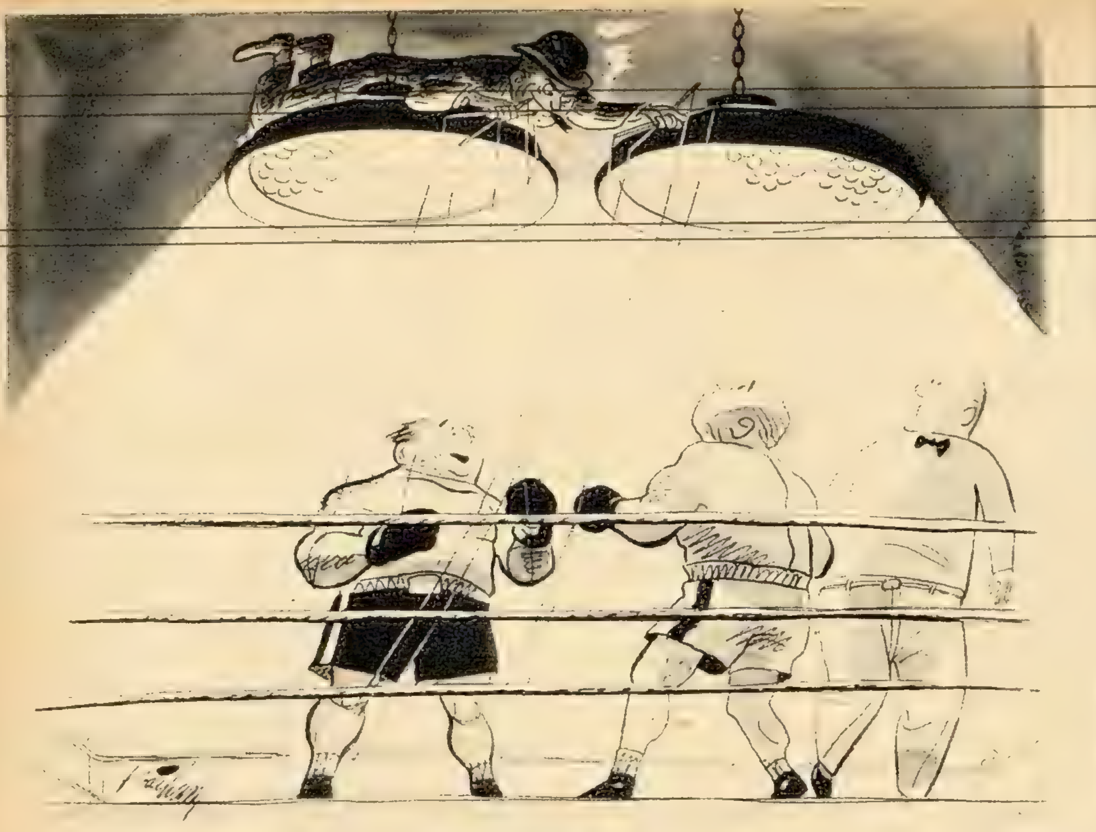
Bill jumped and felt silly.

Advertisement



"I keep 'em for a sentimental reason. They used to take me out for Wheaties."

No time like the present to take plenty of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." *And lots of reason.* There's that famous Wheaties nourishment. Also that wonderful Wheaties flavor. *A big bowl of Wheaties is an invitation to eat a better breakfast.*



"He's the brains!"

LIBERTY

The witch doctor placed himself between the girl and Bill Willoby. He took Bill's right hand in one of his and picked up the end of the girl's wrist chain in the other. He placed the chain in Bill's hand, closed his fingers over it, and stepped back.

Another recitation began. Bill watched for a cue. The girl's arm was trembling, so that the chain jiggled.

The witch doctor stopped his mumble and began a chant. The two stooges joined in. In calisthenic unison they waved their right hands toward the bungalow, and Bill got the idea. The presents in the little boxes had something to do with the house. Ritual required that the girl carry them in. Cute.

Turning majestically, he led the girl to the screen door, shouldered it open, and held it for her. They crossed the porch side by side and entered the front hall.

Before the little wooden god he released her.

A GOOD guess. She opened the boxes one by one and took something from each for the idol's offering bowl: A white powder like salt. A piece of something that might have been dog biscuit. A tiny white flower, little sister to a wild rose. A polished sliver of sea shell, very sharp at one end. This she held for an instant in her right hand. Her fingers shook. Then, shockingly, she jabbed the point into her left index finger.

"Hey!" Bill protested.

She paid no attention. She squeezed the punctured finger until a drop of blood formed. She held it out over the offering bowl and squeezed again. A drop of blood fell on the white flower and ran down a petal to the yellow center.

That seemed to end the performance. She placed the boxes on the floor and straightened up. She turned her head and looked up into Bill Willoby's eyes. Hers were uncertain.

The next move, it seemed to him, was to hand her back to the witch doctor and his acolytes. He looked out at the path. There was no one there. Odd.

He turned back to the girl and found her large eyes still fixed on his face. "Well," he said, "your playmates seem to have taken a powder. You'll have to find your way back alone."

The girl spoke softly, and he did not realize at first that she was using a kind of English.

"Ah-ee om Roze-ou-eel-ah. Ah-ee bay-long to Cop-tin Oo-ee-lo-bee. Ah-ee om heez woo-min."

"Wait a minute," he said. "Let's hear that over again. If you said what I think I heard—!"

The girl went into a remarkable pantomime. She made it perfectly clear that, if he sent her away, someone was going to throw her on the floor, pull her hair, kick her, beat her with a club. There was no possibility of mistaking her meaning.

To be continued in the next issue.

HUSBANDLY PLAINTS:

No, I Haven't Read Any Good Books Lately

We own a handsome bookcase.
  We even own a book.
And yet I'm in the doghouse
  If I give page one a look.
That's when you want to
    chatter,
  And start to sulk and stew
And wail that I don't love you.
  . . . I marvel that I do!

—*Ethel Jacobson.*

WORK WIZARD

Continued from Page 43

ous snags dramatized the training theme which he always has emphasized. He was told that before he brought American supervisory personnel along for the job, he would have to prove that available Canadians were not qualified. There wasn't time for such argument, so Chuck went to the University of British Columbia and hired the entire engineering graduating class. He installed them in the empty factory and put them through an intensive training program of his own devising. The plant was completed ahead of schedule, and today several of the original Perelle students hold top supervisory positions in the Canadian aircraft industry.

You can't run around doing things like that without exciting interest. Chuck had been back at the Boeing Seattle plant for only a year when Vultee Aircraft hired him away to their new job of production superintendent.

Only six years ago, no one believed that mass-production methods could be applied in building aircraft. It was Chuck Perelle who installed the first mechanized aviation assembly line for Vultee in 1941. Old-time Vultee Aircraft executives still shudder when they recall how their youthful superintendent literally turned the factory upside down in 1941 to meet the demand of the national emergency for Vultee trainers.

PERELLE'S revolutionary suggestion was to stop trundling the embryo planes along the floor. If they hung them and their major units on carriers suspended from more than a mile of overhead conveyor systems, it would leave the floor clear for workmen and movable tool benches. It meant split-second timing to feed the right parts to the right assembly crews at the right moment. One proposed operation that skyrocketed eyebrows, and of which Perelle is particularly proud, involved lowering the complete engine through a hole in the ceiling onto its mounting while the fuselage was moving through the air on its conveyor.

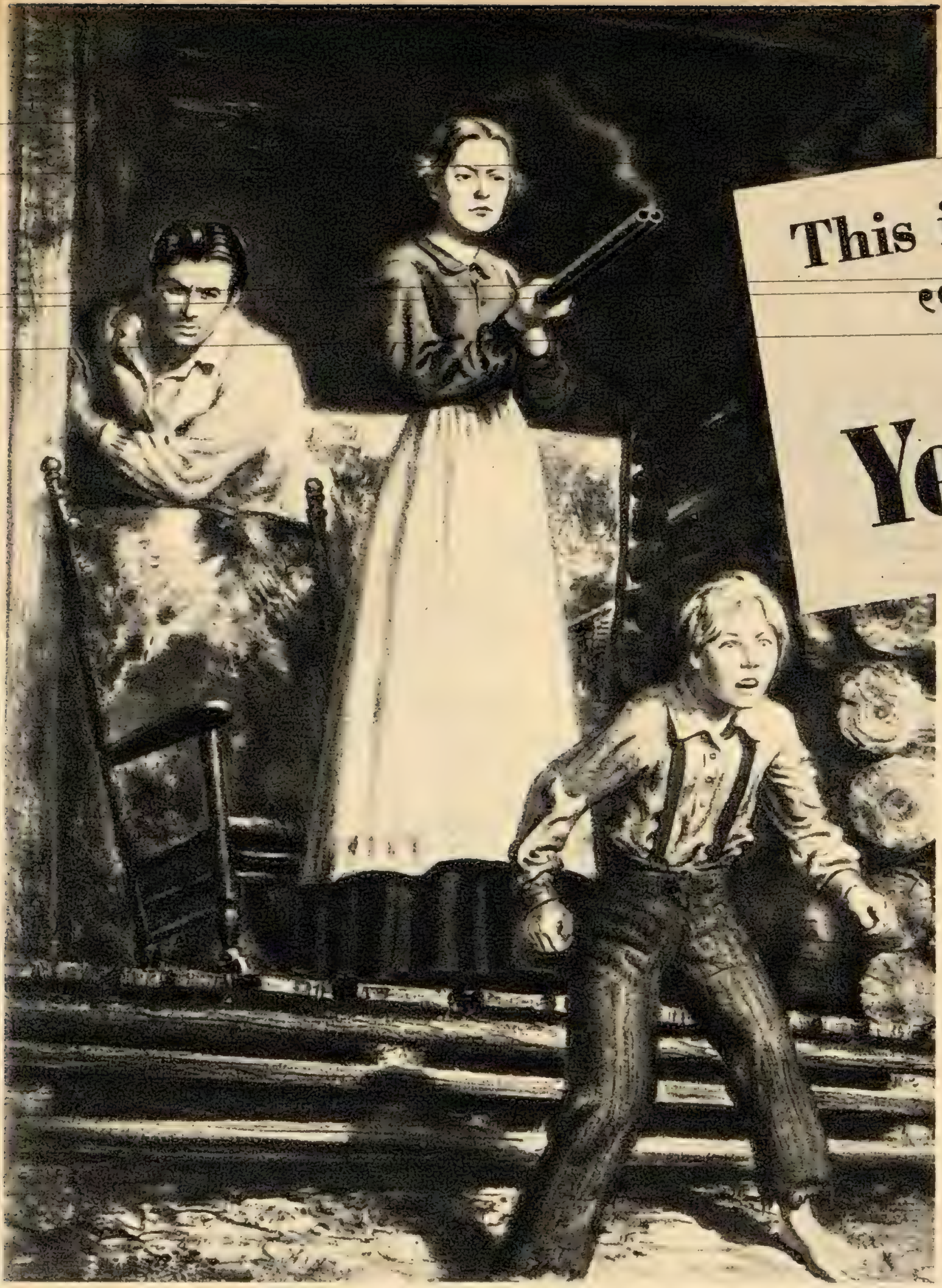
Vultee's finance boys were aghast, both at the "wild scheme" and the cost of installing it. Perelle reminded them that it was *his* job to build planes faster and *their* job to provide the money. He added that if they didn't care to do so, probably they could find another superintendent. He got the funds; and within four months the "upside-down" system had pared final assembly time on Vultee trainers more than 75 per cent and cut manufacturing costs nearly in half.

After Vultee was merged with Consolidated Aircraft Corporation, Perelle was delegated by Tom Girdler, wartime chairman of Convair,

(*Continued on page 90*)

ADVERTISEMENT

This is the year of "The Yearling"



Painting by Walter Early

Impressions of a forthcoming film event
written for the readers of LIBERTY

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

Painting by Kenneth Fagg

PEOPLE are always talking about the artistic wonders which Hollywood will achieve "some day." Well, they can stop talking now. For Hollywood has come up with "The Yearling"—a perfect movie.

It's a film which has everything, and when you leave the theater you'll feel the richer for a glorious, once-in-a-lifetime experience. First, there's the lump-in-throat story of a Florida farm boy who grows up while learning that he can't romp forever in the carefree wilderness with his pet fawn. Then, bringing earthy reality to the tale, are individually brilliant performances—eleven-year-old Claude Jarman, Jr., spinning the fine, shining texture of a little boy's dreams into the role of Jody; Gregory Peck, in his greatest part, as the courageous Penny Baxter; and Jane Wyman, symbolizing the dry despair of the tired soil, as the pioneer wife and mother. Finally, a magnificent Technicolor camera has caught in crystal-clear focus both the beauty and horror of backwoods life, such as a vicious bear hunt and countless endearing shots of Flag, the fawn.

So exquisitely have all these been blended into a vibrant masterpiece that it would be unfair to cite one single star or stand-out scene. For "The Yearling" is unforgettable from start to finish.

Yes, indeed, "The Yearling" is The Picture Of The Year. Its stars, Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman, are Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' heroic characters come to life. The brilliant supporting cast headed by Claude Jarman, Jr. as "Jody" includes Clem Bevans, Margaret Wycherly and Forrest Tucker. The screen play by Paul Osborn is superb. Director-producer Clarence Brown and Producer Sidney Franklin have created a Technicolor film of which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer may be truly proud.

(*Continued from page 88*)

to "help knock the man-hours out of the B-24." It was then that he jacked the output of four-motored Liberators to seventeen a day. From eleven scattered Convair aircraft plants, more than 100,000 workers delivered in excess of 30,000 military planes to the armed forces. When Liberator production at Willow Run failed to match enthusiastic early predictions, he was chosen by the Army Air Forces to head a three-man committee to straighten out the kinks.

Before Perelle resigned from Consolidated Vultee, he had been a wanted man for nearly two years. He was wanted by Howard Hughes to serve as general manager of Hughes Aircraft, particularly to complete the 212-ton, 750-passenger flying boat that had been under construction with an RFC grant of $18,000,000. But Chuck wasn't interested. Persistently Hughes offered one enticing proposal after another, mainly by long-distance telephone calls with Mac T. Finley, Perelle's secretary, on the receiving end.

One of Perelle's contentions was that $75,000 seemed like too much money for the size of the job, so Hughes countered with an offer of a vice-presidency in the Hughes Tool Company in addition to the aircraft job, and a promise that Chuck would control all production. In August, 1944, feeling that his work at Convair was completed, Perelle finally accepted the Hughes proposal.

THOSE who knew the characteristics of both men wondered how long it would last, for it has been said that Hughes is headstrong and close associates of Chuck claim he is brimming with self-assurance, though his extreme modesty stops it short of cockiness. At any rate, when Chuck has been deputized to produce goods and knows he's right, he brooks no interference, and doesn't fancy financial vice-presidents or anybody else under his feet. For that and other reasons, inventor and production man failed to hit it off.

So last spring Perelle took over at Gar Wood Industries, Inc.

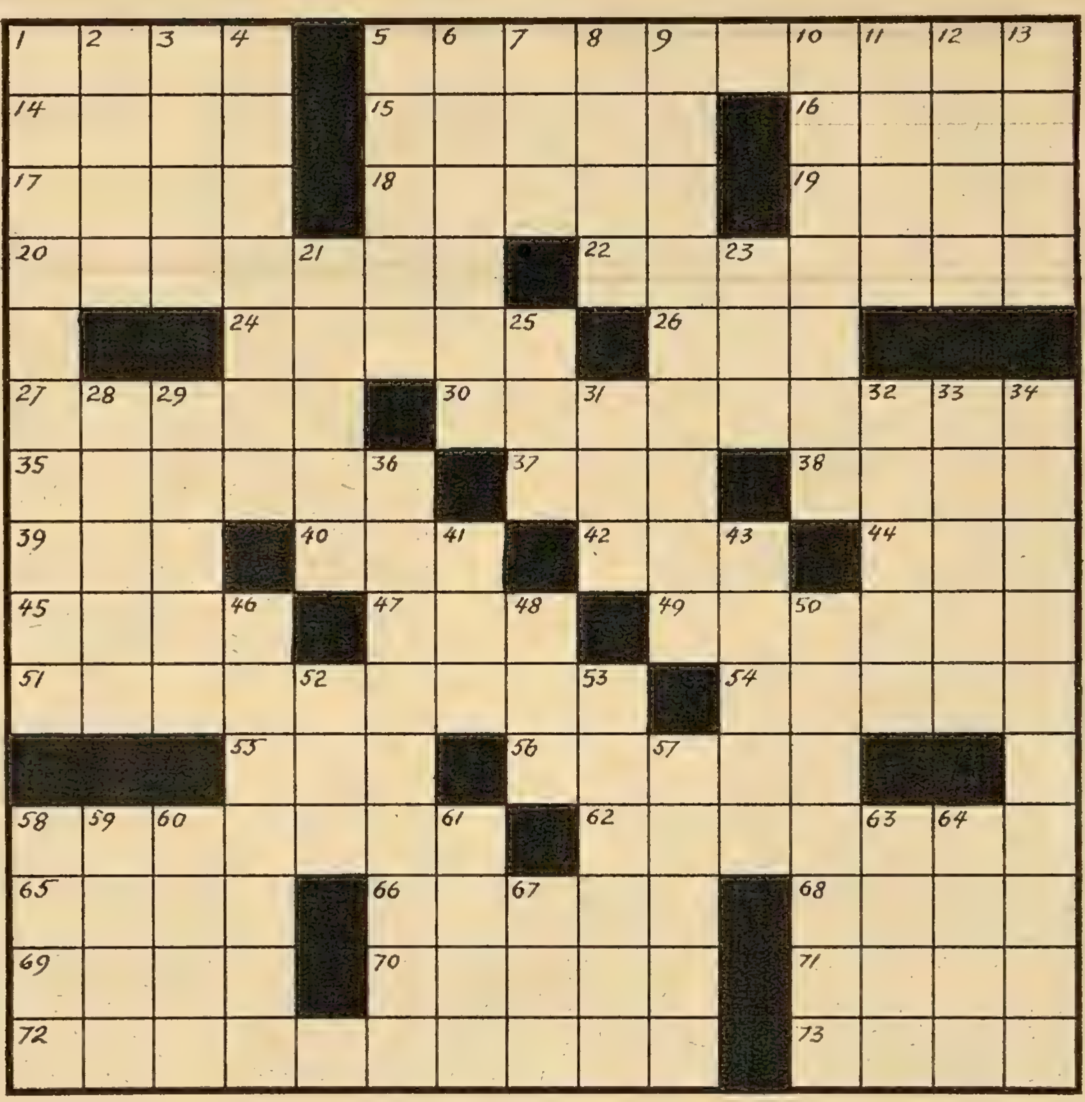
Their chairman of the board, John J. Bergen, likes to call himself "a working chairman," and he is. As first officer of the company, he handles certain administrative problems and takes an active part in advertising and sales plans designed to put forty million dollars' worth of GW products in the hands of prospective buyers. There, Perelle won't have to post any "Out of bounds" signs for his working chairman or any other company officer, because there is complete agreement among all that the manufacturing end of the business is Perelle's part of the show.

"That's what he was hired for," says Bergen. "All Chuck has to do is make 'em. That's his business. Ours is to sell 'em."

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 They're still collectors' items
5 Miners' Santa Claus
14 1,000 in 1
15 Auf wiedersehen
16 Zoladame
17 Dehydrated, but good!
18 As a show-off she was a bust
19 They fly through the air, often lay eggs, can be most amusing
20 He cleans up regularly on the Stock Exchange
22 Dam good ways to wash your gold
24 One dozen ways to settle a family argument (fem.)
26 This dame's some article
27 Kind of nonsense
30 Dopey dames that get picked up by Gym
35 Arthur crowned Guinevere with one
37 "It's a ——!" cried Mrs. Hulahula
38 Back porch, portable and personal
39 Space between these: (   )
40 Sound off
42 This is now sold with a diving suit—for underwater work
44 Automatic Baloney Outputter (abbr.)
45 Mr. *Rice* (anag.)
47 Poor Noah had the h—— knocked out of him here!
49 6 P. M. bucolic blue-plate special
51 The Black Widow's boy friend
54 Poor man's nylon
55 Brazil's do —— mi
56 Scalp disease
58 Wheels within wheels
62 What the Republicans promise they won't do to the country
65 Latin places
66 Puts the old crate down
68 You get more credit for the white than for the black variety (two words)
69 To save dough, miss, Don't utter butter. Utter this!
70 Anoint archaically, as in Eugene ——!
71 The price we pay for living in an apartment
72 They have a habit of coming in the middle of the week and staying for twenty-four hours
73 Mr. Thomas the clocker

P	U	M	P	■	M	A	S	T	O	D	O	N
A	S	I	A	■	A	N	T	I	D	O	T	E
S	E	X	T	O	N	■	Y	E	■	M	I	T
S	■	■	T	R	E	E	■	S	W	I	S	S
P	A	R	E	N	T	A	L	■	E	N	■	■
O	N	E	R	A	■	R	I	B	■	O	N	E
R	A	■	S	T	A	R	T	E	R	■	O	X
T	N	T	■	E	L	I	■	L	E	T	U	P
■	■	A	P	■	A	N	T	I	G	O	N	E
P	O	L	A	R	■	G	A	Z	E	■	■	L
A	B	E	■	U	N	■	B	E	N	G	A	L
N	O	N	S	E	N	S	E	■	C	A	N	E
S	E	T	T	L	E	R	S	■	Y	E	A	R

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Nervous Nellie or Fidgety Fannie
2 Kind of hat every woman wants (two words)
3 Due to the shortage, it'll have to limit itself on blowouts
4 Jockeyed the jeep
5 He's constantly being ordered home by the rich
6 Advertised by smellevision
7 What that full beard did to that weak chin
8 Knobless knees
9 Nursery jive (pl.)
10 Powerful servants, poor masters
11 G.I.-ful
12 Gloomy Gus
13 Old-time squirt, got drunk at soda fountains (colloq.)
21 B.O.utlets
23 University of Nifty Blondes (abbr.)
25 Shovel it in during the evening
28 Metal headdress
29 Nosy animal
31 This gets shoved around by husbands of nags
32 What alert pedestrians are full of
33 After being named, it was all gummed up
34 It got so cold last week, Grampaw's chattered in the glass (two words, colloq.)
36 Lacy things found on luscious Spanish tomatoes
41 It's very personal and often followed by a low-down expression
43 The Nothing game
46 Buzzard steak
48 Nickname (pl.)
50 Church stand-bys
52 Never Eat Atoms! (abbr.)
53 How the sourpuss spoke
57 Horses without horse sense
58 Word that enrages highway jockeys
59 This often puts a stop to speeding
60 Cold *dice* (anag.)
61 You'll find this lying around the Florida beaches looking soft and white—makes an easy pick-up
63 Easy Al, the safe Virginian
64 This is off color, causes women to turn pink
67 Nations Expect Atomization! (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

The Record-Breaker

... *still breaking records!*

NEVER, IN OUR 37 YEARS, has the desire for Hudson ownership been so keen, or so widespread, as it is today.

As we enter 1947, demand is breaking all records. Even after 17 months of postwar manufacture, it is still out of proportion to the pent-up needs of the past four years.

One reason, of course, is the instant appeal of smart new styling—the beauty and luxury of wholly new interiors—that have captured the hearts of tens of thousands the country over.

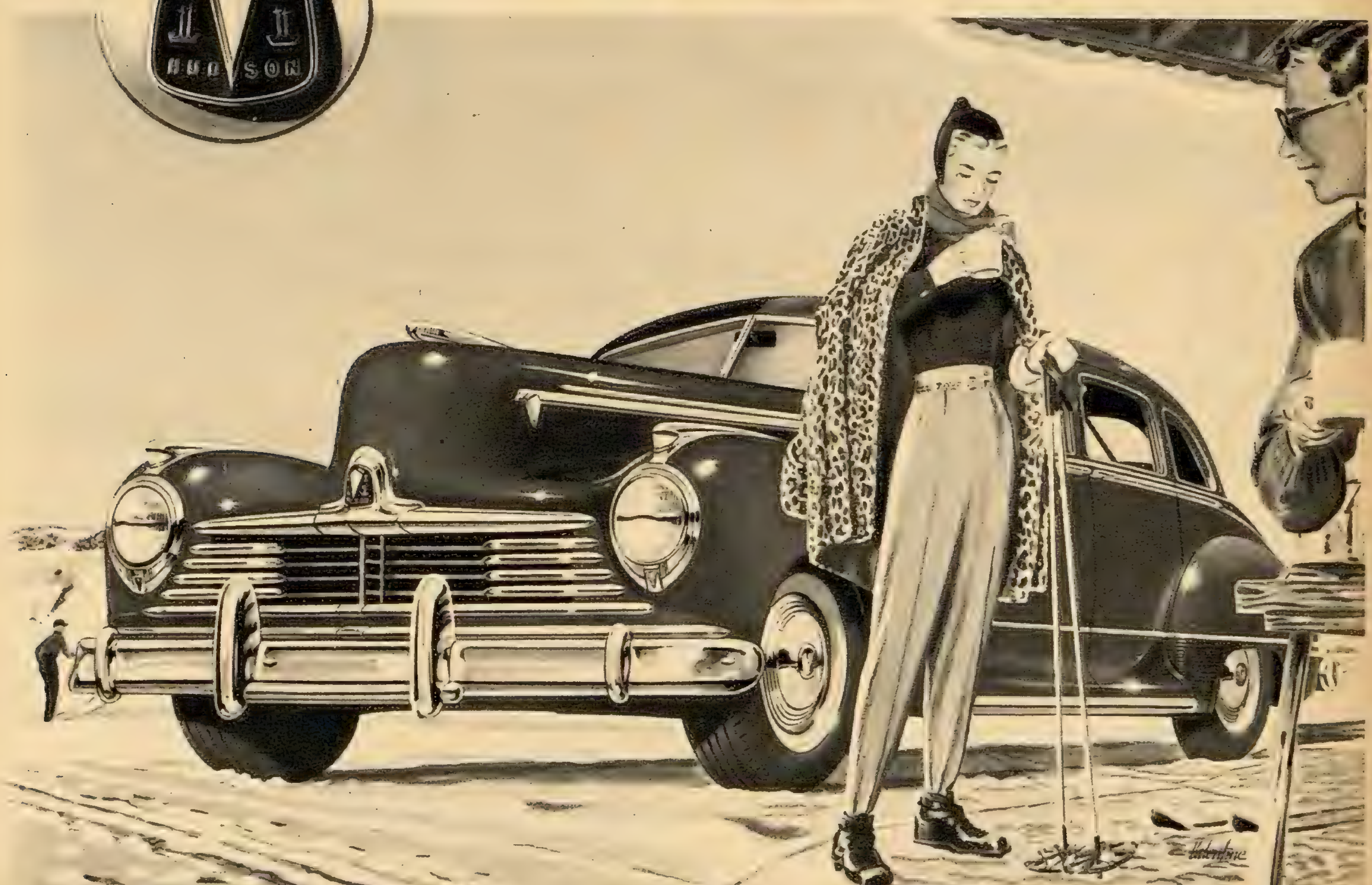
Another reason is Hudson's habit of record-breaking on test-track and highway. The smooth, tireless power of famous Super-Six and Super-Eight engines has brought to Hudson more *official* performance and endurance records than are held by any other stock car in the world.

Thousands of "share riders" sampled this performance during the war. They learned first-hand about Hudson's reliability and economy—and the many features that make it America's *safest* car. Small wonder that "habit buyers" of other makes—in record numbers—are changing to Hudson!

See this combination of beauty and brawn today—at the nearest Hudson dealer's. And remember, he is one of 3,000 quality dealers who offer expert Hudson Protective Service wherever you may travel.

HUDSON

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN



Choice of famous 102-h.p. Super-Six and 128-h.p. Super-Eight engines . . . Offered in a Super Series and distinguished Commodore Series—Sedans, Brougham (Super Series only), 3- and 5-passenger Coupes and Convertible Broughams in nine new standard body colors, with four 2-tone combinations at extra cost.

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Address ______________________
(Street and No., Zone, City and State)

PICK OF THE PICTURES

Continued from Page 63

beautiful hatred for each other, which is temporarily interrupted when she hears gold has been discovered up ahead and deserts the wagon train.

They meet up again in a frontier boom town where Stanwyck by this time owns the local hot spot and some very low-cut dresses. Milland thinks she's in cahoots with George Coulouris, a horse-opera Fascist who's trying to make California a private empire and prevent it from joining the Union. After Coulouris has had his henchmen give Milland the works several times, Ray and Fitzgerald go into politics to keep the state free. With some tried-and-true but well-done gunplay, Milland wins out both politically and romantically.

Adding almost a musical-comedy touch to this old-time tale are the folksy songs of Broadway's Yip Harburg and Earl (A Ballad for Americans) Robinson, who particularly score with some throaty laments for Stanwyck and a musical montage showing the effect of the gold rush on the country.

This is Milland's first Western, and, according to Paramount press agents, he did it for this reason: His young son Danny is a pal of cowboy John Wayne's son, and each Saturday the kids go to the movies and see Wayne, Sr., in a rough-riding thriller. Milland got a little tired of hearing Danny rave about Wayne, and decided to put his experiences as a cavalryman in the British Army to some parental use. California should make everyone — including Danny—quite happy.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES (Goldwyn-RKO). A superb all-star movie which deals brilliantly and boldly with the problems facing returning veterans.

THE YEARLING (M-G-M). This inspiring tale of Florida farmers stars Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, and Claude Jarman, a remarkable eleven-year-old.

THE RAZOR'S EDGE (20th Century-Fox). Tyrone Power searches for his soul while Gene Tierney sulks in this elaborate version of Maugham's novel.

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY (M-G-M). A tuneful Technicolored biography of Jerome Kern with Robert Walker in the role of the famous composer.

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE (Paramount). Loretta Young and David Niven are paired in a delightfully frothy satire on the tribulations of marriage.

PRUDENCE

Continued from Page 51

thought you meant they'd killed her."

Crain glanced at him. "Just in jail," he said chidingly. "What's so all-fired just about that?"

"I guess I just mean," Ranse said slowly, "that I'll just have to take a little trip down there to get her out."

Crain grunted. "Got any ideas?"

"Not yet," Ranse said serenely. "What'd they pick her up for—as a runaway slave?"

Crain nodded.

"But that's not fair!" Prudence cried. "She was born in Philadelphia, a freewoman—I know that."

Ranse touched her shoulder, very lightly, with the tip of his finger. "Personally," he said, "I'm glad they arrested her as a runaway—not as somebody who's stealing slaves from their rightful and legal owners."

"But it's right," she said.

"Amen," said Crain. They sat for a minute in silence. Then Crain stood up. "Well, Ranse? Any plans yet?"

"I'll stay here tonight, and leave before daylight," Ranse said. "That'll give me all day in Lanstown to look around. Then I'll plan."

"It's a chance to have supper with a pretty girl," Crain said.

But it was a chance and she was a pretty girl. And there was time for a walk before supper, time to sit on a log and talk. Ranse wanted to tell her things about himself he'd never told anyone. About why he, of a good Southern family, was doing what he was doing. About his father, a large stern man who had disowned him, and about his mother who was small and quick and loved him. About the years he had spent in school in England and in Germany, the discipline there, how he hated it and rebelled against it. And how he found, when he got back, that although he couldn't stand the Yankee Abolitionists, he couldn't stand the thought of slavery either.

RANSE was up in the morning before the sky began to lighten. When he got down to the kitchen, though, Prudence was there ahead of him.

She straightened up from poking the wood-burning stove. She said, "Good morning to thee."

"You shouldn't have bothered to get up so early," Ranse said.

"Thee shouldn't start on a long journey hungry," she said.

"I could have fixed myself something," he said. "But this is better. And I appreciate it and thank you for it. I thank you," he said and kissed her.

"I'll be back tomorrow night," he said, "with Aunt Rose. You'll be here."

"I'll be here." And then suddenly, "And if thee's not back?"

"Then you may worry about me," he said.

(Continued on page 94)

"I've lost my self-respect"...

There was a ring on "Angel's" finger . . .
but she was cherished too little . . .
left alone too much . . .
Every woman knows her torment . . .
many men know her too well . . !

Walter Wanger presents
SUSAN HAYWARD · LEE BOWMAN
MARSHA HUNT · EDDIE ALBERT

in

SMASH-UP
The Story of a Woman!

with CARL ESMOND · CARLETON YOUNG · CHARLES D. BROWN

Screenplay by John Howard Lawson · Additional Dialogue by Lionel Wiggam · Original Story by Dorothy Parker and Frank Cavett · Directed by Stuart Heisler · Produced by Walter Wanger
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

(Continued from page 92)

THE sun came up while he was crossing the river. The farms were green and still and quiet. You could never have guessed, unless you knew, what went on in so many of the houses on the Ohio side of the river. Crain's house, for instance—he had built it himself a few years ago, without much help from the outside. It wasn't his fault, as he pointed out, if it hadn't turned out quite right. Somehow he'd figured wrong and there was some extra space under the attic floor. Many a slave had had a good sleep there.

And by tomorrow night, if Ranse were lucky, there would be another there—not a slave, but an old colored woman infinitely more valuable.

Aunt Rose was almost legendary by now. She was old and bent, but if you looked into her wrinkled face you saw the indomitable spirit that nothing could quell. In the past ten years, it was said, she had spirited away more than two hundred of her people. And now she was in jail.

He had to get her out. Ranse knew enough about the people he was dealing with—his own people, his friends and kin—to know that there was little chance of freeing her legally. There was nothing for it except to steal her.

Lanstown looked just as he had thought it would. He stopped at the inn for lunch, some ale, and a room for the night, and to hear what he could hear. By the time he finished eating he knew what he was going to do.

There was only one trouble: If he did it right, it would be quite impossible for him to get back to Crain's by tomorrow night.

He asked a few questions and walked around the town. He made a complete circuit of the square, and then he walked into the office of C. H. Rudd, Attorney. He gave his name as Alton Fitzhugh, and he was shown in to see Judge Rudd.

"I've just come from a visit in the North," he said. "I heard some talk up there that I didn't like the sound of."

The judge raised bushy eyebrows.

"They're saying that you're holding a freewoman here, arrested as a slave," Ranse said. "And there's a society up there raising the money now to send a lawyer down here from Philadelphia to get her out."

The judge made a strange sound; his eyebrows came down, very angry.

"I reckon you probably knew about it," Ranse said, "but if you didn't, you should—and that's why I came to you."

"I take it kindly," the judge said. "Thank you, young man. I will—ah—see about it." He looked more affable. "Are you any kin, I wonder, to the Fitzhughs of Aleppo?"

"Why, yes," Ranse said. He was, as a matter of fact. His mother had been a Fitzhugh and he knew their genealogy.

They talked for a few minutes about his family, and when he left he knew he had started well. He walked across the square, around the courthouse, and into the jail. The jailer was a square, sad man by the name of Barrett. To him Ranse was able to say that he had just come from Judge Rudd's office, as though that were an introduction and gave him authority. He repeated his story, and added that he had even heard they were sending strangers down to investigate conditions, so that they could write them up in those scandalous papers, the Liberator and the Freeman. He knew those stories weren't true, he said, and he would like a chance to go through the jail and see for himself, so that he could write his friends up North and warn them not to believe those lying stories.

It was a small jail, and not a bad one, as jails go. There were two white prisoners in the front part of the jail, in for minor crimes. Each had a decent cell, moderately well kept. In the rear there was another cell, a larger one, which housed the Negroes. They were sitting in a row on a backless wooden bench, very close together, chained by the ankles. And the key was at the jailer's belt.

* * *

What this country needs today is a President strong enough to smoke a five-cent cigar!—*Peggy Caroline Fears.*

* * *

Aunt Rose looked up at him. She gave no start of surprise or sign of recognition. The other two, he was glad to see, were young and strong—a young field hand and a girl who might have been his wife.

"It looks like a model jail, sir," he said, as they walked back to Barrett's office. "I'll write my friends up North that there's no truth in any of that talk."

But even after he got out in the open air he could still smell the hot stink of the place.

The chains made things much harder. If they had just been guarded, he could have taken a chance. But both chained and guarded—it was not going to be easy.

THE first steps of his plan were easy enough and rather enjoyable. They involved spending a lot of time in the public room at the inn, sipping ale and talking to anybody who came in. He had to be careful, of course, not to sip too much ale, and he had to remember whenever he spoke to keep his accent Georgian and not Virginian, and he didn't think much of some of the people he was talking to—but except for that, it wasn't a bad way to spend the time. And he liked watching his little story spreading; he like to see it snowball slowly around the square, passed on and added to every time people stopped to talk.

In the morning he started off on the second part of his plan. He rode around to two or three farms and looked over horses. He had let it be known that he had come to get some new blood for his stable in Georgia. That part of it was very pleasant; he enjoyed bargaining over horses. He had bought one horse the first day, two the next, and one the next. Yet anything could throw his plans awry.

The "anything" turned up the next noon. Anything was Miss Prudence Darrell, walking sedately down the muddy street. He could not afford anything like this—even one little thing, like a pretty friend from the North, to cast a doubt that he was not exactly what he said he was—a Fitzhugh from Georgia, there to buy horses.

ALREADY she was being looked at, noticed, wondered about. She had no way of knowing Southern shock and surprise at seeing a pretty girl arriving, alone and unchaperoned, in a small town in Kentucky.

For one wild moment he thought that it might be solved if she did not see him. Then she was waving her parasol at him and smiling sweetly. He hurried toward her, his hands outstretched, his face a mask of happiness, his eyes imploring her to understand.

"Mary Lou!" he cried. "Honey! I didn't expect you here so soon! Seems like a man might get word what his own wife is up to!"

He had caught both her hands and held them tight. She was looking up at him with eyes that were so wide and honest and understanding that they hurt. "Why, honey, I wrote to you," she said—"twice." And from her voice you would have thought she had just come from Peachtree Street; there was nothing but the tiniest hesitation before she used the word "you." His worry, and the feeling of disaster that had seized him when he saw her, were gone; he felt light and confident again.

He escorted her to the inn, walking slowly and proudly by the idlers, the little colored boy following with her portmanteau. "We'd like your nicest suite," he said to the innkeeper, just as though they were at the Broadway Central in New York. "My wife has joined me."

Upstairs, in the room, he said apologetically, "We must do many strange things in this business."

"I can see that," she said. "I am sorry it was necessary."

"You shouldn't have come," he said bluntly.

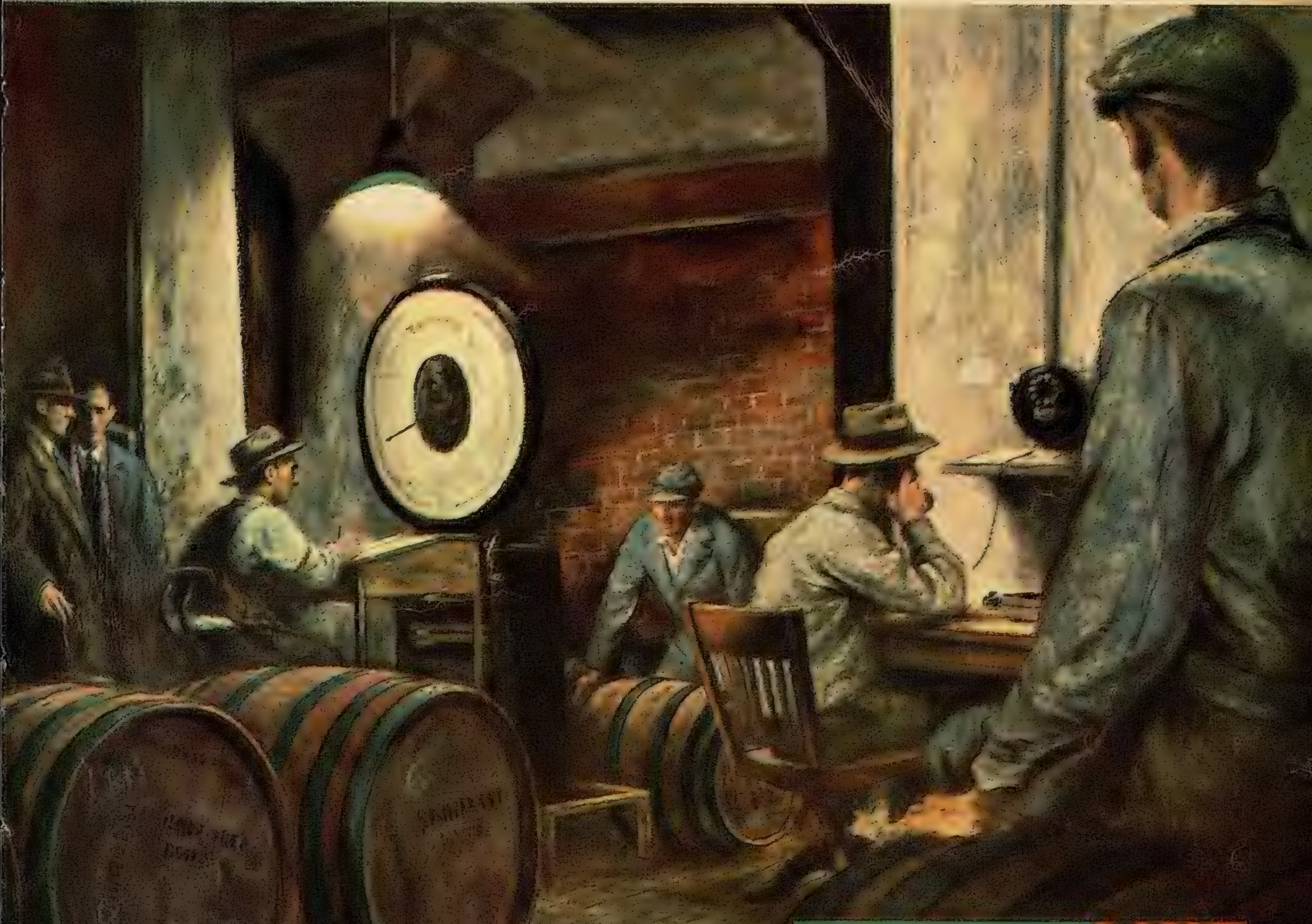
"That, too, was business," she said. "Mr. Crain worried about thee. He heard reports he didn't like. Of gambling and drinking. And horses."

Ranse flushed. Crane knew, if she did not, that he had been paid in advance—he always was; it was the only way he would do business with the Yankee merchants who put up the money but let him take the risks.

(Continued on page 96)

Have you ever seen fine whiskey made? To visit the distillery of Hiram Walker on the north bank of the Illinois River at Peoria is to see for yourself the infinite care with which Imperial is made. Artist Ben Stahl shows you below the weighing of whiskey in one of eleven tall rackhouses wherein these whiskies are ageing—waiting to be blended by experts whose skill is the heritage of Hiram Walker's 89 years at fine whiskey making.

Hiram Walker invites you to visit the distillery—and also, wherever you may be, to try Imperial, a really fine light whiskey.



It's good to know!

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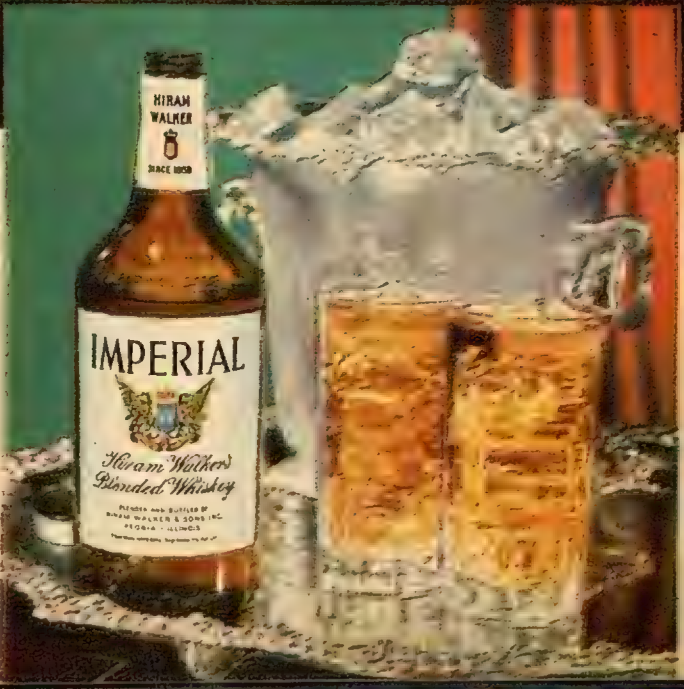
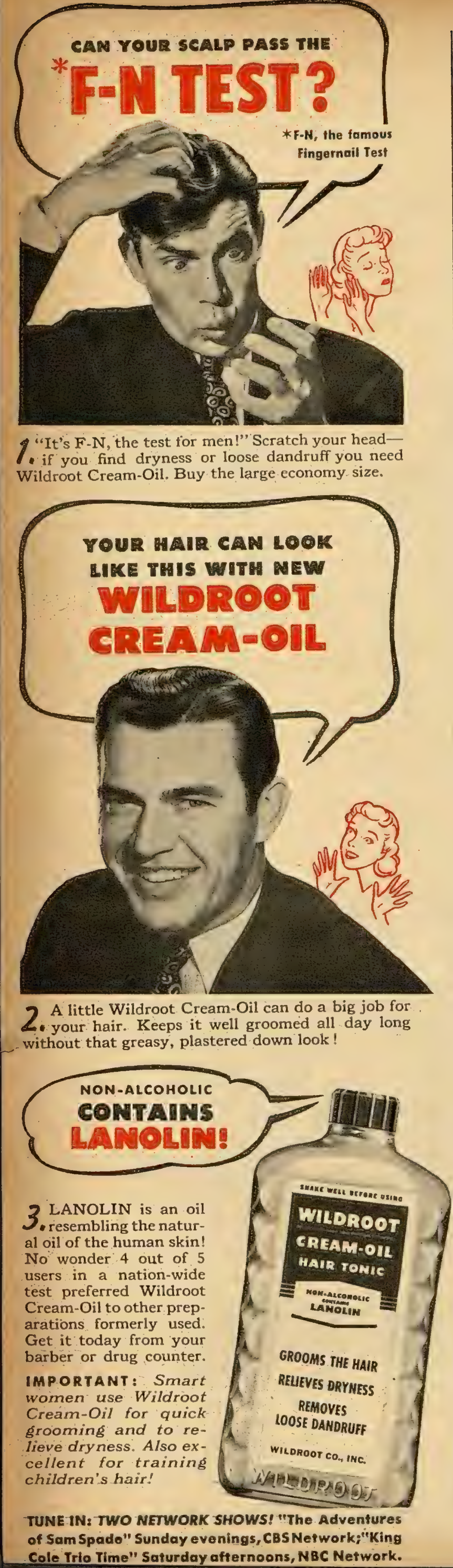
6 proof Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 0% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.





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IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

TUNE IN: TWO NETWORK SHOWS! "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunday evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Saturday afternoons, NBC Network.

(*Continued from page 94*)

"And I worried about thee, too," she said, looking down at her hands.

She listened quietly while he told his story—the well-guarded prison, the chained slaves, the miserably small chance of getting them out.

"But thee has some plan," she said, when he had finished.

"I am already working on my plan," he said slowly. "I am just coming now to the hard part." He smiled at her. "I am inciting a rebellion," he said. "I intend to start a lynching party."

He heard her suck in her breath.

"You see," he said, "I have already made these people believe many things. They really believe there are lawyers coming from the North. They believe it will be an insult to their town if they do come. They are ready to pay in blood to avoid such an insult. It's easy to start violence; it's only stopping it that's hard."

She looked at him as though about to speak, but didn't say anything.

"In that jail, Aunt Rose is as good as dead anyway," he said.

"But thee's not!" she cried.

He looked closely into her face, his hand tight on hers. After a minute he stood up abruptly and moved away from her. "But I have to take risks," he said. "It's my business."

She sat very still, not looking up. "Will thee be afraid?"

"I'd have no sense if I weren't," he said shortly. "Anyone who has ever seen a mob is afraid of them." He turned back to her. "How about you," he said. "There's a coach out this afternoon, and you're going to be on it. If I'm lucky, I'll be at Crain's ahead of you." He smiled a little grimly. "But don't worry. I'll wait there for you."

"Thee needn't bother waiting," she said.

He looked at her. He couldn't quite understand the thing that had happened to his heart. Of course she was not suited to things like this; she was too sweet and gentle, too young and far too pretty. It was the best thing for her. He should have been glad. But the knowledge that she had decided it that way hurt so much that he could barely speak. He nodded. "You're right," he said. "Go on home, Miss Prudence. This work isn't for you. Leave it to cutthroats like me"—he could not resist adding bitterly, "who do it for money."

"Thee needn't bother waiting," she said, speaking more clearly, "because I'll be with thee all the time." She smiled at his astonished face. "When thee knows me better," she said, "thee'll find I don't start things—and not finish them." She was laughing now, but fondly. "Did thee never happen to think that thee could use a bit of help? Thee's the most wonderful man in the world," she said with mock gravity, "but even thee can't be at the front door with the mob and at the back door with the horses at the same time."

It might work, he said to himself; and then: It has to work. Prudence is in it too; not just Aunt Rose, not just me. It *has* to work.

It was full dark by now, and yet the dreary street seemed brightly lighted—lighted from the glow that came from the open doors and windows as they passed; made alive, made terrifying, by the sounds that came out with the light. The town was awake, restless. You could feel it in the air, you could hear it in the timbre of the voices as you passed.

He had stopped by for Judge Rudd, and they were walking down the street together. Walking slowly, trying not to let anyone notice that they were on their way to the jail. He had told Judge Rudd simply that they were in for trouble; he had pointed out that a lynching would give the town a worse name than even the talk of a bad jail and a woman unjustly held. He had offered to help him try to stop it.

They were there at last, stepping quickly inside. Barrett stood up, his square face apprehensive.

"There's a mob collecting, Henry," Rudd said. "You're in for trouble if you don't do something fast."

"I'll get help," Barrett said. His voice was a nervous squeak. He played with his watch constantly. He called, "Tom! Willie!" and two sleepy-looking men came in from another office. "Looks like there'll be a raid," he said. "You go quick and round up everybody you think'd help. Make 'em all deputies and get 'em back here fast." The men raced for the door. Barrett looked at his watch again, took out his revolver, cocked it, slipped it back into its holster. As the door opened and closed after the men, they could hear the crowd.

"You go back out there, judge," Ranse said, "and see what you can do to stall them off. I'll stay here and help Barrett."

"You'll need a gun." Barrett turned to reach for one.

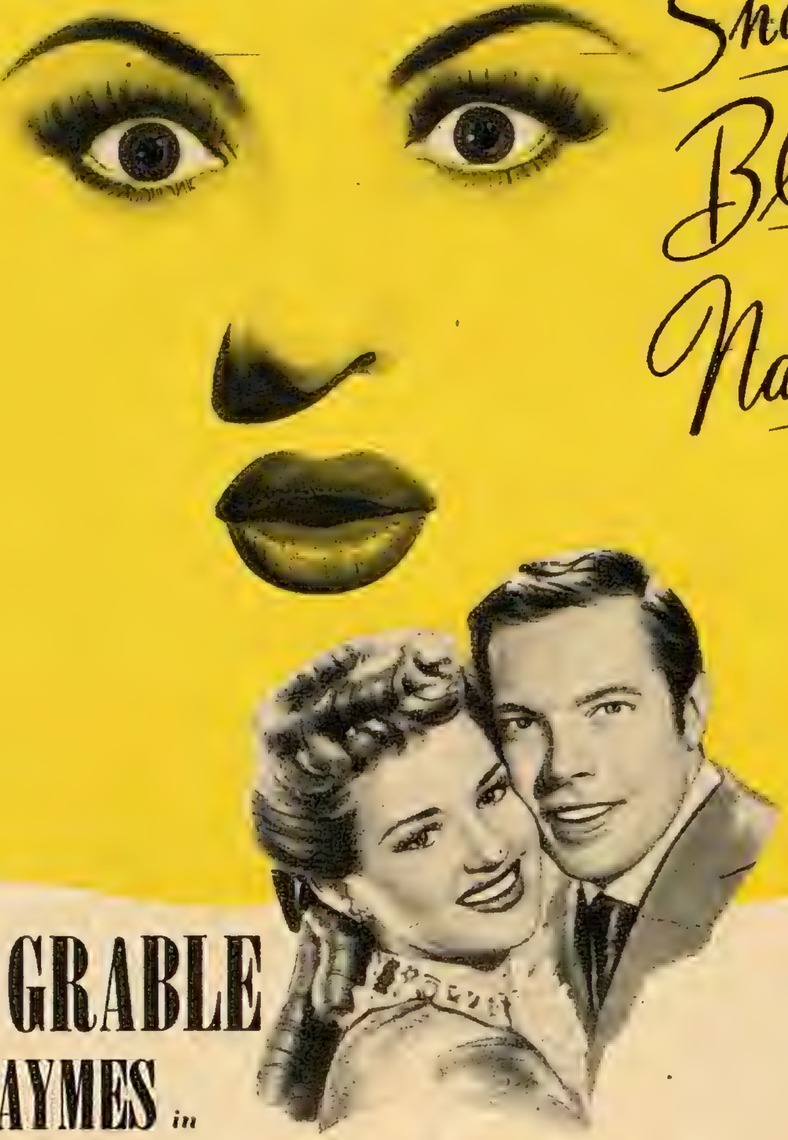
"I've got one," Ranse said quietly, and his tone whipped Barrett around like the rattle of a rattlesnake. He found he was looking into the muzzle of a pistol. "I'll take your keys," Ranse said. "And just to be nice, I'll tie you up, because it'll look better for you if I do." Barrett had slumped back in his chair. Ranse tied him expertly, and gagged him. "And you can tell the boys," he said, "that I'll have the little party up by Brown's woods. They'll know where to go."

He was feeling confident now, and cool. All nervousness was gone. He closed the office door quickly behind him. There was one lantern lighted near the cells, and several more unlit. He took the time to smash the unlit ones carefully, watching the kerosene spill. He said, "Sorry, boys," to the two white prisoners. "But don't worry, they won't hurt you." And then he was bending down, unfastening the chain

(*Continued on page 98*)

There's more to "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim" ...than meets the eye!

Shameless?
Blameless?
Nameless?



BETTY GRABLE
and **DICK HAYMES** in

MUSIC BY
George Gershwin
LYRICS BY
Ira Gershwin

"FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOR EVERMORE"
"CHANGING MY TUNE"
"AREN'T YOU KIND OF GLAD WE DID?"
"WALTZING IS BETTER SITTING DOWN"

The Shocking MISS PILGRIM

IN TECHNICOLOR

20th CENTURY-FOX

with
ANNE REVERE · ALLYN JOSLYN · GENE LOCKHART
Written for the Screen and Directed by GEORGE SEATON Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG
From a Story by Ernest and Frederica Maas · Dances Staged by Hermes Pan · Costumes Designed by Orry Kelly

Have you seen Darryl F. Zanuck's production of W. Somerset Maugham's "THE RAZOR'S EDGE"?

(*Continued from page 96*)

on Aunt Rose's ankle, feeling her withered old hand resting gratefully on his shoulder. The other two prisoners were young and strong. Aunt Rose he had to carry.

Prudence was at the back door, already in the saddle. He put Aunt Rose on one of the other horses, watched the field hands climb up stiffly. He said, "You know how to use this?" and held Barrett's gun out to the young man. The Negro said, "Nawsir," and Ranse handed it to Prudence.

"You know where to go," he said. "Out the back River Road, and don't stop for anything. Shoot anything that tries to stop you. If I'm not at the crossing when you get there," he said, "go on without me."

She bent low in the saddle, her face near his. "I won't," she said.

"You've got to," he said. "Get them across anyway. But don't worry. I'll be there."

He watched them as they moved away then swung into the saddle and galloped off, on the road to Brown's woods.

He had time enough there; just about time enough. The crowd came fast, once they found their quarry was out already. He had just time to start the fire that was to guide them deep into the woods before he heard them crashing and crackling on its edges. He moved a few feet away from the fire and shouted, "Here they are, boys, back in here!" And then he was on his horse and galloping away, leaving them stamping and shouting their way toward the fire. It would be ten minutes, maybe more, he thought, before they knew that they had been tricked.

ONLY Prudence was waiting when he crossed the river. She was nothing but a shadowy figure in the dim light, but when he held his hand out to her, she grasped it. "The others rode on ahead," she said. "I had to wait for thee."

They rode on together.

They did not speak for quite a while. When he did it was softly, wanderingly, not as though he had anything much to say. "Some day this will all be over," he said. "They will all be free, and I'll be glad of the day, though I'll have to make my living in some other way. And no one will have to take risks for them any more, not you for love, nor I for money."

"I know," she said.

"When that day comes," he said, "or maybe even before then, Prudence—I might ask you to take another risk. An awfully big risk, Prudence. And no one would be saved by it but me."

Their hands met in the darkness again for a moment. "Not such a great risk," she said softly. "Not so great as some would think." And then, more softly still, "Besides, thee knows already—I never did mind taking a risk—if I did it for love."

THE END

MR. PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

Continued from Page 25

praises of private enterprise, they'd have to rewrite the melody in tune with the times. To help them, he set up an industrial relations department. It runs an elaborate correspondence course and seminar series for members on how to improve relations with labor.

Chief among N.A.M.'s eight other operating divisions are Public Relations, Economic Policy (research), Legislative Relations, Member Relations (newsletter, special reports), and Program (co-ordination of all N.A.M. activities).

These activities are prodigious. Take public relations. The Association floods newspaper offices and radio stations with news stories, special releases, and editorial material. It runs several weekly radio network programs, distributes free-enterprise booklets to thousands of schools and libraries, circularizes over 100,000 educators, farm leaders, and women's club officials. Its trained speakers and business-men members carry the gospel to hundreds of audiences and hold countless powwows with veterans, labor, teen-age, church, and similar special-interest groups.

N.A.M.'s long-range program, carried on mainly through these public-information efforts, is to preserve in the public mind the ideals and benefits of free enterprise. Its short-range program is to fight what it considers specific current threats to the free-enterprise system—such, for instance, as the so-called Full Employment Bill of 1945. Weisenburger's success in putting this one through the wringer illustrates the effectiveness of his technique.

THROUGH N.A.M.'s Washington office Weisenburger keeps close tabs on prospective Congressional developments. Associates say he's uncanny at sniffing out trouble-making legislation, from N.A.M.'s standpoint, well in advance of its consideration by House or Senate. He spotted the Full Employment bogey early last year and promptly set his staff economists to marshaling facts and figures against it.

The measure came up for hearings six months later. It called for a sort of Olympian board of government economic seers who, gazing into the future, would turn government spending on or off like a spigot, depending on whether a business boom or bust was in the offing. N.A.M. business bigwigs, briefed by Weisenburger and armed with charts and statistics, descended on Washington. Their testimony convinced legislators that the Full Employment Bill, despite its enticing title, simply wouldn't work as written. It came out of committee a more practical measure.

But directing N.A.M.'s publicity and legislative activities is only a part of Weisenburger's duties. Under his supervision, N.A.M. legal, fiscal, health, and other staff experts deluge members with special studies on subjects ranging from the qualifications of an industrial nurse to the implications of the Lanham Trade Mark Act. At his instance an N.A.M. caucus or committee meeting is in session in some section of the country nearly every weekday of the year. A considerable number of these meetings he attends in person.

WITH so many irons in the fire, Weisenburger occasionally burns his fingers. He still winces at mention of the textbook affair, about a year before the war.

This grew out of member inquiries concerning a possible leftish bias of U. S. schoolbooks. Weisenburger commissioned Columbia Professor Ralph W. Robey to make a survey. Robey hired three assistants—a conservative, a liberal, and an avowed Marxist—to excerpt over 600 books. These excerpts N.A.M. made available without comment to its membership and the press. Many passages were in questionable vein, but nobody frothed much. The lid didn't blow off till a couple months later, when Robey told a New York Times reporter that, over and above subversive tendencies, a substantial portion of the books were of poor scholarship and badly written.

The National Educational Association, conventioning in Atlantic City, let out a howl heard across the country. The radical-liberal press screamed for N.A.M.'s scalp, but the affair led to more consciousness of our school textbooks on the part of the public. Several years later N.E.A. joined with N.A.M. in a program to bring a better practical understanding of economic processes to teachers and educators.

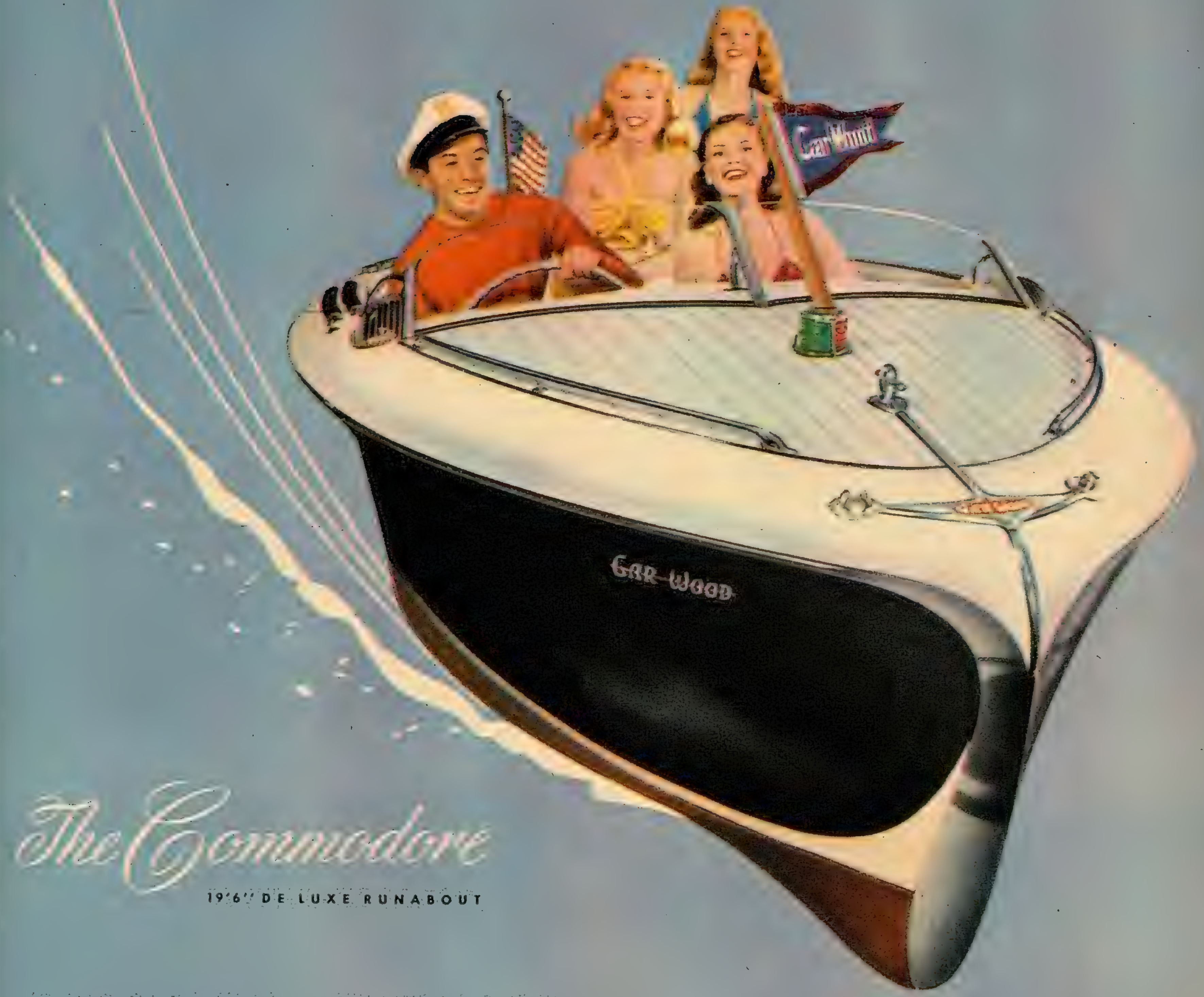
N.A.M. has long been a punching bag for shocking pink politicos. In 1939 the La Follette Civil Liberties subcommittee of the Senate accused it of unbecoming conduct in general and illegal political activity in particular. N.A.M.'s cohorts went snorting down to Washington, where the subcommittee failed to produce any evidence supporting its charges.

Lammot du Pont, an N.A.M. director, who is often pictured, particularly by the leftists, as ruling the N.A.M. roost and dictating its policies, actually cuts no more ice than many another active member. Men, for instance, like Colby M. Chester (General Foods), B. E. Hutchinson (Chrysler), John Holmes (Swift), Charles R. Hook (American Rolling Mill), Walter D. Fuller (Curtis Publishing), T. J. Hargrave (Eastman Kodak), J. Howard Pew (Sun Oil), Herbert E. Smith (U. S. Rubber), E. T. Weir (National Steel)—all topside officials of their companies, all officers or directors of N.A.M.

To this array of business brass

(*Continued on page 100*)

. . . styled on the ever-inspired drawing board of Norman Bel Geddes . . . custom-built with traditionally seaworthy GAR WOOD master-craftsmanship . . . for a discriminating few.



The Commodore

19'6" DE LUXE RUNABOUT

PRODUCT OF GAR WOOD INDUSTRIES, INC.

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NTS • • WAYNE—DETROIT—MINNEAPOLIS—MATTOON—MARYSVILLE—FINDLAY—NEWPORT NEWS

(Continued from page 98)

Weisenburger has never hesitated to talk tough turkey if necessary. However, he generally prefers the pointed gag.

"You've sold the love emotion for billions of dollars," he recently told an audience of N.A.M. members. "You no longer sell soap to wash your neck, but to get that schoolgirl complexion. . . . But . . . when it gets down to selling the private-enterprise system . . . you get heavy, thick, uninteresting and . . . exciting as a chorus girl in a flannel nightgown."

A sure-fire platform performer, Weisenburger spends weeks preparing a major speech, then tosses it off with sparkling spontaneity.

But, with a passion for anonymity, he shuns the public eye, shoving N.A.M. industrialists upstage to plead their own case with the citizenry. "The business system is going to be saved by the business men of this country *in person,*" he says, "or it isn't going to be saved."

Around N.A.M.'s offices he's a driver, but popular with the staff. By way of cracking down, he occasionally empties his own wastebasket and inquires if anybody needs a few pencils sharpened. There's an office yarn, probably apocryphal, that a new stenographer one day offered him a handful and the N.A.M. chief obliged with aplomb.

MEALS are a ritual with him. Under six feet tall, he tips the gravy bowl at a bulging 200 pounds plus, the product of a lifetime of good eating. His job keeps him on the road a good deal, and he can discourse at length on the choicest gourmets' grottos of most U. S. cities. At home, a twelve-room Tudor house in New York's suburban Bronxville, he's an expert amateur chef.

Aside from eating, his chief hobbies are fishing, from Key West to Nova Scotia, and his family. The Weisenburger offspring, Rex, thirty-two, and Marjorie, twenty-six, are named for their parents. "Rex" was Weisenburger's pen name in his reporter days.

N.A.M.'s executive v.p. is essentially a showman. His biggest moment is the Association's annual Congress of American Industry, staged in December at the Waldorf. Spotlighted speakers—Eden, Knudsen, and Willkie are some who have starred in the past—stud a vaudevillesque bill of attractions. The latter now and then overshadow the featured performers, as when a masked member of the French underground monopolized newspaper headlines of the 1943 convention.

But perhaps the oddest twist is given these gatherings by Weisenburger's habit of inviting N.A.M.'s severest critics to flay it publicly. New Dealers Leon Henderson and Chester Bowles are among those who have been happy to oblige.

Critics say N.A.M.'s program is essentially negative. They point out that since the war its biggest guns have been blasting away at three prime targets: (1) OPA, (2) Federal spending, (3) New Deal labor laws.

Says Weisenburger, it's all in the point of view. He recalls the fight last spring against OPA, spearheaded by Ira Mosher, the board chairman, and Bob Wason. N.A.M.'s contention was that competition in a free market would soon produce ample goods at reasonable prices. It took the government and the country six months to realize N.A.M. was right. The removal of OPA ceilings Weisenburger regards as very constructive indeed.

ACTUALLY, Weisenburger has worked for years to transform the Association from an outfit of plain "aginners" into a champion of positive measures. His method is to anticipate legislative proposals or demands of labor, then offer a reasonable facsimile more acceptable to industry. In view of labor's agitation for an annual wage, for instance, he announced last November N.A.M.'s own plan to accelerate the spread of employment - stabilization schemes already proved in practice by some of its members.

N.A.M.'s standing with the populace at large seems to range from the frank abhorrence of the Communist-dominated National Maritime Union to the abiding faith of a young Marine lieutenant who, killed at Iwo Jima, remembered N.A.M. in his will. But even the Marine hero also remembered the C.I.O. and A.F.L. in establishing a legacy for the promotion of free enterprise through better industrial relations. His gesture may well bring N.A.M. and the big unions together in a co-operative venture leading to better mutual understanding.

Weisenburger welcomes the prospect. N.A.M.'s earlier days, he observes, saw plenty of ventures constructive enough by anybody's book. And with N.A.M. today things are again looking up. Still no love object of a large part of the public, neither is it the villain it was in the great depression and the heyday of the New Deal. Public opinion is changing. So is N.A.M.'s own attitude. Walter Weisenburger, the man in the middle, is pulling both ways for all he's worth. Even N.A.M.'s critics concede he's worth plenty.

THE END

ADDED INGREDIENT

"Be good, sweet maid, and let
who will be clever."
So Kingsley wrote. Today, it's
understood,
Life is a much more intricate
endeavor—
A lady must be clever to be
good.

—*Berton Braley.*

F.D.R.'S BIGGEST FIGHT

Continued from Page 41

their afflictions, just as he did. They are full of hope and gaiety and courage. Someone most aptly described it as "a place of magnificent laughter."

IT was 1928, and another Democratic National Convention was being held—in Houston, Texas. And this time Roosevelt's old friend Al Smith won the nomination for President. But it was soon evident that Smith was fighting a losing campaign. Presently it seemed that he might even lose his own beloved Empire State. A strong candidate for Governor might save it. There was only one in sight.

Al Smith put it up to Roosevelt in August: "We *need* you, Frank."

"Al, I'll stump the country for you. I'll do anything you ask, except run for office. The doctors say that a couple more years at Warm Springs and I can throw my braces away. I *can't* lose that chance."

"You're sure to be elected," Al persisted.

"That's what I'm afraid of," said Franklin, grinning.

In September, Roosevelt went down to Warm Springs. Telegrams followed him from the frantic Democrats. The call on his loyalty and friendship tugged at him. His party needed him; Al needed him. Then he looked out across the sunny lawn and sniffed the warm air. The winters were cold in Albany. He'd never get better there. Besides, the Foundation needed him. It was at a turning point where a real drive would put it over and accomplish untold good.

There were other reasons, too. Roosevelt's accurate sense of the public mind told him that Al was beaten, whether he helped or not. He might be dragged down to defeat in a general debacle. Even if he won the governorship, it would compromise his position. Now he was a national figure in the party, with no sectional entanglements, but if he became Governor of New York it would localize him. He wanted to be free of that, free to make his bid for the grand prize when the opportunity came. Win or lose, to run for Governor now was bad politics.

But, he told himself, he would do it anyhow if it were not for the Foundation and the fact that he needed a little more time to get well. It was asking too much of friendship to want him to give up his chance to walk again. Abruptly he wrote out a telegram that was his final refusal.

THE Democratic State Convention at Rochester was apathetic. The delegates had nobody to enthuse about; not one of the possible nominees looked like a winner.

Al Smith was desperate. He and John J. Raskob called in Eleanor and put it up to her.

(Continued on page 102)

JOAN CRAWFORD

WINNER
OF THE
1945
ACADEMY
AWARD FOR
MILDRED
PIERCE' IN
ANOTHER
HISTORY-
MAKING
ROLE!

"Love me now," she said, "hate me later" . . . and then all the warmth of their nearness engulfed these two who met and kissed and never should have met again!

JOHN GARFIELD

"Humoresque"

WITH OSCAR LEVANT

J. CARROL NAISH · DIRECTED BY JEAN NEGULESCO PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold • Based on a Story by Fannie Hurst • Music Conducted by Franz Waxman

The New Warner Achievement--One of the Greatest of All!

in the winter mildness of

SAN DIEGO

Come Now there are plenty of things to do and see in balmy San Diego, while old winter blows itself out in other climes. The most equable seacoast climate in Southern California offers play days out of doors ... sightseeing to panoramas of unsurpassed beauty! Live in a lively city, historically rich in the lore of Spanish Missions. Visit exotic Tijuana in Old Mexico, 18 miles away. Begin *your* winter vacation where *California* began ... in San Diego .... and come now!

ATTACH THIS CHECK LIST TO YOUR LETTER

(NOTE: Do not come to San Diego seeking employment)
(Please print name and address clearly on your letter)

1. I desire information covering:
Vacation ________ Permanent home ________
Business ________ Agriculture ________
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Write
SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA CLUB
499 W. Broadway, San Diego 1, California

Hotel Accommodations now - No time limit
CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

(*Continued from page 100*)

"Eleanor, do you think Frank's well enough to run? Do you think it would hurt him?"

"I think he could," said Eleanor seriously. "It might slow up his recovery a little, but I don't think it would do him real harm."

"Do you think he'll run if we nominate him anyhow?"

"I don't know, Al. Franklin's a very stubborn man. But I do know that he has put so much faith and effort and money into the Foundation that he feels he must devote most of his time to it."

"That shouldn't stop him," Raskob remarked.

"It will," Eleanor said, "because it's the thing he cares most about right now."

"I'm going to telephone him!" Al exclaimed.

Roosevelt had thought of that, too. He planned a picnic, which would keep him away all day. In the evening he was to speak at a Smith rally in Manchester, Alabama. He was with the kids in the pool when he saw the bellboy coming.

"Governor Smith wants you on the telephone."

"Tell him I've started on the picnic!" Franklin shouted. "Come on, fellers, let's get out of here!"

There was a whole pile of little slips waiting when Franklin got back that evening. They said "Mr. Lehman called." "Governor Smith called." "Tom Lynch called." "Mr. Raskob called." There was also a telegram from his daughter: "GO AHEAD AND TAKE IT."

Franklin wired Anna "YOU OUGHT TO BE SPANKED," tore up the slips, and went to Manchester.

He felt safe on the platform of the school auditorium, but a boy came up behind his chair.

"There's a call for you at the corner drugstore. Governor Smith from Rochester, New York."

"Tell him it's impossible for me to get out of here," Franklin answered.

He began his Smith speech, and thinking of his harried friend made him talk more feelingly than ever. As he paused for a burst of applause, the chairman whispered to him, "Mrs. Roosevelt is on the telephone at the drugstore. She says she'll hold the wire until you're through."

"I'll talk to her," said Franklin.

He didn't shorten his speech by a second; in fact, he spun it out a little. Then he took the call.

"Hello, Franklin, how are you?"

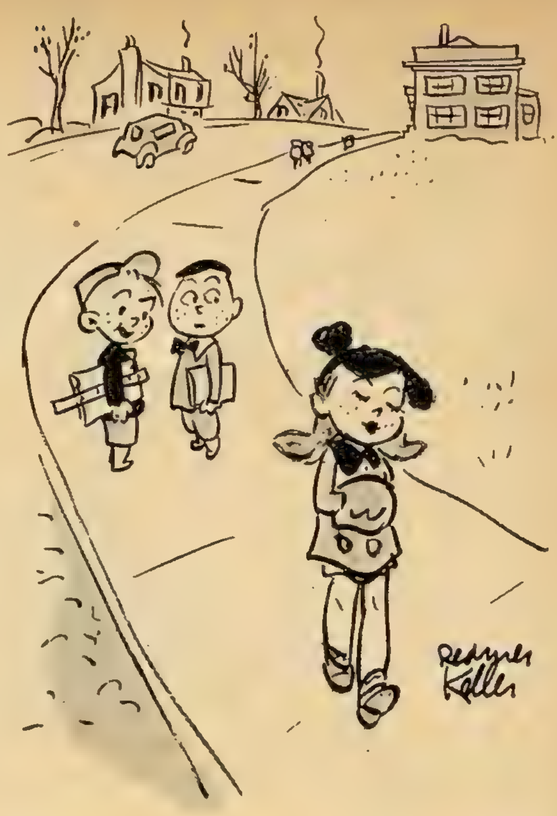
"I'd be O.K. if people would stop bothering me," he answered.

"It's important, Franklin. You wouldn't talk to Al, so I told him I'd try to get you. I think you should."

"All right, put him on."

THE wire buzzed and crackled. Roosevelt heard a frantic voice say, "Frank, hello, Frank." Then it faded out.

"Tell them I'll talk from Warm Springs," Roosevelt said to the operator, and went home. He put in the call.



"She kept me off the honor roll!"
LIBERTY

John Raskob answered. "I'm just talking while they get Al," he said. "You know what we want, of course."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and you know that I want a little peace."

"I want to assure you of one thing," Raskob said: "I'll take care of the Foundation. Here's Al."

"Being Governor's not such hard work," Al said. "There are only a couple of months when you've got to stick close to the job. The rest of the time you can go to War Springs or anywhere you like."

"Don't hand me that baloney," said Franklin.

"Here, talk to Lehman—he's going to be Lieutenant Governor," Al said.

Lehman said he would be glad to assume the Acting Governorship whenever Franklin went away. "You can put all the work on my shoulders," he promised.

"I couldn't be that kind of Governor," Franklin replied.

Then Al came on again.

"I believe the whole campaign hinges on your taking it, Frank," he said. "Will you let me put your name before the Convention?"

"No," said Franklin.

"Will you let the Convention nominate you?"

"No," said Franklin.

"If the Convention does nominate you, will you refuse to run?"

Franklin could almost see the look of desperation in his friend's eyes. Al Smith had fought for this thing so long. . . .

"Al, you're hitting below the belt," he said weakly.

"Thank you, Frank!" Al shouted. "You're a great guy!"

The fourth and concluding part of this series will appear in the next issue.

THE SALEM FRIGATE

Continued from Page 56

I assured him that I was acquainted with the doctor.

"A great man, Jackson," he commented. "And so you've made up your mind to take up your practice in Salem. Have you ever thought of going to sea as a ship's surgeon?"

I confessed that I had not.

"Ah," he said, "that's it! It's amazingly difficult to find good men willing to ship as surgeons, and the demand is increasing—bound to! It's war, my lad! Inevitable! We can't continue to lie down under insults as we have in the past and hold our own at sea. These frigates we're building will go a long way toward teaching respect for our flag, but we'll have a fight on our hands before we're through. I cannot understand how Mr. Adams can dream of treating again with the French!"

I was relieved that Selina, at that moment, put in her appearance.

"Father!" she exclaimed. "Talking politics again!"

I must have gaped at her, for she laughed.

"Am I so frightening, Doctor?"

I felt my face grow red. "Not frightening," I said, "but beautiful beyond belief!"

She came toward me with hands outstretched. "How sweet of you!"

I turned to her father as I took her hands. "I call on you to witness, sir, if I speak any but the plain truth!"

His flinty face brightened in a rare smile.

"Ben wouldn't come, I take it?" she said. "We'll have much more fun without him."

We set off in the Hacketts' coach, dropping Captain Hackett off at the East India Society on the way. Selina settled back beside me. The faint hint of the perfume she used, the more tantalizing woman smell of her hair as it brushed close to my cheek, the touch of her body—shoulder, arm, hip, and thigh—against mine as the carriage jolted slightly all combined to set my pulses to throbbing faster. The impulse to take her in my arms was well-nigh overpowering. But at that moment we arrived at the Assembly Hall.

As we entered a lackey announced our names to the receiving line in booming tones, and for an instant it seemed to me that everyone in the room was eying us curiously, appraisingly. Selina moved gracefully, presenting me to each member of the line in turn. We passed on and joined a knot of guests.

"This is Dr. Tisdall—Tom, everyone." She repeated their names to me.

I bowed to the ladies, and each of the men offered his hand. I was startled to see how young these "captains" were. Nichols and Delano and Woolridge were my own age, or younger.

"Have you thought of going to sea, Dr. Tisdall?" one of them asked. "With war in the offing, you'll find yourself in brisk demand."

At almost the same instant I heard, behind me, the deep tones of the Negro lackey announcing:

"Mr. and Mrs. Eben E. Price!"

"Selina!" Ann Hodges whispered. "Selina! Isn't that that Nowell girl?"

A startled silence swept the room. Then the Reverend Mr. Bentley stepped forward. We could hear his jovial voice explaining, "Married 'em myself this afternoon. I asked 'em to come as my guests."

"The trollop!" I heard a woman say. I turned on her.

"I happen to board at the Nowell house," I said. "I can tell you that never has Patience shown herself to be other than decent and respectable and good."

"You know her reputation!"

"I know the reputation she has inherited," I replied. "But of my own knowledge of the girl, I tell you I could not ask better of my own mother."

Selina looked at me oddly, then said, "He's right! It isn't fair to blame *her*."

She turned quickly and started across to Ben and Patience. Others came forward at that, crowding around to offer congratulations.

It was the sort of evening that goes off smoothly enough but leaves one with the feeling that feminine tongues would wag later. Once I found myself paired with Patience. She smiled up at me radiantly.

"Pat," I said, "if you love him, it's right, and God bless you both. It's just a little sudden, that's all." Before she could reply she was whisked away by another partner.

At the punch bowl Ben gave me a triumphant grin.

"If you ever hurt Pat I'll have your hide," I told him.

"If I didn't have my hands full of punch glasses—" he began furiously.

"You know what I mean," I said. "Don't ever let her down!"

I did not see Ben and Patience leave. Selina and I said our due good-bys, not with the first, nor yet with the last. The Hackett carriage was waiting, and as we rolled away she sat stiffly beside me.

"How could he!" she exclaimed, "How could he do this to me?"

I stared at her, disturbed. "I think my telling him her story made him do it," I said. "Pat's a fine girl. It wasn't her idea, I'm sure."

"A fine trollop—" she began.

"See here," I cried, "I won't—"

"Stuff!" she interrupted. "You're blind as the rest of them!"

"If you'll pardon me," I said stiffly, "I'll get down here. I've no mind to quarrel with you."

I thrust my head out the window to call to the driver, but she drew me back.

"I—I didn't mean to offend you. It's just that—can't you see? You've been disappointed too!"

"I?" I echoed, surprised.

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says MR. T.

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"My strong, smooth leads leave any number of clean, easy-to-read copies.
"I'll bet my plastic hat you'll sale away with DIXON Ticonderoga," says Mr. T.,

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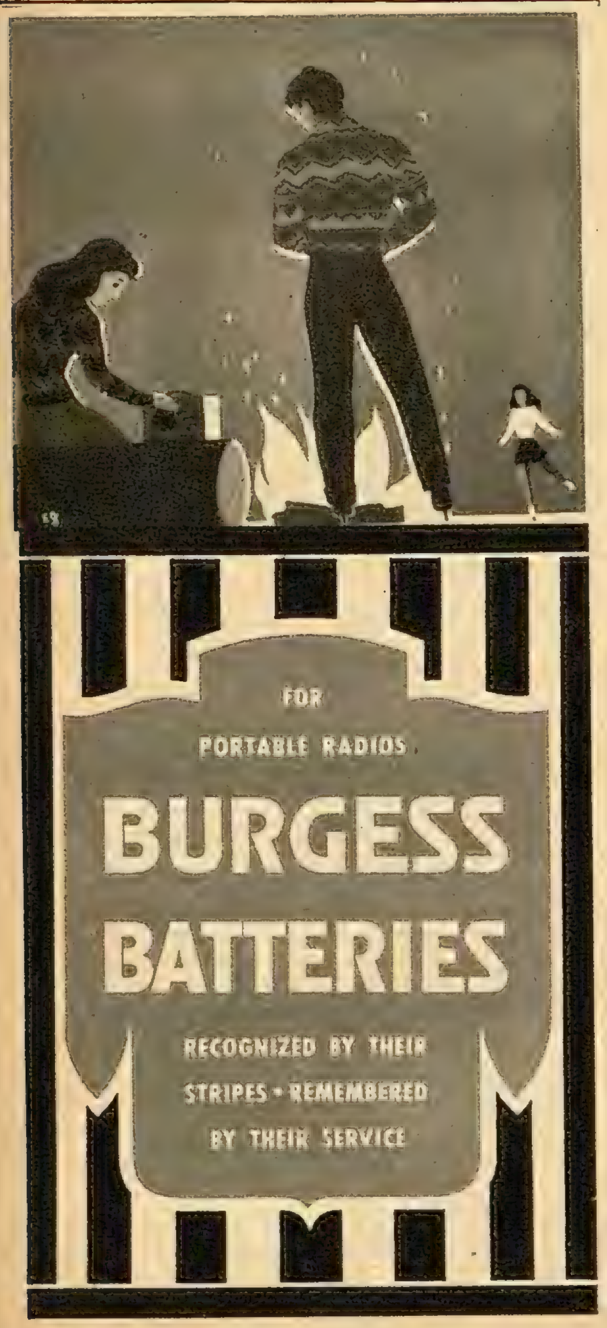


"Don't try to pretend," she said. "Anyone with half an eye could see!"

"There never was anything between Pat and me."

"Well, there was between me and Ben," she replied. "Oh, don't think I care! It's just that—he never said boo, I guess."

I grinned in the darkness. "There now," I said, "Ben's not the only man."

The carriage drew up before her house before I could say anything further. At the front door she gave me both hands.

"You've been sweet," she said. "Come and see me—often?"

"I will," I promised, not knowing what else to say.

BEN'S attitude was one of smirking exultation at having become master of the house. I think if it had not been for Patience I would have picked up my gear and sought lodgings elsewhere.

Toward me she was quiet, rarely speaking unless I addressed her first. Of an evening, as soon as the work was done, she and Ben would retire. At first I welcomed this opportunity to devote myself to my medical studies. But as the weeks passed I found myself driven to seek other diversion, so it was not extraordinary that I should accept Selina Hackett's invitations. I found her charming and desirable and faintly bewitching.

I cannot say that I shared Ben's infatuation with the ship we were helping to build. Indeed, the demands for my time as a physician impinged upon my position at the shipyard, until at last I was forced to lay the situation before Enos Briggs, the owner, and arrange that I would merely carry the account of the frigate until she was launched. Then in early August a Hackett ship arrived with half of her crew far gone with the scurvy. A half a dozen others had raging fevers, and the captain beriberi. The ship carried no surgeon. Eli Hackett asked that I go aboard and see what I could do.

Finding nothing that seemed deadly, I treated the men and had them brought ashore and quartered in one of the Hackett warehouses, where I could more conveniently care for them. The fever proved epidemic. Eli Hackett persisted in visiting the warehouse, for he took a personal interest in those who served him. One evening he was stricken. I took him home and helped him out of his clothes and into bed.

Selina met me in the hall below with a worried frown and her eyes swimming. "You'll do all you can, won't you?" she cried.

"Of course I will!" I said.

"Tom," she said, "would you think it bold of me to suggest you might stay here? Then you'd be near him. And I'd feel ever so reassured!"

It occurred to me that I should then no longer risk carrying the disease into the Nowell household.

"If it will ease things for you, my dear," I said.

"I'll run right up and see to your room!" she cried happily.

"Don't go in his room," I warned her as I left.

It was nigh dark when I returned from my various errands.

"I thought you would never come," she greeted me. "He's worse."

"You've been in there with him?"

"Naturally!" Her tone was defiant.

"You little fool!" I exclaimed angrily. "By placing yourself in danger, you increase the possibility of passing on the disease."

"My health is my own affair. I don't care a fig for others!"

"*I* don't give a fig for *your* health. 'Tis others I am thinking of!"

She recoiled as though I had slapped her. Then as I turned to the door she caught at me. "Tom! Please!" she begged. "I—I'm sorry!"

I felt a surge of tenderness for her. I put down my bag and took off my hat again and put an arm about her, saying, "My dear, forgive me!"

Her arm crept about my neck. When she broke away from me it was with a small push of her hands.

"Come! I'll show you your room. Then you must go to Father."

It seemed that I had barely closed my eyes when I was awakened by a touch on my shoulder. Selina was bending over me, her dressing gown close about her and the moonlight on the black sheen of her hair.

"He's waked," she said. "Tom, I'm afraid."

"Don't fear," I remember saying. And then barefooted and with my nightshirt flapping about my calves, I hastened across the hall.

Selina stood at my elbow as I gave him a quick vinegar sponge and a new sedative. Within a few moments he was breathing quietly, asleep.

I led her from the room. As I closed the door she swayed against me. If I had not caught her she might have fallen.

"I'm so tired," she whispered.

I bent and lifted her in my arms. It was but a step across the hallway to her room. She did not protest as I carried her there, but rather clung to me, and as I laid her down on her bed her whisper was breathless, passionate: "Tom! Tom darling!"

Our lips met. Her arms crept about my neck, drawing me gently down beside her, then clasping me eagerly, hungrily. I felt her breath warm and tremulous upon my cheek, her sigh a whispered invitation in my ear, and my resistance vanished. . . .

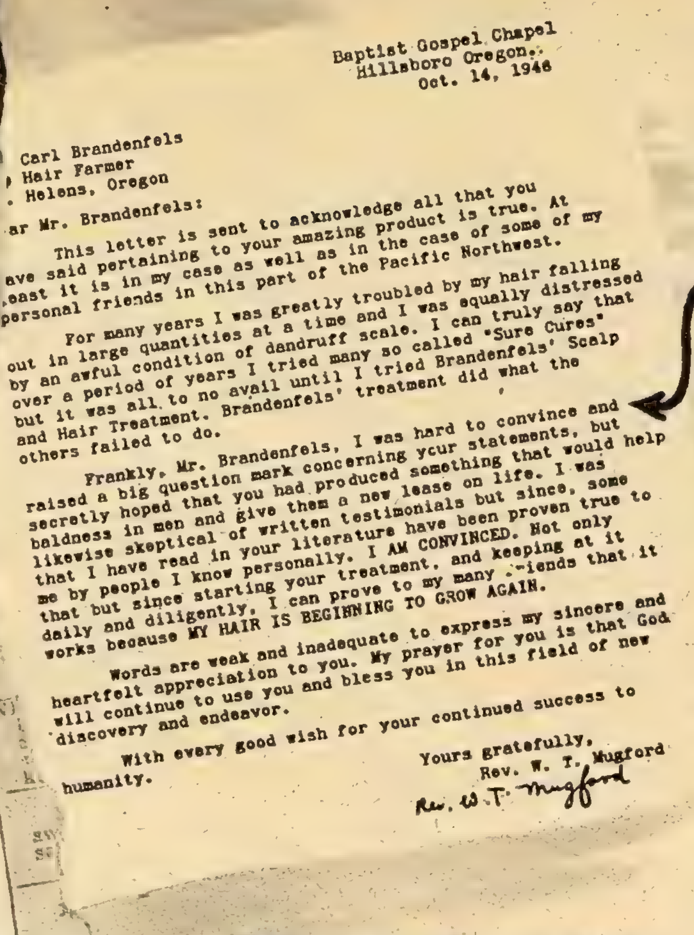
THE morrow was scarcely a happy day. Four more cases of fever appeared in the town. My conscience troubled me, and it was stifling hot. At dinner Selina was lovely, with a new something in her eyes as she looked at me across the table.

The weeks that followed were grim. The epidemic kept me occupied from dawn till long past dusk, and often until nigh on the following dawn. I was often as not too fatigued to do more than give Selina a weary

(*Continued on page 106*)

"frankly... I was hard to convince"

REV. W. T. MUGFORD
HILLSBORO, OREGON



Baptist Gospel Chapel
Hillsboro Oregon.
Oct. 14, 1946

Carl Brandenfels
Hair Farmer
Helens, Oregon

ar Mr. Brandenfels:

This letter is sent to acknowledge all that you
ave said pertaining to your amazing product is true. At
east it is in my case as well as in the case of some of my
personal friends in this part of the Pacific Northwest.

For many years I was greatly troubled by my hair falling
out in large quantities at a time and I was equally distressed
by an awful condition of dandruff scale. I can truly say that
over a period of years I tried many so called "Sure Cures"
but it was all to no avail until I tried Brandenfels' Scalp
and Hair Treatment. Brandenfels' treatment did what the
others failed to do.

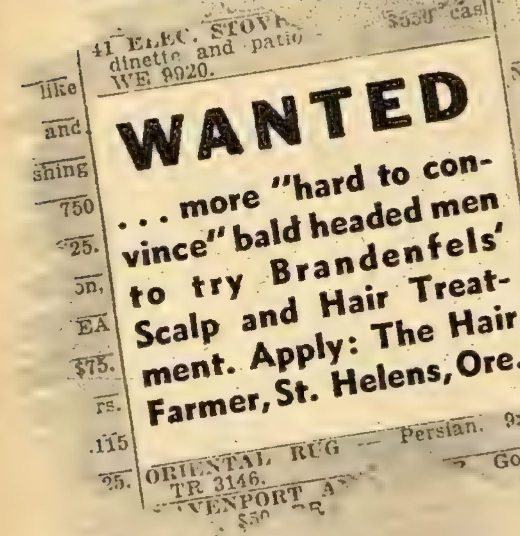
Frankly, Mr. Brandenfels, I was hard to convince and
raised a big question mark concerning your statements, but
secretly hoped that you had produced something that would help
baldness in men and give them a new lease on life. I was
likewise skeptical of written testimonials but since, some
that I have read in your literature have been proven true to
me by people I know personally. I AM CONVINCED. Not only
that but since starting your treatment, and keeping at it
daily and diligently, I can prove to my many friends that it
works because MY HAIR IS BEGINNING TO GROW AGAIN.

Words are weak and inadequate to express my sincere and
heartfelt appreciation to you. My prayer for you is that God
will continue to use you and bless you in this field of new
discovery and endeavor.

With every good wish for your continued success to
humanity.

Yours gratefully,
Rev. W. T. Mugford
Rev. W. T. Mugford

Writes the Rev. W. T. Mugford, whose letter and picture are reproduced on this page. Regardless of your calling in life, your hair is an important personal asset and you owe it to yourself to give it the best possible attention and care.



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MRS. FRANK HOFFMAN: *"... now after 20 years of stubborn dandruff* [scale] *condition, I've been using Brandenfels for six weeks and it has disappeared and I now have new hair."*

R. J. MAFFUCCI ... *"I was completely bald, and now after using your wonderful treatment after eight weeks, new hair coming in ... all over bald area ..."*

NORVAL B. SIMMS ... *"Today after ten weeks of usage, the bald area is completely filled in with new hair."*

"HAIR FILLING IN" says college student ... *"After using treatment for one month my hair stopped falling and new hair was noticeable on bald spots. It is still growing."*
—DOUGLAS DICK

All over the nation... HUNDREDS REPORT

"I've Grown Hair"...

here's proof

From actual statements by grateful users of the HAIR FARMER'S TREATMENT.

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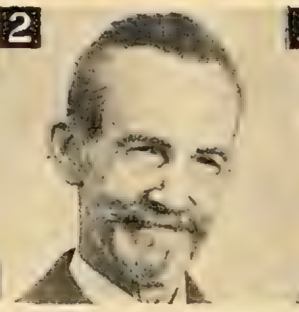

3

1 "HAIR LINE FILLED IN" says Printer ... *"... fringe all around former hairline ... at sides hairline has filled in ... Recommend it highly."* — W. A. BERDAHL

2 "NEW HAIR" says naval architect ... *"After two months new hair is filling in ... some of it more than one inch in length ... good healthy hair."* —L. C. COOLIDGE, Seattle, Wash.

3 "FIRST SIGNS IN 4 WEEKS" says ex-marine ... *"... new fringe around former hairline; new hair throughout head."* —J. HOWARD

"DANDRUFF [scale] GONE..."

writes nurse

... "doing wonders for my hair. I really appreciate something that helps the dryness and my dandruff [scale] is all gone. Being a nurse I would recommend this for anyone." — CLARA ALLEN

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BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR TREATMENT IS PLEASANT TO USE ... PRIVATE, TOO! Its use involves no embarrassment or loss of time from work or social activities. The two liquid secret-formula solutions are non-sticky, odorless. Does not rub off on hat bands, clothing or bed linens. The simple directions are easy to follow in the privacy of your home.

THE COST IS REALLY MODERATE ... Approximately 60 applications in each treatment, averaging only 30c per application. Price: $15 (Plus $3 Fed. Excise Tax) Total $18. C.O.D. Price: $18 (Pay postman few cents postage). Clip Coupon, Mail Today!

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NAME____________________

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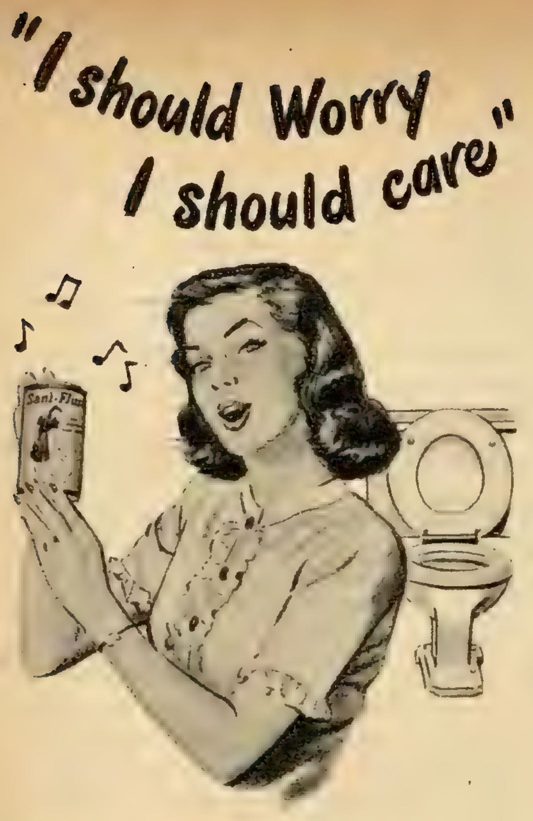
Cash orders will be shipped immediately, **postpaid**. C.O.D. orders will be filled as rapidly as the treatment becomes available.



Even a millionaire can't have more perfect toilet bowl sanitation than you can. Sani-Flush gives you complete cleanliness and odorless freshness by its thorough, disinfecting chemical action. Cleans away stains and film where germs lurk . . . is quick, easy, sanitary. There's no work. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush.

Safe with septic tank systems. Effective in hard and soft water. Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

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(Continued from page 104)

kiss and a well-meant embrace before I tumbled into bed and was asleep. However, this was not invariably so. I make no excuse for my own weakness in that, nor will I cast blame upon her.

"I OWE you a debt of gratitude, Tom," Captain Hackett said when he was about again.

"You owe me nothing, Captain," I replied. "On the contrary, it is I who owe both you and Selina for your hospitality and generosity! But there is one thing I would like to ask of you, sir, and I'd be glad if you'd not regard it as a request for compensation. I love Selina. I'd like to marry her."

He stared at me for a moment.

"Why not?" he said. "I long since gave up the thought the man she married would have to be able to match my means. But she's headstrong, Tom. She's willful and spoiled, and she can be mean."

"I've noticed no such tendency," I said stiffly.

"Hah!" he croaked dryly. "You will if you marry her."

On the following Sunday the Reverend Bentley announced our betrothal from the pulpit. I heard with some satisfaction the faint rustle of surprise.

After service we were besieged with good wishes. Patience came, looking somewhat peaked.

"You'll be happy, I'm sure, Tom!" she said, a catch in her voice.

"Thank you, Pat," I responded.

Before I could say anything further she had turned to Selina, and I perforce turned to Ben. I surprised a somber, thoughtful expression upon his face which immediately vanished behind his twisted smile. He offered congratulations.

"Thanks, Ben," I said. "I'd like to have you stand as best man."

He looked startled. Then abruptly one of his eyebrows went up. "Why not? I'd be happy to, Tom."

On the Saturday following, at the last of a round of picnics at which all of us had been meeting that summer, I found myself alone with Patience. She was pale and reserved.

"You're not very happy today, Pat," I said. "What's got into you?"

"Nothing's got into me!" she retorted irritably. "I can see that you are very happy, having made such a fine catch."

"Pat!" I exclaimed. "That wasn't worthy of you!"

She made no reply, and I looked up to find her staring at something beyond me. I turned. Ben and Selina were together, he helping her over a rough spot, holding both her hands. Selina seemed unusually flushed.

On our way home she was petulant. Suddenly she fell into a violent fit of trembling. When I clapped my hand to her forehead, I found it burning. I cursed myself for not having read the fever signs earlier.

Never had I seen such a virulent case. At times I feared that she was one patient I would be unable to save. However, by midnight she had passed the crisis.

In the meantime, in Salem, the question of whether or not the Hackett-Tisdall nuptials would ever come to pass was overshadowed by the approaching completion of the frigate—to be christened the *Essex*.

"I was speaking of you the other day to Captain Waters," Enos Briggs told me. "The Committee's offering him command o' the frigate. He spoke of you for ship's surgeon."

"I've begun to build up a good practice here," I said. "I'd be a fool to throw that away to go to sea."

He shrugged, and I walked home with a feeling that I was being unpatriotic. When I mentioned the incident to Selina she burst into tears.

"You're planning to leave me, even before we're married!"

"My dear," I said, "I am not. I meant only to tell you what Briggs said."

"A-and," she snuffled, ignoring the explanation, "just when I need you most."

"What do you mean?" I knew well enough, but I must hear it from her.

She assumed an air of courage-in-the-face-of-injury. "I am going to have a baby, Tom," she said.

I went to her and, putting an arm about her shoulders, turned her tear-streaked face to mine. "Don't worry," I comforted her.

On the day of our wedding Selina seemed pale and nervous and once I thought I saw a flicker of pain cross her face. It was a relief to me when I slipped the ring upon her finger.

We spent the better part of a month in Boston upon our wedding journey. I had hoped that this would be an idyllic period. Fond hope! Either I was too eager and annoyed her with my attentions or I was indifferent and neglected her. I knew that she was with child, yet it seemed to me that this was early to begin with pettishness.

BACK in Salem, Selina seemed more content, and it was a relief to find my practice still sufficient to keep me busy and return me enough income to keep me independent of my father-in-law. There was a settled feeling, too, about living in the Hackett house—for Captain Hackett would not hear of our moving elsewhere—that I had not known before.

I came home late one afternoon through the first snowstorm of the year. I passed into the drawing room to take a glass of hot toddy and toast my breeches before the fire.

Selina was there, looking like a thundercloud.

"Oh, there you are!" she exclaimed. "It's about time you came in. That trull of yours was here."

"Who are you talking about?"

"That Nowell wench," she retorted. "She had the effrontery to come here asking for you! She said she was ill!"

"My dear," I protested, "I am a physician."

"She's with child!" she shrilled.

I laughed at that. "You're pregnant yourself, aren't you?"

"Do you speak of me, your wife, in the same breath with that slut?"

"Stop it!" I shouted. "If she's pregnant 'tis by her husband!"

To my astonishment the color drained from her cheeks. Abruptly she turned away, as if to run from the room, but in doing so she tangled her foot in an edge of the rug. I leaped to catch her, but she fell, striking the sharp corner of the chair. For an instant she writhed in agony. Then she fainted.

I managed the stairs with her and laid her on her bed. I sent for brandy and spirits of hartshorn, which brought her around slowly.

"Will I die?" she asked faintly.

"I think not," I replied coldly.

She turned her face away, and I fell to my examination. What I discovered, together with half-remembered signs, told me too plainly that the child she carried could not be mine by a matter of weeks.

I gave her a sleeping draught and then escaped from the house.

AS my feet carried me mechanically along the Salem streets, I remembered Pat, and I went at once to the familiar Nowell door.

Pat let me in smiling welcome. She was as lovely as ever. She led the way into the familiar room. The fire was low, and she stooped to the woodbin.

"Here!" I cried. "That's no work for you. Let me do it! Where's Ben and Sam?" I asked as I heaved the big log over the andirons.

"Gone to the *Essex*," she said. "There's been talk of her sailing."

"And what of you?"

"Oh, I can manage," she said. "Grandfather signed on first and then Ben, and neither told the other until it was too late."

"And you're going to have a baby." She hid her face in her hands.

I got down to questioning her.

"You're sound as a nut," I told her. "You've nothing to fear. I'll find a woman to take care of you, and I'll try to find someone to look after the heavy work too."

I left the house then, for I knew what I had not before recognized. Patience was the woman I loved, and I had loved her from the day I had moved into her grandfather's house. But I had let Ben get before me, and so had become fair game for Selina. What was a man to do?

The answer struck me of a heap. If Ben Price could go off as he pleased, there was no reason why I should not. I could not marry Patience. But I could see to it that her husband treated her as she deserved. I could follow him and see that he came back to her.

At once I sought out the recruiting officer of the *Essex*, and he swore me.

"Come out to the ship at eight o'clock in the morning," he said. "It's a pleasure to have you, Doctor!"

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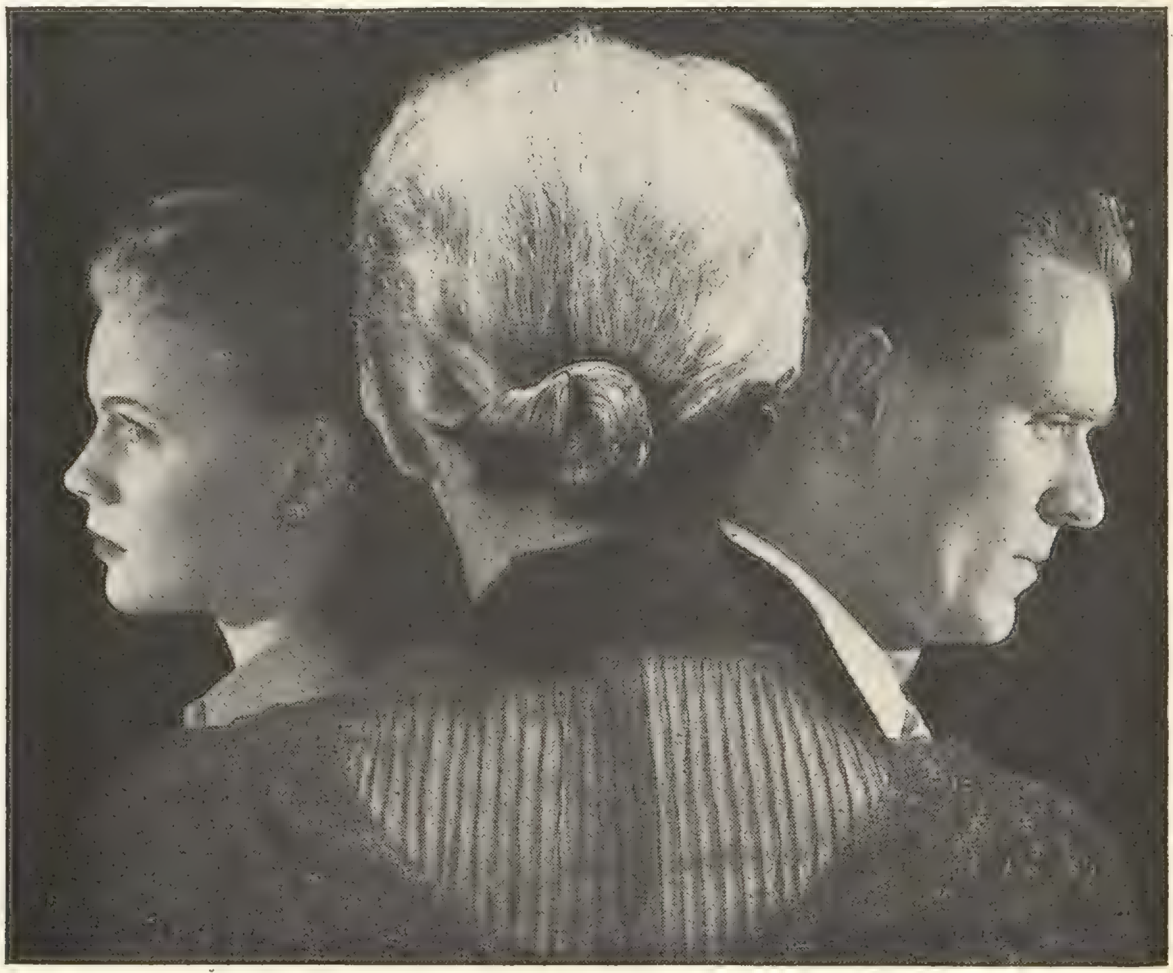

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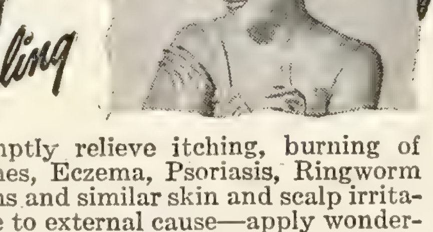

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I went home then and told Eli Hackett and bade Selina a painful farewell. Then I packed and got a room at the tavern for the night.

It was still dark next morning when I went to tell Patience my news. I found her up, early as it was.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried. "Is it because of Selina?"

"Let's forget it, shall we?" I said gruffly.

I leaned down and allowed myself the small luxury of touching her cheek with my lips. "Take care of yourself!" I said.

Before I could straighten she caught me about the neck and lifted her lips to mine. "Oh, Tom!" she whispered. "You take care!"

For an instant, I stood so, almost but not quite yielding to the impulse to crush her in my arms. Then, gently, I took her hands.

"Good-by!" I said huskily, and kissed her finger tips.

With that I turned and fled.

I slept—the little I could—at the tavern and was aboard ship early. But by midafternoon it was apparent that we would not sail that day, and the captain allowed shore leave. I ate a final dinner at the Hacketts', not because I wished to see my wife again, which I assured myself I did not, but out of regard for appearances and for Eli Hackett. Looking back upon it now, it comes to me that even then I may have been prodded by the nagging prick of conscience.

In the midst of dinner a bell, somewhere in the town, began to toll mournfully. A moment later every steeple in the town was adding its clangor. A servant dispatched to learn the reason returned presently with word of General Washington's death, the day before.

It was a shocking climax to an already somber evening. Captain Hackett sat stunned. When he looked up his eyes were wet with tears.

"I knew him," he said chokingly. "I served with him." He rose then and excused himself.

Selina and I went into the drawing room, where we sat in silence. After a decent interval I rose to go, and she came to me.

"Tom," she said, pleading and humble, "can't I—can't we—"

She broke off, staring up into my face with wide, appealing eyes. I came near to taking her in my arms. But some devil of perversity prompted me to remember what she had done, and I steeled myself against her.

IN our yearlong voyage we met storm and calm. We sailed halfway around the world and back. We were the first American man-of-war to round Africa's southernmost cape. We faced pestilence and near famine and death, and mutiny.

Sam Nowell, ill with a cold when we sailed, had developed an affection of the lungs which had necessitated his discharge at Newport.

At the completion of the voyage Ben and I came back together to Salem. We got down from the stage in silence, and I led the way directly to the house in Daniels Street. At my thundering knock the door swung open to reveal Patience looking not a day older than when I had first laid eyes upon her and to my mind twice as lovely. In the next instant, she was in my arms, clinging to me and saying my name.

"Pat, child!" I said, gently disengaging her arms and stepping back. "I've brought you a husband!"

For the first time she seemed to catch sight of Ben, and in the next instant she had gone to him. It was odd to see the look of doubt vanish from his face as he kissed her. She broke away from him presently.

"Come see your son, Ben!" she said.

"A son!" Ben crowed.

THE lad had his mother's hair and eyes, but the rest was Ben, even to the tilt of his baby eyebrows.

"I've called him Samuel Eben," she said.

"Where is Sam?" I said.

Her lip trembled and she turned away. "He's dead."

"Oh, Pat! When?" I cried.

"Three weeks after he returned," she told me. "He died of the lung fever he had on the Essex."

"I'm sorry!" I said.

"It wasn't your fault. He was old. He knew it was coming." And after a moment, "How is Selina?"

"I haven't been home yet. What a husband I am!" I exclaimed.

"Oh Tom! You haven't seen her?"

Something in her tone arrested me.

"Why—no," I said.

"And you haven't heard from her?" she asked.

"No." I shook my head, puzzled.

"Go to her," she said urgently. "She needs you!"

I found Selina and her father in the dining-room. Captain Hackett looked up with annoyance which was replaced with amazement.

Selina was lifting her glass to her lips. At sight of me it slipped from her fingers. I saw that she was more lovely and desirable than ever.

"Tom!" she gasped. In the next instant she was up and in my arms. Her lips were parted, and the kiss they demanded would not be denied.

"Here," she cried. "Sit down here, between us. Have you had dinner? You must be starved. Oh, Tom, I've missed you so!"

"You young people will have things to talk about. I believe I'll just step around to the Sun," Eli Hackett said after a little.

When he was gone Selina looked at me soberly. "He thinks you'll be upset about the baby."

"I'd almost forgotten," I confessed. "What of him?"

"He was born dead," she whispered.

"Seel!" I cried, shocked. "I'm sorry!"

"There's no reason why you should be," she replied bitterly.

I took her hands. "Don't think me so unhuman," I said. " 'Tis for you I feel sorry."

"You needn't!" she flashed. "He was my baby, Tom, and I couldn't have helped loving him. But I buried my past and my shame with him."

I dropped her hands.

"I know I wronged you," she said, "but I was frightened, Tom. I had to have a father for my child. I was attracted to you. You were fine. I could see that. And you could help me. But, you see, I didn't know—that I loved you." It was a whisper.

I could only stare as she went on.

"That night when you came to me, I knew how much I loved you, and for a little while I was happy. Then I saw what a horrible thing I was doing to you. And yet I went on. Well—you found me out. I knew you must. When you left me I could not blame you."

"I don't—" I began.

But she stood up and laid her hand upon my arm. "I'm not going to beg you to come back to me, although that is what I pray for every night. I only wanted you to know how I feel and how I've felt. I love you, and I will love you always, Tom!"

"Seel—" I said, but she turned and ran from the room.

I sat a long time. At length I got up and went upstairs to my room. Sleep would not come, and I turned and rolled. At length I tossed aside the blankets and got out of bed. I must think the matter out if I was to get any sleep.

If Seel truly loved me, was it not my own duty, as her husband, to return that love? Wasn't I morally far more responsible for her happiness than I was for Patience's? Why not, I asked myself, take today and let the dead past lie buried?

I GLANCED at the door between her room and mine. So long ago it seemed that we had passed freely to one another through it. Without actually intending to open it, I went to it and tried the latch. It was not locked. I opened it and stepped through.

She slept in a pool of moonlight, with her black hair spread out. I started to withdraw, but she stirred.

"Tom?" she asked in a small, sleepy voice. "Tom, darling?"

This more than anything she had said before told me she loved me.

She sat up and held out her arms. "You've come to me!"

I held her at arm's length, while I drank in her beauty.

"Will you forgive me for my cruelties," I said, "if I forgive your mistakes? Will you love me always, and cherish me, and kiss and comfort me if I promise to do the same for you? Will you lie in my arms and be a part of me? Will you mother my children—"

She threw her arms about my neck, stopping my lips with her own. "My dearest one!"

"Seel!" I whispered huskily. "Ah, Seel darling. . . ."

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PLASTIC WOOD

THE months immediately following were among the happiest of my life, and I had double cause to be happy when, in late winter, we knew we were to have a child.

Captain Hackett was as pleased as we. But less than a week after we had told him he was stricken with apoplexy and died. I thanked God then that I was near to console Selina. Their devotion had been rare.

As I recall it now, it was on the night of the fifteenth of April that a bit of news that was to set us all off on new paths appeared in the newspaper. Tunis and Tripoli were threatening war on us, and a naval squadron, including the *Essex,* was to be sent to the Mediterranean.

As soon as I had read it I snatched up my hat and coat and went to the Nowell house. Patience was alone in the kitchen. She appeared to have been weeping and there was an ugly bruise beneath one eye.

"What's this?" I said. "Has your husband taken to beating you?"

She made no reply.

"Where is Ben?" I asked.

"He's gone out," she replied.

"I suppose he's read the news and wanted to go on the *Essex.*"

She nodded, and I saw her eyes fill with tears. "What am I to do?"

I drew her to the settee by the fireplace and sat beside her, holding her in my arms and stroking her hair and telling her: "There, now, it will come out right. If you like I'll talk to him."

But so uncontrollable were her sobs that she could only cling to me with her face buried in my shoulder. In the midst of this in came Ben. He had been drinking.

"Well," he smirked, "this is merry! May I come in?"

"Don't be a fool, Ben," I retorted angrily. "You know damned well there's nothing of that sort here. Pat's distressed that you think of going off again to the *Essex.* She needs reassurance, affection, a little plain—"

"My God," he cried, "you preach at me like an old woman!"

"Let single men go off to sea, or those who are not happily married."

"You're a fine one to talk of happy marriages," he jeered, "with my wife's kisses fresh on your mouth!"

"Wait a minute!" I cried. "I told you there was nothing of that in this! I'm only trying to do for Pat what you yourself ought to do!"

"So I see!" he sneered, and I hit him.

He caromed backward, falling against the table, fetching benches and dishes over after him. He lay quite still. Patience gave a little scream of dismay and flew to him.

"You've killed him!" she cried.

I went to her side and bent over him. "No such luck!" I said dryly. "He's only knocked out."

None too gently I lifted him and slung him over my shoulder like a meal sack, carried him upstairs and flung him on the bed. Then I went back downstairs to help Patience pick up the mess I had made.

The next morning he came around to the house and asked for me. When I came down I found him sheepish.

"I guess I had a bit too much," he said. "I ought to know better."

"Yes," I agreed, "you should."

"Well!" he shrugged. "I'm sorry. Will you accept my apology?"

"You don't need to apologize to me. It was Pat who was hurt."

"I've made my peace with her," he grinned.

TWO or three days after that, a business errand took me to Saugus for the afternoon. Returning a little earlier than I had expected, I went directly home. Selina, I thought, would be in the drawing room.

In the double doorway I came to an abrupt halt. My wife and Ben Price were standing by the sofa, his arm about her, his lips fastened upon hers and her hands at either side of his face. Her dress was open to the waist. One breast had escaped it and Ben was pawing at it.

They caught sight of me and broke guiltily apart. Selina cried out. But I ignored her and went straight for her companion. He turned agilely, vaulted over the sofa, and flung himself out through the tall open window. By the time I reached it he was halfway across the lawn below.

Selina was beside me, holding me.

"Tom! Please! Let him go! You must listen to me!"

"Listen to you?" I cried furiously. "I've had enough grief from listening to you already, you—you slut!"

I turned away from her.

"Tom, please!" she begged.

But I was too angry to reason. When she caught at me I turned on her and slapped her across the face. She fell back then, as pale as death, and stared at me. Abruptly she seemed to become aware of her open dress, and she clutched it about her.

"You!" she exclaimed, suddenly angry, "you are so righteous! You're not the only man to find his wife in another's embrace, I have been told! You and your sweet Patience!"

"Don't speak her name in this house!" I commanded. "You're not fit to have it cross your lips!"

"Patience! Patience!" she spat.

Thank heaven, I had sufficient control to refrain from striking her again. Instead I went up to my room and began throwing my belongings, willy-nilly, into my two chests and my sea bag. While I was about this Selina came scratching at my door.

"Tom!" she called. "Please, Tom, can't we—"

"Go away!" I shouted savagely.

She did not speak again, and presently I could hear her sobbing in her own room. When I had finished packing I went down to the stable and found a horsewhip. I ordered the blackamoor to take my bags to the Eagle Tavern, and went to the Nowell house. Pat answered my knock.

"Where's Ben?" I demanded.

"I—I don't know, Tom," she said. "He came to the house in a great hurry and packed his sea bag and went away, about a half an hour ago, without saying a word to me!"

"The coward! He knew I'd kill him!"

I turned and walked off. Behind me I heard her gasp and then call my name.

"Tom, you mustn't! Oh God—"

But I did not pause. At that instant I felt I would never want to talk to any woman again.

I SPENT the balance of that day and the following morning at the Tavern squaring my accounts and closing my practice. My books and papers I packed with my shore clothes in one chest to leave at the Tavern, to call for or have sent to me later. I did not doubt that Ben had fled again to the Essex, and I meant to follow him. What I would do when I found him, I had not yet had time to think.

I was in the midst of packing my sea bag when the landlord came to the door with a letter for me.

"Throw it over there with those papers on the bed. I'll read it later," I said.

He did so and went away, and I continued with my packing. Having decided what books I should take I gathered up all the remaining books and papers on the bed and dumped them into the chest. The next morning I boarded the early stage. Not until I reached Boston did I remember the letter and realize that I had forgotten to read it. It came to me that I must have packed it in the chest I had left at the Eagle.

Well, I assured myself, more than likely it had to do with the Hackett shipping, and that was now the least of my worries. Let Selina struggle with it.

I had no difficulty in signing on as surgeon's mate aboard the *Essex*. I made no effort to let Ben know that I was on board, and, such is the complexity of life on a man-of-war, we were well away before he knew.

As I was passing aft on my way from the sick bay, I came upon Ben on his knees in the steerage, making some repairs. He glanced up. At sight of me he scrambled to his feet, with his hammer clutched defensively in his hand. There were a half a dozen or more midshipmen coming and going in the passage at the time. I said nothing, but passed straight on, only giving him a hard stare to show my contempt.

We were no more than a fortnight at sea, however, before I learned that the game was not to be all one-sided. Toward midafternoon of a blustering, disagreeable day, I came on deck, not aware that the carpenters had been sent aloft to see to the main-topmast. I was crossing the deck when another officer called to me, causing me to turn about. At that instant a heavy crown block crashed on deck scant inches from me, and exactly in the spot where I would have been had he not diverted me.

It was Ben who had dropped the block. It had slipped from his fingers, so he said. After that I went more warily, keeping a weather eye open, so that there was no more "accidents" of that nature.

On the day we reached the end of our voyage I spoke to him for the first time. "Well, Ben," I said, "'twill be good to see the streets of Salem again, eh?"

"What makes you think I'm going back?" he snarled.

"I mean to take you. Make no mistake about that."

What he thought I meant to do after fetching him home I neither knew nor cared. I felt confident that he would give me little trouble on the way. We were paid off at Washington on the eleventh of August and started north on the following day. The *Essex* was laid up in ordinary.

MY own affairs were scarcely in better shape than Ben's. I was unwilling to remain in Salem, yet it had long since come to me that I owed it to Selina to hear what she might have to say.

The Hackett house seemed oddly quiet. I lifted the great brass knocker and listened to its reverberations.

"Good evening, Sukey," I said to Selina's maid, who opened the door.

Instead of replying she turned away, blubbering, and scurried back into the house. I followed, puzzled, and went into the drawing room. There old Jeremy Cotton, who had been Captain Hackett's chief clerk, came to me.

"Good evening, Jeremy," I said. "Is Mrs. Tisdall at home?"

"Er—welcome home, Doctor," he said. "I'm afraid I've sorry news for you."

"What?" I said.

He looked about him wildly and, seeing no escape, came to the point. "Miss Selina's dead! Over a year."

I felt my knees go weak beneath me, and I fumbled for a chair.

"'Twas but a day or two after you left," he said. "We tried to find you, and only then learned you were gone."

"How?" I demanded fiercely.

"Drowned," he replied. "She went out in the little pinnace that used to be her father's. There was a squall and she drove on the rocks off Baker's. They found her body on the shore next day."

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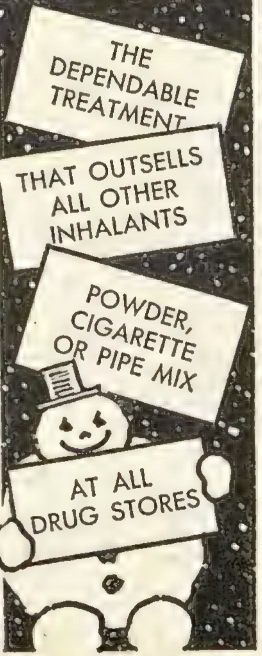
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"But she was a stout swimmer," I protested, "and a better sailor. She'd never go out when weather was making!"

"That's what everyone said," he nodded. "But she did."

I made no reply. He came and put his hand upon my shoulder before he went away. It was long past dark when I finally went upstairs.

By virtue of the tragedy I found myself the sole heir to all of the fortune and business that Eli Hackett had amassed; it was near a year before I had disposed of all the properties and was free to go my way. In the meantime I avoided all such social contacts as I might. In so far as Ben was concerned, I felt that our return to Salem had established a tacit truce between us. I saw him, now and again, about town, frequently under the influence of liquor. Yet we never spoke.

Patience I avoided for reasons far more difficult to explain. She had become a mother again; a daughter this time. Yet she was still as fresh seeming, as firm breasted and as youthfully rounded as ever. And she held her head as high.

EARLY in June I received two official-looking envelopes, one from Washington, bearing the stamp of the Secretary of the Navy, the other from Philadelphia, with the signature of Captain Bainbridge. The first was an order to report to the frigate *Philadelphia* for duty as surgeon's mate. The second letter was less impersonal:

I am given to understand you have been designated as surgeon's mate aboard the *Philadelphia,* and remembering your late services aboard the *Essex,* I hasten to assure you that, should you care to join us again, I will be pleased of your company.

It was signed *William Bainbridge, Captain, USN.*

This seemed an easy solution to the problem of what to do next. A day or two later I vacated the house and, with my money in my pocket and my sea bag on my shoulder, took myself to the Eagle Tavern for the night.

"I wondered when you'd be calling back for your chest," the landlord said. "Shall I have it fetched up?"

It had slipped my mind. "Oh yes," I said. "Do."

There seemed little in it of interest until a sheaf of papers fluttered to the floor. Most of them were receipted bills or penciled notes. One, however, was a sealed letter. I wondered why it had not been opened. Then I remembered my host fetching it to me on the night of my departure; how I had told him to put it on the bed. I must have gathered it up with the other things and packed it away. I slit it open and read:

DEAR TOM,

I must tell you everything and trust in your mercy and sweet, generous nature to believe in me. If this fails I have but one course left, loving you as I do.

I met Ben Price whilst I was visiting a cousin in Boston. He was then a student at Harvard—and not doing well. I was as giddy then as I have always been. We were attracted to one another in a physical way. I managed to resist him during my stay in Boston, and so preserved my chastity—doesn't it seem silly that I ever had any?

When he failed at Harvard he followed me to Salem. He called on me, secretly, and made advances—not once but several times. I told him that he would never have me but by marriage, and that he scoffed at. I called on Captain Webb, who was an old friend, and told him that I would never be free of this man until he was removed from my neighborhood. I know what Captain Webb thought, but I did not care. I was afraid.

And so I arranged with Captain Webb to carry him off in his ship. You found him where Captain Webb's men had dropped him, alarmed at your approach. You saved his life and brought him back to health. And when we met that day upon the street it seemed to me that this was a thing I could not combat. I thought then destiny had singled me out for him—a woman likes to be pursued. It is flattering to her vanity. God forgive me, in you I thought I saw a means to rouse him to the marrying stage—for me!

Instead he married the Nowell girl, purely out of spite for me, I am convinced. Then, to show him that it meant nothing to me, I turned to you, flaunted you in his face as much as I could, never thinking, my darling, what I might be doing to you.

I taunted him, little fool that I was, and he rose, as I thought, to the bait. Actually, I was the one that rose. On our first picnics that summer he had me. I thought that I was but showing him what he had lost in marrying another. Then I discovered my condition.

I trapped you, and you found me out and left me, and it was only then, darling, that I suddenly appreciated your worth and all that you meant to me. When you came back to me—darling, my cup was full. I knew that I was not alone in your heart. But I was content with a tiny corner of it, that seemed to me to be growing larger. I was a faithful wife to you, my dearest, from that day, and even before.

I had not seen Ben, except in your company or Father's, since your return. I did not want to.

But he came to the house after you had gone to Saugus that day and said that he must see me about the new office that was being built for you. He teased me along, saying we must put our heads together to make it something more than you had expected. He fetched out plans and started to show them to me. I leaned over them, and it was then that he seized me. He had his one arm about me, and with the other hand he tore my dress down the front. I would have cried out, but he bent me backward and kissed me so that I could not open my mouth. I reached up to push his face away—and that was the moment you entered!

Ben Price I hate. I would see him hanged and not lift a finger in his defense. But you, my dearest one, I adore, and rather than endure your evil opinion I will do away with myself.

I shall wait three days for your answer. After that you will not have to worry more about me.

Ever your most adoring wife,

SELINA

When I had finished it I sat for God alone knows how long, staring at it between my fingers, with a sense of horror. If anyone was more to blame than I, it was Ben Price. My first thought was to show him the results of his handiwork. I folded the letter carefully, put it in my pocket and went out.

AT the Nowell house I knocked, and Patience opened to me.

"Why, Tom!" she exclaimed with what I thought was forced gaiety. "You've been such a stranger, what brings you here tonight?"

I followed her into the familiar room, where she went to stand with her back to the fireplace, almost defiantly, facing me.

"Where's Ben?" I demanded.

"What do you want of him?"

"I have something here I think he should see," I said.

And then it came to me that she too had a right to know. Silently I handed her the letter. When she was done reading she glanced up at me with a sharp little indrawn breath.

"Oh, Tom—!" she exclaimed. "But—but I don't understand. This date—"

As calmly as I could I explained to her what had happened. When I had done she gave a little cry.

"Do you think I don't blame myself?" I said bitterly. "Even without reading it I should have known—I should at least have listened!"

"It was that night you came looking for him?"

I nodded.

"You frightened me!" she said.

"For your sake I didn't kill him," I told her. "It seemed more fitting to fetch him back; to force him to keep the bargain he made with you."

She smiled a little bitterly. "You think life with me a punishment?"

"I didn't mean that!" I cried. I reached out and caught her to me roughly. "I love you! I've always loved you."

She did not resist when I kissed her. Indeed, it seemed to me that for an instant she clung to me. Then, gently, she thrust me back.

"Pat," I protested, "don't you see? He had your love. I could not let him throw it away. If I could not have you, he could not abandon you!"

"But Selina? You loved her."

"I came to love her. But that was after you and Ben were married. If he had made you a good husband, if I had not been such a blinded fool, we might have been happy. But I could never have loved her, Pat, as I have loved you!"

"Can you say that with her letter in your hand?"

"I mean no harm to her or her memory!" I cried. "Had I known this before I left, it might have made a great difference. But I knew then only that I loved you, and that he was responsible for everything. He's still responsible. Where is he, Pat?"

"He—he's gone away," she whispered.

"Then come away with me!" I exclaimed. "Let's forget him! He doesn't deserve your consideration!"

She turned from me. "I—I can't, Tom!" she said.

"Then tell me where he's gone," I persisted. "I'll follow him and we'll have this out—once and for all!"

She turned about on me with a look of sudden fear. "No—Tom, no!" She flung herself upon me and clung to me. "No, Tom!" she cried. "You mustn't!"

"My dear," I said, "I made that mistake once."

Gently I disengaged her arms. But she was blocking the way.

"No, Tom!" she begged. "You must not! For my sake!"

"For your sake?" I demanded, incredulous. "Can you still say that you love him?"

She fell back from me. "Yes!" she said faintly. "Yes, I love him, and if you kill him you may as well kill me too!"

I stared at her, scarcely able to believe my ears. Then a sense of unbearable defeat came over me.

"Good-by," I said. "I shan't trouble you again." And I left her.

I no longer had any mind to seek out Ben. I had been honest enough in that. I no longer cared what he did or what became of him. I knew only that I wanted to run from everything that I had known.

But on my first day aboard the *Philadelphia* I came upon Ben fitting up partitions in the petty officers' mess. We stared at one another in surprise and disgust.

"What brings you here?" he grated.

The words snapped something within me. I cursed him with every foul word and name I knew.

"You may go to hell and be damned to you," I remember saying. "All I ask is to be shut of you! Go your way, and I'll go mine, and may you find bad luck!"

"And the same to you!" he sneered, and that, for then, was the end of it.

ON the eighteenth of September we sailed, in company with the *Vixen,* to the blockade of Tripoli, and on the last day of October, in trying to cut off a Turkish vessel that was making for harbor, we ran aground. None of our efforts availed to free our ship and the decision was

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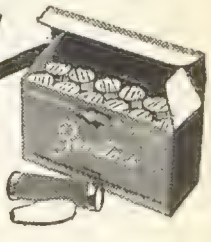

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to burn her. But though we could thus balk our enemies of a prize, we could not save ourselves from being taken prisoners.

There were months of hardship, and during them Fate would have it that Ben and I should be thrown together. Between us we managed an escape. In Turkish dress we fled half way across Africa. We were robbed, beaten, tortured, taken prisoner by Arab tribes and escaped again. And at last one morning at dawn we came out upon a mountainside within sight of the harbor of Derne.

At the same instant both Ben and I saw the ships, looking like toys at that distance—a schooner and a brig, of a rig such as never was spawned in the Mediterranean. A little to the east cruised a sloop.

"Isn't that the *Argus?*" Ben demanded.

"She has a familiar look," I agreed.

As we continued our way downward, all at once Ben seized my arm.

"Tom!" he cried. "Look there!"

Now we could see, at one point, where a tongue of land thrust out into the blue waters of the sea, a fortlike cluster of whitewashed walls and battlements. My eye followed the white ramparts until I found the flagstaff at one corner. Even as I found it a breeze stirred the flag at its head and set it streaming. Against the blue of the sea it stood out so that there could be no mistaking it.

"Ben!" I cried. "Ben! It's—"

"Aye!" he shouted excitedly. "It is! It's our flag! Our people are in the town!"

With that we both began to caper up and down, whooping and laughing, all enmity between us for the moment forgot.

BUT the enemy's troops were still outside the town, and we would have to pass their lines. Quickly we made our decision. We would try it, and if caught we would try to talk our way through.

We struck off and reached the road along the coast before we met anyone. Then, with the town a quarter of a mile distant, we were set upon and seized by Arabs who dragged us with ropes about our necks into the town and up to the castle, with intent to take us before their bashaw. More dead than alive, we waited with our captors in the courtyard.

There were a good many people passing back and forth, but these I scarcely saw until one started across the courtyard who fetched me gasping to my knees in trembling excitement. The blue trousers and the red waistcoat, the blue coat with its red facings, its gilt buttons and its epaulet worn upon the right shoulder, the leather stock, and the high polished hat with its bright cockade, all proclaimed him a lieutenant of United States Marines.

Instantly I recognized him I cried out, "O'Bannon!"

My guard stepped forward and dealt me a cuff to the side of the head that sent me sprawling. The marine stopped almost in mid-stride and then turned in our direction.

"Who called?" he demanded, staring about.

"O'Bannon!" I gasped.

The guard moved again to strike me, but O'Bannon's voice rang out.

"Let be!" he cried. "Ye bloody devils!" He moved forward, hand upraised, and the man drew back.

"Who are ye?" he said. "Ye know my name!"

"I am Tisdall!" I said. "We've met—remember? I was surgeon's mate of the *Philadelphia.*"

He leaned closer.

"Good God!" he repeated. "I know ye now. Yes, by the Lord, I remember!"

WE spent two days on board the *Argus* and then were transferred to the sloop *Hornet,* dispatched, with word of the capture of Derne and requests for supplies, to Malta. And there, in the Great Port, lay several of our vessels.

I was ordered to report, with Ben, for duty aboard the *Essex.*

"We go aboard the *Essex?*" he cried when I told him. "Now, there's good news!"

"I doubt you'll be so pleased with it," I said, "when you stop and think it may be a long cruise. It may delay your return home."

"Home!" he laughed. "Who wants to go home?"

"What of Pat?" I said.

His eyes narrowed angrily. "Why don't you go back to Pat? You're so solicitous about her! Tell her what kind of a swine I am. Take her away from me, why don't you?"

"I would," I said coldly, "but she'd not have me. She married you, Ben, and she loves you. She told me so. Even if she did not, she's an honest, honorable woman who's made a contract and will stand by it."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"D'you think I don't know you both? Honest, honorable—synonyms for simple! I have nothing to worry about!"

I turned upon my heel.

"Wait!" he said. "I'd not have you think me the complete villain."

"You couldn't be as complete a villain as I think you!"

He chuckled, infuriating me.

"If it were any other ship," he said, "I give you my word, Tom, I'd refuse it. But the *Essex!* I can't help feeling it, my life and hers are someway bound together."

WHEN we signed our pay accounts and went ashore at the Washington Navy Yard, it was for Ben and me the first time in more than three years that we had set foot upon American soil.

We came to Salem in the warm dusk of a summer's evening when the smell of the tide flats beyond the town hung like an intimate memory upon the air and the trees in leaf cast sheltering arms across the streets. As we approached the Nowell house the golden light gleamed out of the narrow windows. The old gate creaked as we entered.

Pat opened the door. Time had not dulled the radiance of her loveliness nor wrought havoc with her figure. She was a woman grown, but none the less desirable for that! She stood transfixed with surprise.

"I've brought him back," I said lamely.

"I—I knew you would, Tom!" she said.

"Ah!" Ben cried. "So you sent him after me?"

She looked startled, almost frightened, but he went on chuckling. "Well you might! I've needed looking after! But all that is over."

When we had finished the supper Patience prepared and the tale of our adventures had been told, I was ready to pick up my sea bag and escape to the nearest tavern. But they would not hear of it, so I stayed, though I had little stomach for it. The thought of them together kept me awake long after we had retired, and I made up my mind that as soon as I gracefully could I would go.

But Ben swore that if I did not stay he would not know how to go about his program of reform, and Patience added her voice to his.

Young Sam Eben and little Elizabeth delighted in my shiny buttons and were always climbing on my lap and demanding one yarn after another. Again and again I described the burning of the *Philadelphia*.

I was anxious to be away because I could not trust myself to be near her and not make love to her. Had I felt that she loved me rather than Ben, I might not have been so moral.

Early in October I said good-by to them and took up my journey for Washington. I had decided to go back into the Navy.

Upon arrival I was assigned to duty at the Navy Yard there, and it was the beginning of some four years of shore duty, in the course of which my experiences were but remotely related to either Ben Price or the *Essex*. Ben and Patience were in Salem, and the *Essex* lay in ordinary, as useless as a forgotten hat in a dusty attic.

A YEAR passed, and then I was ordered to Philadelphia for duty in the naval hospital there. Though able in my spare time to study at the Philadelphia College of Medicine, I was not sorry when I received a sudden assignment to the hospital at New Orleans under a former shipmate, Lieutenant, now Master Commandant, Porter.

Apart from the official side of it, I found New Orleans interesting. The Creole women were haughty and beautiful. The men were handsome and sensitive on the minutest points of honor. The quadroon women were lovely and warm and breath-taking, with breasts that were firm and bright as russet apples, as I was privileged to find.

I think I could have been content to stay indefinitely could I have been sure that all was well with Ben and Patience. That I did not hear from them I found disturbing.

More than two years after my arrival in the city, the commandant's orderly sought me out in the surgery and requested me to come as soon as possible to Porter's office.

"Well, Tom!" he said, for we had long since dropped the formality of "sir" and "Mr." "We're bound for new adventures. They're giving me the *Essex*. Will you come aboard as surgeon?"

"There's something else I ought to do," I said.

He looked startled, almost insulted.

"Don't misunderstand me, Dave," I cried. "There's no ship I'd rather serve in and no skipper I'd rather serve under. It's just that this is something I've been putting off a long time. I've had no leave in four years, you know, and there's this I must be doing."

"I understand," he said. "I'll recommend you for leave. But don't forget, whenever you want it, the surgeon's berth on my ship is yours!"

AT the Eagle Tavern I found comfortable quarters and began a series of discreet inquiries. Ben, I learned, had bought a small shipyard and had done well with the business at first.

"But he was too big for his britches," the landlord told me. "Got too much on his books. His creditors took over the yard."

"What's he doing now?" I asked.

"Not much of anything. Odd jobs mostly, I guess. From what I hear, most of what he makes goes for liquor. He borried on the house, an' I hear Grunsell's had to foreclose on him. Lets 'em stay on there, though, out o' regard for the missus and her grandsir that died, I'm told. The missus takes in wash and helps out here and there. I daresay they'd go hungry but for her."

I made my way at once through the early winter's dusk to the house in Daniels Street, my blood boiling.

Ben opened to my knock. His feet were thrust into run-over ancient carpet slippers. His trousers were well-worn and his shirt was threadbare from many washings. His chin was hidden under a week's growth of stubble. He stared at me boozily.

"Oh, it's you," he snarled. "I might have known you'd turn up sooner or later."

"I always seek out my friends," I snapped. "Where's Pat?"

He jerked his head back over his shoulder and stood aside. I pushed in.

If I had been shocked at Ben's appearance, I was heartsick at sight of Patience. Her dress, if anything, was more ragged than Ben's, but it was the lines of fatigue and worry in her face that wrung my heart.

"Tom!" she cried. "Why, where did you drop from?"

"New Orleans," I replied shortly. "How are you, Pat?"

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MILES NERVINE

She smiled, and some of the old sweetness came back into her careworn features. She came forward with hands outstretched. "Why, I'm fine, thank you, Tom," she said. I told her she was looking well. She knew I lied, and turned from me.

The children were sitting quietly at the table, awaiting their supper. From their neatness it was plain that their mother, at least, had not neglected them. But their cheeks seemed hollow to me. Young Sam, grown tall now and spindling, came forward with great poise and gave me his hand with a grave "Hello." Little Elizabeth gave me a quick curtsy and a smile and then ran to hide behind Pat's skirts. Out from under the table, then, scrambled a little toddler with tawny hair and wide, inquisitive eyes; an addition since my last visit. Patience scooped him up.

"And this is young Tom," she said. "I named him for the best friend we ever had." She looked at her husband with something like defiance.

I ROUNDED on Ben. "Why didn't you tell me how it was?"

"What was the use?" he said harshly.

"Why didn't you go to sea, then?" I demanded. "You were assured of a good berth there."

"Why the devil should I?" he flung back. "The only ship I'd serve in is laid up in ordinary."

"The *Essex?*" I said.

"What else?" he demanded.

"Go up and shave and put on your best," I ordered him. "The *Essex* has been recommissioned and is lying now at New York, making ready for sea. If you hurry you can catch her."

"Tom!" Patience gasped in such a tone of dismay that I almost relented. But I steeled myself.

"Aye!" I said. "If you catch the late stage for Boston you can take the through mail coach that leaves tomorrow morning. You'll be in New York by Wednesday, and she'll not clear for a fortnight yet."

"I haven't the fare," he admitted glumly.

"I'll stake you," I told him. "Captain Porter's to command her. While you make ready I'll write him a letter that will guarantee you a berth."

"And you?" he demanded.

"I'm not leaving yet awhile," I said. "Do you want it or don't you?"

"D'ye think me a fool?" he snarled, and, turning, raced from the room and up the stairs.

When he was gone Patience eyed me bitterly. "And I thought you my friend, Tom Tisdall!" she said.

"Pat!" I cried. "Isn't it better for him to be away with the ship he loves, making a respectable living for you, than—than this?"

Ben reappeared in a matter of minutes, washed and shaved and dressed as I have no doubt his children had not seen him in many a week. He went with scarce a good-by for them or Patience, and I went with him, shouldering his sea bag while he carried his kit of tools, as far as the stage station. There I bought him his passage to Boston and gave him more than enough to see him from there on to New York. Then back through the snowy streets to Patience waiting by the fireside.

"How long has it been like this, Pat?" I asked.

She looked down. "It seems as though it's always been like this," she said. Abruptly then she put her head down in her arms. "Oh, Tom! Tom!" she sobbed. "What am I to do?"

"Pat!" I cried. "Pat dear! He's better off this way. Oh, don't think I don't know how hard it is to see the one you love—"

She raised her head abruptly.

"I hate him! I think I have always hated him!"

"But," I protested, "you told me you loved him!"

"Aye!" she sobbed bitterly. "I was afraid you'd kill him. Do you think that I wanted to see the hands of the one I truly love stained with his blood?"

She rose and would have fled from the room had I not, with my heart leaping, jumped up and caught her and turned her to me.

"Pat!" I cried. "Pat!"

In the next instant she was in my arms.

"I—I—I've loved you for so long, Tom!" she whispered.

"Why did you marry him?" I cried. "Didn't you know that I would ask you sooner or later?"

She pulled away from me. "You told me once that you loved me like a sister! Could I hope for more after that?"

"What a fool I have been!" I mourned. "I love you, Pat. Never forget that!"

"And I love you, Tom! Always remember it."

And then we did not embrace. We did not even touch one another.

I insisted that she accept from me cash sufficient to clothe and feed both her and the children and maintain them until Ben's pay could begin to arrive, and then I said good night. In the morning I made the arrangements. In the afternoon I went to the house and explained what had been done, and thereupon, not trusting myself to remain longer in her presence, I left her and returned to Washington, long before my leave was up, to find orders ready for me to report, as surgeon, to the frigate *President.* But I had made up my mind that it must be the *Essex,* now, and I appealed to Captain Porter.

A fortnight later I boarded the *Essex* as senior surgeon.

BEN was on board the day I reported. His face at sight of me was a study. Surprise, irritation, disgust, combined with an expression of almost hangdog shame. We did not speak then, in deference to the ship's regulations. Later, however, as I was passing him in the steerage on my way forward to sick bay, I stopped and greeted him coolly.

Beyond that we exchanged no word with one another beyond what was required of our various duties for several months.

The *Essex* set out to round the Cape of Good Hope for a cruise in the Indian Ocean, to prey upon the rich British-India trade.

We spent two Christmases at sea. We took prizes whose value was over a million dollars. Off Valparaiso we had our final adventure when we joined battle with the British man-of-war, the *Phoebe.*

A gale was blowing and in the gloom of my battle station in the belly of the ship I could see nothing of what went on, but as I worked over the wounded I grew accustomed to the continual thunder and rolling so that I scarcely noticed it. Once when the ship seemed to roll more

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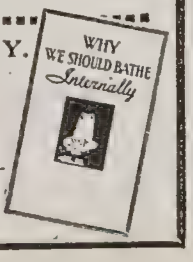

heavily than usual I felt liquid course over my instep.

"Sand, here! Sand!" I bawled. "And scoop up some of that blood. We'll be swimming in a moment."

"That ain't blood," said a voice in my ear. "That's water. We've been hulled. Can't you hear it running in the hold?"

I could hear it, plain enough. I could hear, too, the clank of the pumps.

"Get these wounded up into the steerage," I commanded. "We'll come up and do our work there."

I cannot say that I was not afraid—only numb. I was too hoarse and tired to be able to raise my voice or to think of other than that this work must be done. Evidently the fact that I spoke quietly was taken for courage, for the others seemed to take heart, and the surgeons bent once more to their work, while the passers began lifting the men out.

A man came down for every two that went up, however, and we carried on our bloody work as the water beneath our feet rose to cover our shoes and sloshed about our ankles.

ABOVE decks, too, the battle resumed once more, after its seeming lull, though now it seemed to me that our guns spoke less often, and the rending shock of the enemy's fire came more and more often against us. A hand snatched at my elbow and a voice sounded once more in my ear.

"That's the last here, sir. We're holding 'em in the steerage now, like you said to."

I took a last look around. Even the instruments had been taken up without my being aware of it.

In the steerage the smoke hung like a fog, and I had to grope my way across the rows of the wounded to the long table at which the midshipmen regularly messed, to find my work. I had barely begun again when a shot came crashing through the side and smashed through the bulkhead between me and the wardroom aft.

"All hands lay up to the gun deck to fight fire!" an officer bawled.

I laid down my knife and followed the rest. The scene that my eyes met there was worse than that in the steerage. Great guns lay careened upon their sides. There were dead men and the remnants of dead men hanging across them. Forward the deck was an inferno of flame.

Two lines of men had formed, passing buckets from hand to hand, up one side full and down the other empty. Even as I took my place in a line, two shots crashed through the sides and tore the stomach out of a man three places ahead of me.

It seemed an hour before I heard the shout from forward, "It's out, lads! Back to your stations! We're still fighting!"

I started back to my wounded, past a tangle of gear and cordage that lay huddled against the larboard gangway.

There was a body on it. There was a body on almost every heap of wrecked gear on the ship. But this one moved and clutched at the tangle under it, and heaved up at my approach and lifted a strained face. It was Ben.

I dropped to my knees beside him. Friend or enemy now, I could have only a surgeon's eye, and what I saw was not encouraging.

A length of timber had pierced him straight across, halfway between hips and shoulder blades, driving from one side to the other. When he forced himself up on his fists to look at me it was only the upper part of him that moved. Yet his eyes were bright and for all they were full of pain they were full of mockery as well.

"Ahhh!" he whispered; dropping his face to the pile of rubble beneath him. "You came to gloat and to jeer."

"I never!" I cried. I leaned toward him.

He screamed harshly, "Don't touch me! Don't touch me!"

I saw I could do nothing for him. But his lips moved. I put my ear close to them.

"I loved her, Tom, before you loved her, and she was mine before she was yours."

I stared at him. "You mean Patience?"

"I mean Selina," he whispered. "I loved her, Tom, and she loved me—once. But we quarreled and—you know the rest of it. I've been wrong ever since, it seems. Don't hold it against me, what I did. Pat's a good girl. Tom—you—you—"

He broke off abruptly, as if he had gone to sleep. But he opened his eyes once more.

"Look out for her, Tom!" he said. "She loves you. I've known that always!"

"Ben!" I cried. "Ben!"

He turned me a wan grin. "Can't save me this time, Tom," he whispered.

"Ben!" I cried again.

But I knew it was too late. He was gone.

THE night was warm and the stars were bright, though there was no moon. The trees that overhung the streets of Salem were in full leaf and quiet, and war seemed far away. The few folk that I met nodded to me, though I could see, where it was light enough to see, that they were wondering who I might be. Under my heels the cobbles of Derby Street rang sharp in the night air and the Hackett house bulked white in the darkness.

I turned the corner and climbed the hill, and the white fence of the Nowell house showed ghostly. There was a light in the window, golden and warm and welcoming.

I pushed in at the gate and went through the garden, fragrant with the scent of the late summer stock. I'm home, I thought, home at last! At the door I paused, only an instant, and then knocked.

THE END

RHEUMATISM YIELDS TO DRUGLESS METHOD OF TREATMENT

Excelsior Springs, Mo., Jan. 29—So successful has a comparatively new, drugless method proven for treating rheumatism and arthritis that an amazing new book will be sent free to any reader of this magazine who will write for it.

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FEB. 1, 1947

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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HOW ABOUT PRESIDENT IKE?

THE Presidential election of 1948 is sure to be one of fateful importance to this country and the world. People realize this, and as a consequence open season for the nominations is under way early. Some of the prospective candidates are discussed openly, others tentatively. Among the former, Thomas E. Dewey is in the lead for the Republican nomination, despite his defeat in 1944. His strength stems from his excellent record as Governor of New York, an administrative performance of a high order. But among the tentative candidates is a man who can lay claim to an administrative performance of even greater scope and efficiency. Beyond question, the most difficult and expertly done administrative job of the past five years can be credited to General Dwight D. Eisenhower. Democrats and Republicans alike have their eyes on General Ike. However, as Robert S. Allen reports on page 17, Eisenhower already has decided his politics and will emerge as an avowed candidate before very long.

The General's qualifications for the Presidency add up very well indeed. Not only has he demonstrated great executive ability; he also has proved to be a most skillful diplomat. His ability to keep the statesmen and military men of assorted nations working together harmoniously was not the least surprising aspect of the European war. It surprised Hitler as much as it did others. Skill in handling people is a Presidential must.

Eisenhower's name is the best known of any living American's throughout the world. To many people who have only a hazy notion of Truman, Eisenhower signifies not only liberation but the tremendous prestige and power of the United States. His voice would resound in the world councils with an impact which no other American's could match.

Ike's prestige at home, too, has grown steadily and without a single setback. He fought his war well and won with skill and efficiency. He probably commands the confidence of the American people to a greater extent than any other citizen.

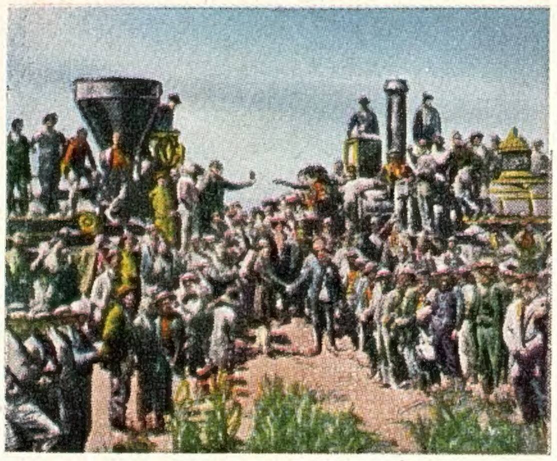
There are, of course, those who will object to Eisenhower because of his military background. Some people have a vague idea soldiers are not suited by temperament or training for the Presidency. This conception stems largely from the mediocre performance of General Grant after the Civil War. But prior to Grant we had several soldier-Presidents—George Washington, for example. The record of ex-soldiers in the Presidency is at least as good as that of lawyers. Soldiers also have become successful farmers, business executives, writers, college presidents, and legislators. All soldiers are not hidebound brass hats like the legendary Colonel Blimp. Eisenhower, at any rate, has proved he isn't.

All prospective Presidents are largely unknown quantities until the job itself supplies the acid test. Actually, the American people know more about the character, temperament, and ability of Eisenhower than they do about any of the other possible candidates. It will take an awful lot to match the qualifications General Ike has to offer.

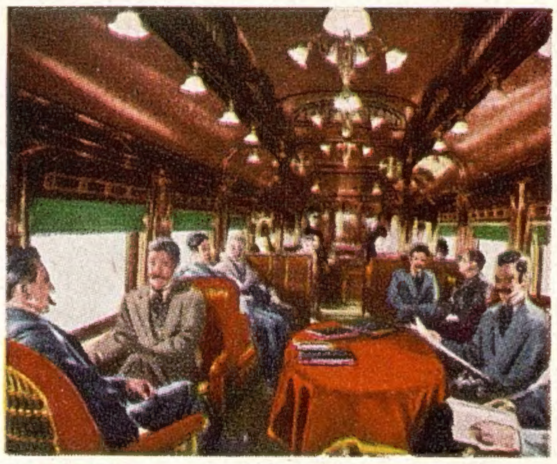
Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE

Highball on a "hot shot"

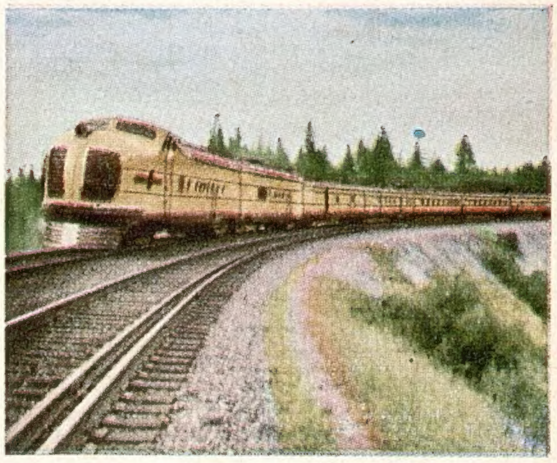


1869 **"Hot shot"** is railroad talk for a fast, through train, the kind of train railroaders began to dream about in 1869 when the first transcontinental rail line was completed at Promontory, Utah, and when Corby's reached its 11th year as a respected Canadian name.



1900 **This club car** on the first all-electric-lighted train in the northwest was a step ahead. Plush-trimmed wicker chairs and velvet table covers were marks of railroad luxury, as the name Corby's became a 42 year-old tradition in the Dominion of Canada.

PHOTO COURTESY NORTHERN PACIFIC



1936 **Something new** was added as diesel-electric streamliners began to flash along the rails. Shining inside and out, these trains captured public fancy with air-conditioned comfort and fast, smooth travel, as the name Corby's reached the 78 year-mark in Canada.

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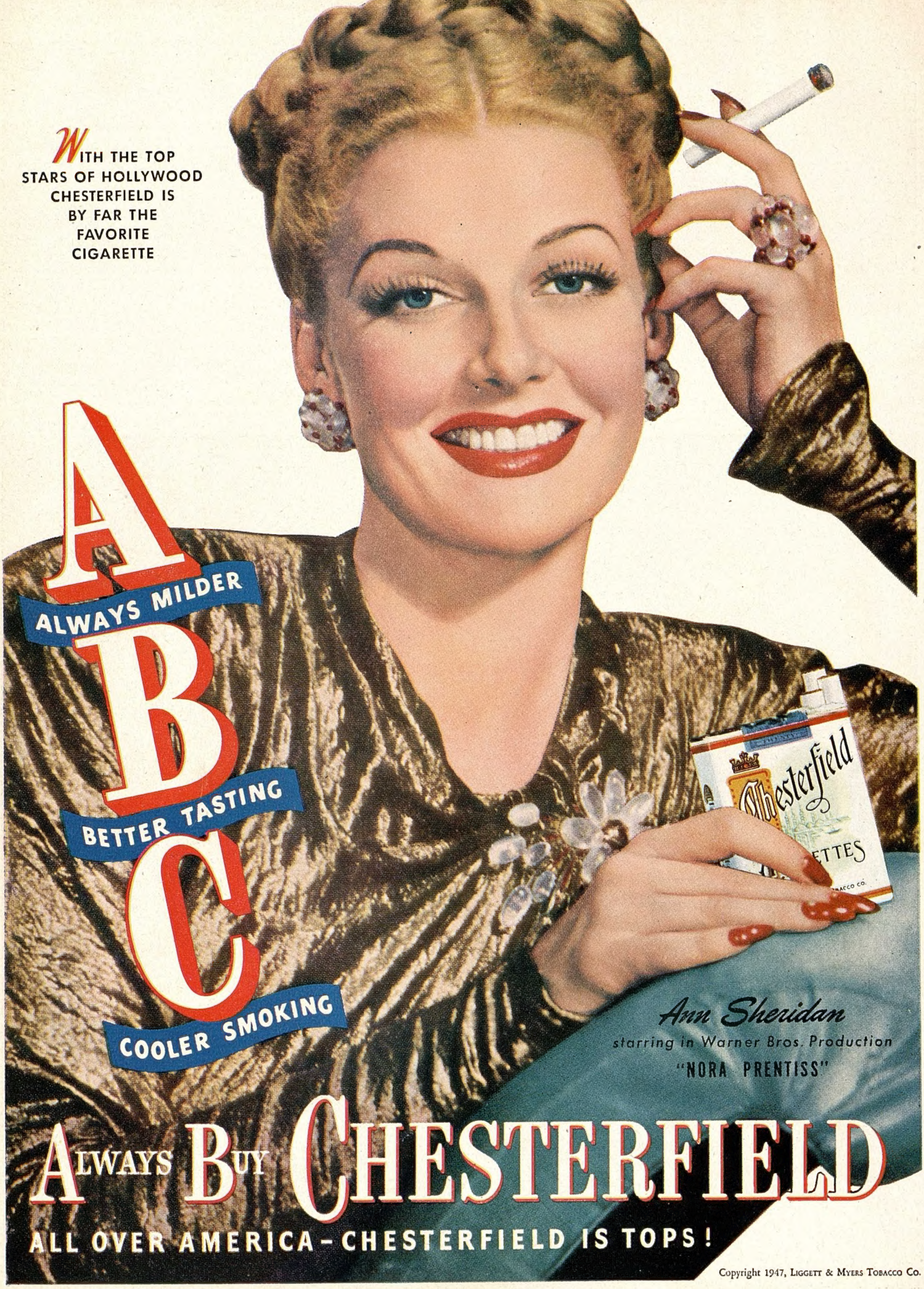
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